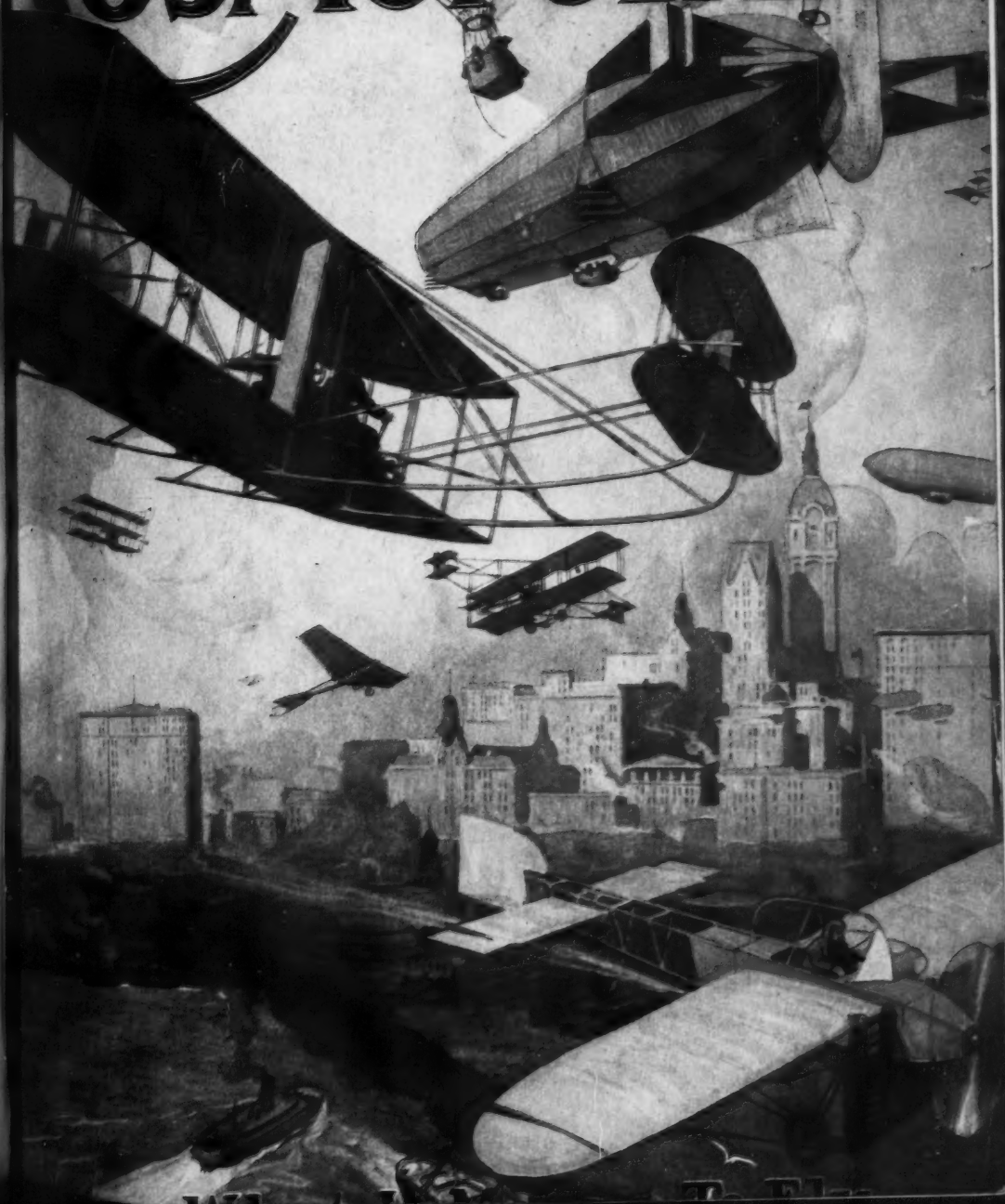


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COSMOPOLITAN





Halley's Comet

*brightens the skies once
in seventy-five years*

But Every Day
*the earth is
brightened
by*

EMORGENSON'S
N.Y.
SAPOLIO

CLEANS
SCOURS
POLISHES

SAPOLIO

Works Without Waste

Halley's comet, with its millions of miles of tail, is sweeping into view in the evening sky on its seventy-five-year trip. Already astronomers have announced its appearance on time, and in April it will be visible to the naked eye. In May it approaches within a few million miles of the earth. It is named after Edmund Halley (1656-1742), who determined its orbit, a new and remarkable accomplishment for that time, risking his reputation with posterity by prophesying its return in seventy-five years.

Cosmopolitan Magazine

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MAY, 1910

No. 6

The Man-Bird and His Wings

By Augustus Post

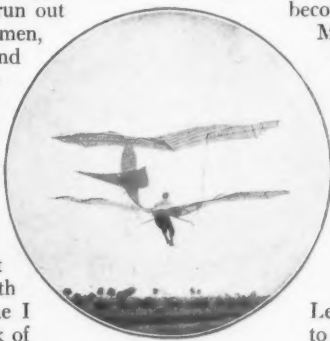
Editor's Note.—Few men identified with the science of aviation are so well qualified to write about the general subject of flying-machines and those who pilot them as is the author of this article. Mr. Post has for many years been a student and practical demonstrator of aerial flight and an active member of the Aero Club of America. His statements are authoritative, albeit they are couched in terms non-technical and intelligible to the most uninformed among us who have taken the dirigible balloon, the monoplane, the biplane, and the rest of those interesting types of uplifting apparatus as a sheer matter of course in the every-day evolution of civilization.

IT was just at daybreak on the eighth of September, 1908, that I left my room in the Cosmos Club at Washington, crossed the corridor, and tapped gently on the bedroom door of Mr. Orville Wright. He appeared at once, dressed and ready; and with scarcely a word we started for the parade-ground at Fort Myer. The air was perfectly still. It was so early that we could not breakfast at the club, but caught up coffee and rolls at a little restaurant along the way; so early that the only ones to see us arrive were a few soldiers grooming cavalry horses or cleaning field-pieces in the gun-sheds. Swiftly the aeroplane was run out of its shed, the signal-corps men, who had slept in tents, around it helping Mr. Taylor, the mechanic. Mr. Wright slipped into the seat, the weights fell, the machine sped down the rail, rose rapidly, and began to speed in a great circle over our heads. I pulled out my watch and noted the instant it left the ground, and with each circuit of the aeroplane I made a mark upon the back of an old envelope that proved to be the first paper at hand. Round and round the machine

flew, and as the twenty-fourth mark went down I realized that the world's record for continuous flight—made by the Wrights at Dayton two years before—had been smashed. After it passed forty we scarcely breathed; no one dared make a sign, lest Mr. Wright should interpret it as a signal to descend. The circling whirl became almost monotonous, the tension more acute, there were fifty-seven marks upon the paper—when Mr. Wright came easily to the ground. Then there was no more silence; everyone talked, shouted, at once; we were at last assured of the conquest of the air. The old envelope had become an historical document;

Mr. Wright endorsed it "O.K. —O.W." It was a witness that the dream of all the ages had come true.

It is no mere flower of speech to call man's desire to fly the dream of all the ages, nor is it necessary to rehearse the long catalogue of dreamers, from the days of Greek myth and Persian fable, past Leonardo da Vinci and Pascal, to the pathetic figures of Lilienthal and Langley, dying almost in sight of the promised land. The desire for flight grew more



LILIENTHAL, ORIGINATOR OF THE AEROPLANE, IN HIS DOUBLE-DECKED GLIDER

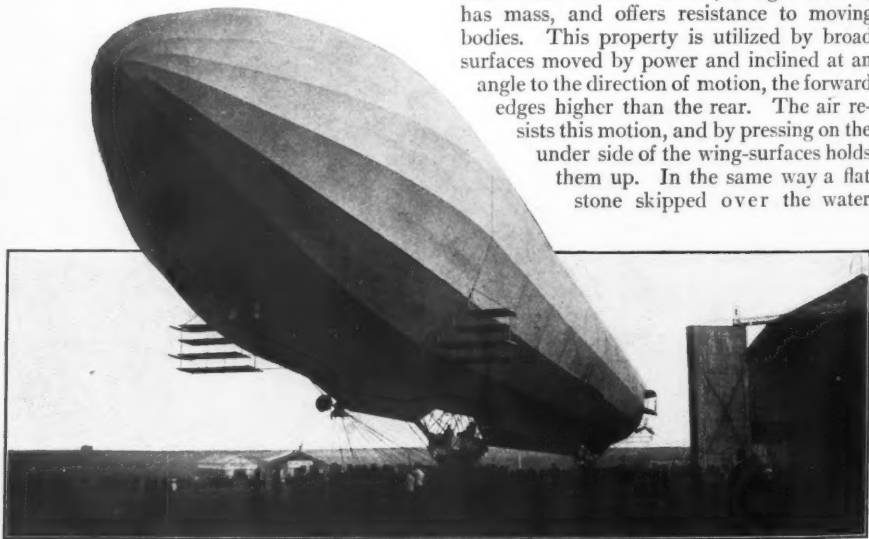


A SUCCESSFUL FLIGHT OF A ZEPPELIN DIRIGIBLE AT COLOGNE. COUNT ZEPPELIN BASES HIS HOPE OF AERIAL NAVIGATION ON THE DIRIGIBLE BALLOON AND IS SAID TO BE PLANNING LINES FOR REGULAR PASSENGER TRAFFIC

intense with the last decade; perhaps because with country after country opening before the explorer the restless spirit sought the unexplored regions of the air; more probably as a further development of the passion for speed that marks this epoch, which produced the express-train, the ocean-liner, and that triumph of individualism, the automobile. Travel in the air, where there are as yet no obstacles in the road, and where friction is

reduced to a minimum, offers speed possibilities very attractive to the man for whom no automobile, no motor-boat, can ever go fast enough.

The development of the automobile, indeed, made possible that of the aeroplane, and yet in the construction and operation of the aeroplane one is confronted at once with new conditions, and even the old principles we must apply in a new way. The aeroplane starts from the fact that air, though invisible, has mass, and offers resistance to moving bodies. This property is utilized by broad surfaces moved by power and inclined at an angle to the direction of motion, the forward edges higher than the rear. The air resists this motion, and by pressing on the under side of the wing-surfaces holds them up. In the same way a flat stone skipped over the water



A ZEPPELIN DIRIGIBLE JUST OUT OF THE AERODOME. THE LONGEST AIR-JOURNEY ON RECORD—950 MILES—WAS MADE IN ONE OF THESE MONSTER AIR-CRAFT, AUG. 27 TO SEPT. 2, 1909



ORVILLE WRIGHT



GLENN H. CURTISS



LOUIS PAULHAN



WILBUR WRIGHT



HUBERT LATHAM, WHO
TWICE FAILED TO CROSS
THE ENGLISH
CHANNEL



LE BLON FLYING $3\frac{1}{2}$ MILES IN 4 MINUTES 2
SECONDS AT HELIOPOLIS, EGYPT



LOUIS BLERIOT, WHO
CROSSED THE ENGLISH
CHANNEL, JULY 25,
1909



SANTOS-DUMONT, WHO
MADE THE FIRST
FLIGHTS IN
EUROPE



LEON DELAGRANGÉ,
KILLED AT BOR-
DEAUX, JAN.
4, 1910



LIEUTENANT SELF-
RIDGE, KILLED AT
FT. MYER, SEPT.
17, 1908



E. LEFEBVRE, KILLED
AT JUVISSY,
SEPT. 7,
1909

The Man-Bird and His Wings

will sink if it is not moving swiftly or if it does not strike the water at the right angle. So the aeroplane, unless it is moving forward, will drop to the ground, and when the motor is stopped and its forward motion ceases, it must be allowed to glide down with its planes balanced exactly as when flying, gravity now taking the place of the motor. An aeroplane descending in still air from an altitude of one thousand feet can choose any landing-place within a radius of about a mile and a half; that is, it can come down at an angle of about one in seven; but in winds it takes the same sort of maneuvering that is used to land a rowboat on a swift-flowing stream.

All aeroplane construction is founded upon these principles of air-mass and air-resistance; all aeroplanes include certain vital parts—the surfaces, rudders, and motor, which includes the propellers. Of these the surfaces, first striking the eye, first claim the attention; their size, their shape and curvature, their bracing, the material of which they are made, are all important. One aeroplane may have double the amount of surface of another; it may differ just as widely in weight, but the other may be more speedy from having less resistance and a more effective thrust by its propeller. Two machines may have exactly the same extent of surfaces and the same speed, but one will lift almost twice as much weight because it has a more efficient curve to its surfaces. The popular idea that an aeroplane has planes is misleading, for they are really curved surfaces, “aero-curves”—so called because they are arched in the rear of the front edge. This allows the supporting surface of the aeroplane, which is passing forward with its broadest side, some thirty feet in width, set at an angle to the direction of its motion, so to act upon the air as to tend to compress it on its under side. The air natu-

rally resists for an infinitesimal period of time the attempt to change the direction of its motion. Meanwhile the aeroplane has penetrated into new and undisturbed air, where the same process is repeated.

The rudders are the next important point in any aeroplane. The first self-propelled vehicle, the railway locomotive, is bound to a track; no steering is necessary, the driver can only start and stop. Then the vehicle is freed from the rail, and becomes the automo-

bile, in which the driver can steer in one plane of motion and to the right or left as well as control the speed. The third development is the dirigible balloon, which can be steered in two planes of direction, or up and down, as well as to the right or left.

In this class is the aeroplane, which can be steered in four directions. Besides, and this is the hardest part of all, it must be balanced by the operator.

It is at just this point that so many inventors have failed. The basic idea underlying the present system of balancing an aeroplane is to raise the lower side of the machine and make the higher side lower, in order to right it when it tips to one

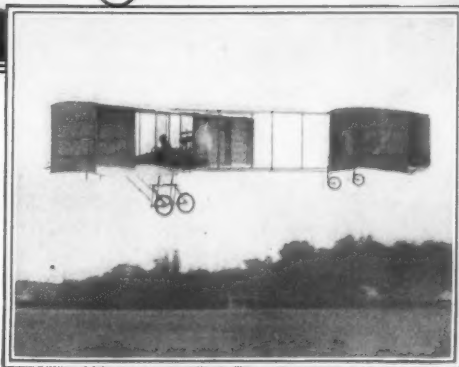
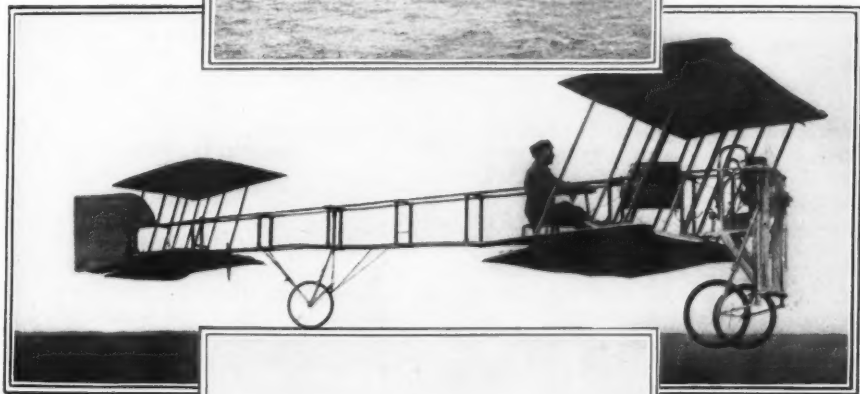
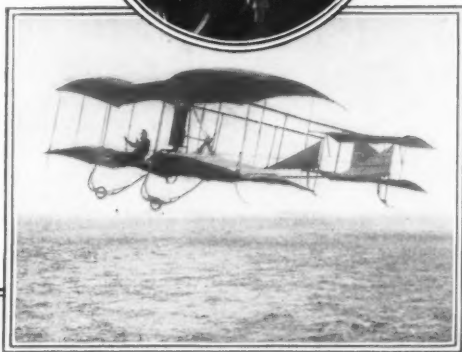
THE LAST WORD IN
AVIATION COS-
TUMES FOR
WOMEN



side or the other, either from wind gusts or because the machine tips at an angle when making a turn, as a bicycle tips when turning a sharp corner. This result is reached in two general ways: one, by changing the form of the wing itself, the other, by the use of entirely separate surfaces. The first method changes the form of the wing either by making one side lift more than the other, by being made to take a more curved form or by increasing the lifting surface of that wing by laterally extending its extremity. The second method of balancing is by means of separate surfaces that can be turned up or down far out on each side of the machine. These horizontal balancing-rudders are connected, so that they will work in an opposite

manner, and while one is turned to lift one side, the other will act to depress the other side and thus bring the machine back to an even keel.

Balancing is, after all, the particular in which the characteristics of the different inventors are most clearly revealed. The wheel of an automobile and the tiller of a yacht are the points where man and machine are united, but the connection of aviator and aeroplane is much more close. The



BARONESS DE LA ROCHE, PREMIER WOMAN FLIER—
THE "ODIER-VENDÔME" IN FLIGHT AT ISSY—A
FIFTY-HORSE-POWER GOUPY BIPLANE—CAP-
TAIN FERBER'S LAST FLIGHT AT JUVESSY
WHEN HE WON THE SPEED PRIZE

governing-levers differ from these other two steering-devices, and are really more like the guiding-reins of a horse, for the aeroplane gives the most sensitive response to the slightest movement. This is one of the things that gives the sport its

peculiar charm. The flying-machine seems an extension of personality—the nearest thing to having wings oneself is to have a broad expanse of silk spreading on either side of you and know that you can bend and curve and adjust this to your will just as you might put out your hand or foot, or control your fingers. The aviator's mental development must be acute and his nervous system untiring. To operate such a deli-

cate piece of mechanism for over three hours without stopping, as did Henri Farman recently, taxes to the utmost every resource of endurance, and imperatively demands the closest and most uninterrupted concentration. The least

The Man-Bird and His Wings

relaxation of vigilance, the least miscalculation, would have dashed him to the ground. It is as if a great virtuoso should play for three hours steadily upon the piano, giving the finest shades of coloring and interpretation to every phrase, and without making a single false note. While he was passing other machines and rounding the signal-towers the greatest care was needed; after darkness had set in, it was necessary to use automobile search-lights to show the way. It was then that the mettle of the pilot was revealed; but even so, before the machine was exhausted he was forced to come down.

Next to the systems for maintaining stability come the motors and propellers. Here the connection between the development of the aeroplane and that of the automobile becomes apparent. The years of developing and refining the gas-engine for use by the automobile prepared it for its success in the future of the flying-machine. The first very light engine to be available, the *Antoinette*, built by Leon Levavasseur in France, was the immediate cause of the first successful flights made in public by Santos-Dumont, which convinced the public that the initial step toward solving the great problem had been taken. Until that time it was doubted that it was possible to get sufficient push against the air with a propeller to drive a machine with the required speed to rise; and even now it is marvelous that something revolving so fast that it can hardly be seen can push or pull a machine through the air at a speed of forty or fifty miles an hour, and that the column of air pushed back by the propeller is strong enough to blow another machine following in its wake out of its course backward, and possibly drive it to the ground. This actually did happen at Reims, and it shows how carefully machines must be held far enough apart to keep the wash of one from affecting the other.

These are the features common to all aeroplanes; beyond these begin the divergencies, the individual features that distinguish the different types, of which there are as many as there are inventors. The one feature by which more than another the Wright machine is distinguished is the warping wing-tips, of which so much has been written and around which so much litigation settles. Designed primarily for field-service, making its first appeal to governments, its structure, though as graceful as an instrument perfectly adapted to its uses is bound to be, impresses the spec-

tator at once by its substantial character, in contrast, for example, with the light, compact, sportsman's biplane of the Herring-Curtiss Company. Of the foreign biplanes, the Voisin retains, in general, the structural lines of a box-kite; the cellular construction at once strikes the eye in reality or in a photograph. Farman takes out all these vertical surfaces, and adds ailerons, or hinged wing-tips, to the outer rear edges of his surfaces, for use in turning and balancing. The Farman machine has also a combination of wheels and skids, or runners, for starting and landing.

The development of the monoplane is conditioned by the position of the various inventors upon the question whether, to assist in maintaining automatic stability, the center of gravity shall be below the center of support, as in a pendulum, or whether the center of gravity and the center of support shall coincide; that is, whether the aviator and the motor are to be suspended underneath the machine or balanced upon its structure. Latham sits on top of the *Antoinette*; Bleriot, in his late machines, such as the *Number Twelve*, far down underneath. The *Antoinette* is built like a boat, the aviator sitting in a cock-pit on top. The *Demoiselle*, Santos-Dumont's machine, follows the general lines of the *Antoinette*, but is distinguished by its very small size.

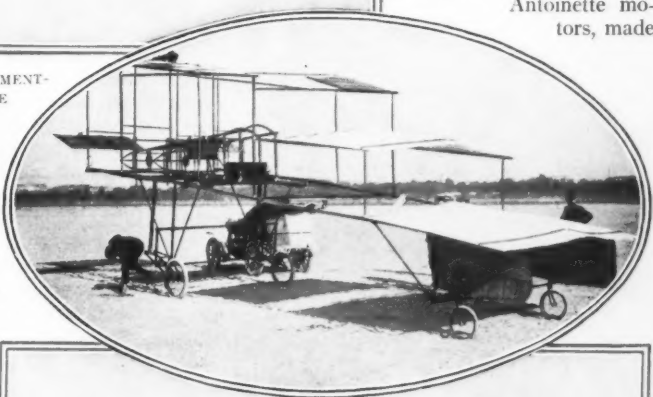
Everyone is familiar with the general lines of the two divisions of aeroplanes—the monoplane, having single large surfaces like the wings of a bird; and the biplane, having two large surfaces braced together, one over the other. This is as far as classification has gone, although there will undoubtedly be others relating to differences in size, power, and weight, as the industry develops, examples multiply, and sporting meets become more frequent.

In America there are two manufacturing firms with machines on the market, the Wright Brothers, at Dayton, Ohio, and the Herring-Curtiss Company, at Hammondsport, N. Y. These both make biplanes; their points of difference have been often explained in print, especially since the opening of the Wright Brothers' suit for infringement of patents. In France there are seven firms that have already delivered a number of machines to buyers, not to speak of the many inventors who have built machines to develop their ideas. The industry has grown more rapidly than did that of the automobile. So far the principal buyers of aeroplanes have been men



SANTOS-DUMONT EXPERIMENT-
ING AT ISSY IN SPITE
OF THE SNOW

taking advantage of the feverish interest in aviation to give exhibitions of flying; then come the sportsmen, especially automobilists. The commercial and special uses of the aeroplane are only just beginning to open up; as usual, the qualities of the instrument suggest further uses. The oldest firm in France is Voisin Frères,



A FREAK AEROPLANE WITH MOST OF ITS WEIGHT IN
THE REAR AND WITH CONCAVE WING SURFACES
IN THREE PLANES—A NEW MONOPLANE
EQUIPPED WITH FIFTY-HORSE-POWER
GNOME CYLINDERS



LATHAM WINNING THE PRIZE
FOR ALTITUDE—508
FEET—AT REIMS

who built the first successful machines, used by Farman and Delagrange in 1908, and by Paulhan and Rougier in 1909. These aeroplanes of 40 square meters surface (a meter equals 39.37 inches), 10 meters wide, weighing 500 kilos (a kilo equals 2.204 pounds), cost 12,000 francs (a franc equals twenty cents).

The Société Antoinette, builders of the famous Antoinette motors, made

the beautiful bird-like monoplane used by Latham in his attempts to cross the English Channel and in his flights at Reims, where he captivated the crowds by his exceedingly graceful flights. Here he won the altitude prize and flew at times without touching a hand to the steering-wheel, his polished machine

The Man-Bird and His Wings



PAULHAN'S FIRST CROSS-
COUNTRY FLIGHT—PASS-
ING ABOVE THE VILLAGE
LA VEUVE NEAR
CHALONS

glistening in the sun like the sleek plumage of a raven. These machines are advertised for 25,000 francs, and are equipped with the Antoinette motor. The Bleriot machines can be purchased for 10,000 francs without the motor; the E. N. V. 35 horse-power and Anzani three-cylinder motors are usually used in these aeroplanes, however. The factory is swamped with orders for monoplanes

of the type that crossed the channel, as well as for the larger model, the *Number Twelve*, that can carry two people. This machine has several unique features, and is the fastest yet made, having beaten the time made by Mr. Glenn H. Curtiss in his biplane with its 60 horse-power motor. The fourth important French machine that can be purchased is that built by M. Henri Farman. This is the model in which he made the world's duration record by a flight of three hours and fifteen minutes at Reims. These machines are the least expensive, costing, without the motor, 6000 francs. They have 25 square meters surface, are $7\frac{1}{2}$ meters wide and 8 meters long and weigh 140 kilos; motors of from 24 to 50 horse-power can be installed.

The most successful company is that of the Wrights, whose machine is in great demand. The rights to manufacture this machine were purchased by a syndicate headed by M. Weiler, for \$100,000. It is offered at 30,000 francs with a four-cylinder motor of 30 horse-power. The aeroplane contains 30 square meters, is $12\frac{1}{2}$ meters wide and 9 meters 35 centimeters long, and weighs 400 kilos. It is the only aeroplane of its class using two propellers. The price of these machines in this country is \$7,500, and a duty of forty-five per cent. must be paid on foreign machines when they are brought into the United States. The



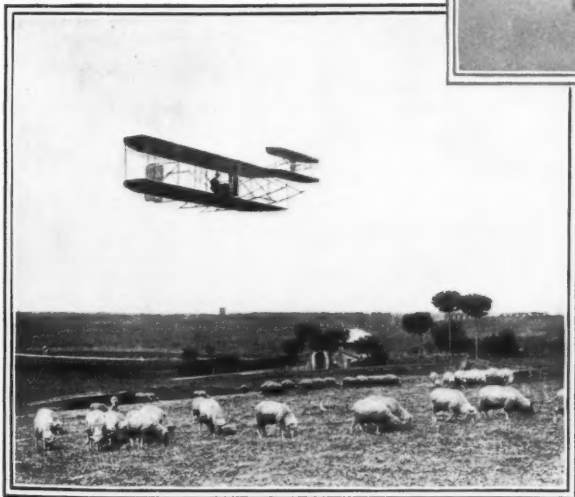
DE LESSEPS COMPETING FOR AN ALTITUDE PRIZE. HILL AND
VALLEY ARE AS ONE LEVEL TO THE NEW
LORDS OF THE AIR

Wright Brothers expect to establish a manufacturing-plant here next year; at present they have only a small shop in Dayton, where the motors and demonstration machines have been made. The only other machine that has proved a pronounced success that is made in this country is made by the Herring-Curtiss Company at Hammondsport, N. Y. The Curtiss machine sells for \$5000 and is fitted with the well-known Curtiss motor, that has so many world's records to its credit, both in aeroplane events and with dirigible balloons. New buildings are going up, and the first company to be manufacturing aeroplanes in any quantity in America will soon be turning them out like any other commodity.

This necessarily brief statement of the condition of the industry leaves out of account the innumerable inventors and individual builders, and deals only with aeroplanes, saying nothing so far of the large concerns that have an immense amount of capital invested in the manufacture of dirigibles. In Germany alone the amount invested is enormous; the Zeppelin Company has prepared for the building of ten Zeppelins, each valued at over \$100,000; and the establishment of an airline route connecting the principal cities of the German empire, which is one of the immediate aims, reveals possibilities of transportation yet undreamed of. Aeronautics in Ger-

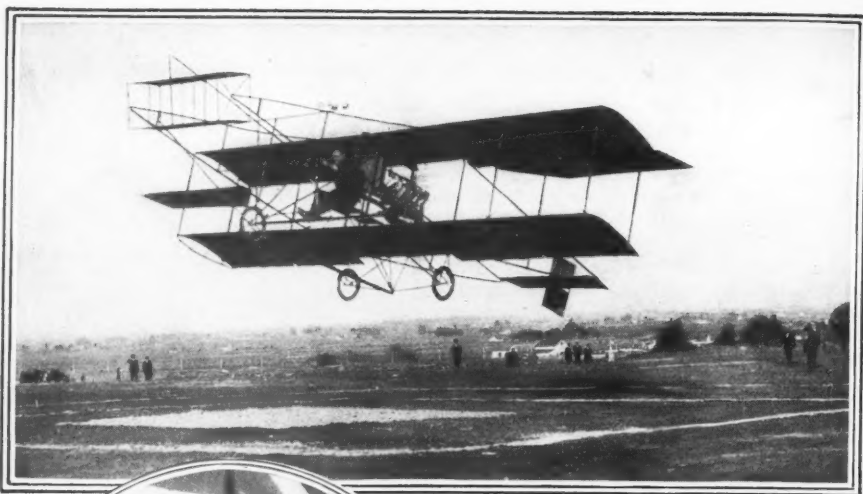


PAULHAN PASSING OVER
THE RIVER ORGA IN A
CROSS-COUNTRY
FLIGHT NEAR
PARIS



WILBUR WRIGHT IN ITALY. ONE OF THE LONG SERIES OF FLIGHTS
BY WHICH HE DEMONSTRATED THE PRACTICABILITY
OF AIR-NAVIGATION

many, while perhaps less spectacular than in France or America, have an element of practicality that puts the Germans at present in the lead in the field of the air. There is every reason for the intense interest shown, not only by the people but by the government of Germany, in aeronautics; as evidence of how far this has gone, witness the Zeppelin Arctic Air-ship Expedition,



GLENN H. CURTISS AT LOS ANGELES, WHERE HE WON ALL THE SPEED EVENTS AND MADE NEW RECORDS IN STARTING, CIRCLING, AND LANDING



WILBUR WRIGHT WITH MME. O'BERG AS A PASSENGER



LATHAM IN ONE OF HIS UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPTS TO CROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

organized and under the direct patronage of the Emperor and his son. Prince Henry of Prussia has presided over the meetings of the board of directors at Friedrichshafen, in whose hands the detailed arrangements are placed. This expedition is undertaken under the auspices of the German Society for Exploration of the

Polar Regions. It has been decided to send an advance party to Spitzbergen during the summer of 1910 with a complete equipment to prepare for the operation of the air-ship under polar conditions. An improved type is to be constructed for trial flights in 1911, and tests will be made between various German ports; the ship is now being developed with a view especially to long voyages over the sea. It is to be hoped that this country may see a type of war air-ship of rigid construction, and also the French type of semi-rigid dirigible. These great ships, costing from fifty to seventy-five thousand dollars, give an idea of the importance of these craft in the field of aeronautics, and show how great the value and the possibilities are of the buoyant air-craft, whose advantages have been in this country temporarily eclipsed in the public eye by the performances of racing-aeroplanes. The buoyant craft are becoming more and more efficient and better able to cope with storms and severe weather as they increase in size. The principle upon which this improvement depends is that the volume increases as the cube of the dimensions, while the surface increases only as their square; this means that the volume of gas that an air-ship can contain becomes very much greater as it increases in size, while the proportional weight of the structure is less. In the case of the aeroplane, as its material structure is increased

in size, its braces strengthened, and its surfaces made larger, it becomes much heavier in proportion. This fact will limit development in this direction.

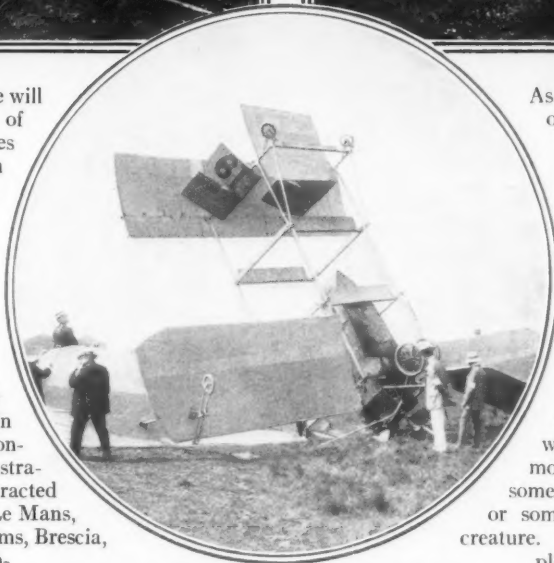
Every public flight of an aeroplane makes more enthusiasts for the sport; every passenger who tries to tell "how it feels" makes more people determined to know for themselves. There is no



York, St. Louis, and Los Angeles. So far aviation is largely in the hands of professionals, but soon will come the army of amateur aeronauts making cross-country flights for the sake of the fascinating sport. This is the history of the bicycle and of the automobile, and there is no doubt that the same elements of human nature will crop out to develop aviation.



doubt that there will be thousands of small aeroplanes flying about in all places and at all times much sooner than would be supposed; already nearly all large cities have had a e r o p l a n e flights at or near them, and within the last year contests or demonstrations have attracted thousands to Le Mans, Pau, Rome, Reims, Brescia, Berlin, Washington, Chicago, New



NOTHING TO HOLD TO WHEN SOMETHING GOES WRONG—
REMAINS OF MACHINES DRIVEN BY BLERIOT, DE
LESSEPS, DELAGRANGE, AND BRÉGUET

As long as the builder operates the machine his mind will be bent upon its perfection. His reputation is bound up in the success of his creation, and he cannot afford to take chances, especially with crowds of people watching his every move as if he were some new kind of bird or some strange, rare creature. When the aeroplane gets into the hands of the aviator pure and simple,

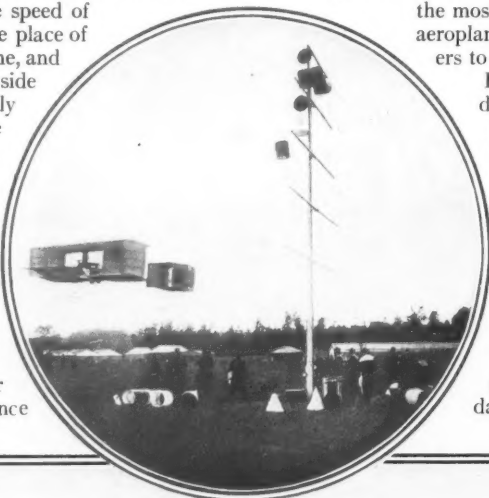
The Man-Bird and His Wings

who thinks very little about the machine itself, who lies awake nights conjuring up new stunts to astonish the world, he is likely to accomplish startling things and find latent possibilities in the machine that no one, not even the inventor, has dreamed existed there. The aviator attacks even the winds, the worst foes of the aeroplane; Hubert Latham flew against a gale of thirty-seven miles an hour. When the signal went up that indicated there would be a flight, Latham's friends looked doubtful; the machine rose into the air without a start, the speed of the wind taking the place of speed in the machine, and went swaying from side to side, at first hardly seeming to make headway. This feat has done more to encourage aviation than almost anything else, for winds have been so far the greatest source of danger to the aviator. The thousands that watched day after day for the appearance

of Wilbur Wright during the Hudson-Fulton celebration grew surprisingly weather-wise and wind-wise in the course of those days of waiting, and when the aeroplane has really taken its place as a vehicle in common use, we will no longer look only at the clouds to see if it looks like rain, but at the flag-poles, to see how much of a wind is blowing, and how fitfully. The balloonist wants a good wind blowing steadily in one direction, to carry him far out over the country, but for some time to come the wind will furnish

the most serious problem for aeroplane-makers and drivers to solve.

But there can be no doubt that as the main problem of flight has been brought to a solution, the weather conditions will in time be understood, so that the now baffling winds will be turned to advantage. All progress demands a certain amount of desperate daring to enter new



AEROPLANE ROUNDING A SIGNAL-TOWER, WHICH IS EQUIPPED WITH SIGNALS FOR EVERY CONTINGENCY OF THE AIR—GOBRON IN A VOISIN BIPLANE WINNING A PRIZE DURING THE AVIATION WEEK AT REIMS



LOUIS PAULHAN STARTING ON HIS WORLD'S-RECORD FLIGHT OF FORTY-SIX HUNDRED FEET INTO THE AIR AT LOS ANGELES, JAN. 12, 1910

fields, to contend against the mighty untried forces of nature. Man is brought into conflict with great powers when he faces gravity and the turbulent air. That he is sometimes beaten in the fight is no wonder, nor that the history of aviation holds a long roll of the dead; the wonder is that it is not much longer. Many of these were killed in attempts to learn the principles of mechanical flight by actual experiment: Letour in London in 1854, De Groof in Belgium in 1874, and Lilienthal, the father of modern aviation, who perished in a flight on the tenth of August, 1896, but not until he had made over two thousand successful gliding flights, and by his experiments and records laid the foundations of the future science of aviation.

The death, on September 17, 1908, of Lieut. Thomas E. Selfridge, a passenger on Orville Wright's machine, sounded the first note of warning to the aeronautic world as to the danger attending breaks in the machinery during flight. Up to this time fatal accidents or those resulting in serious injury had arisen from defects in construction itself, or in some misapplication of principle, but this was the first case to show the public the possibilities arising from breaks in machines properly

constructed, but giving way from some cause or other while in flight. Since then breaks in the mechanism have furnished the cause for the greater number of serious accidents. And such accidents have happened to well-known aviators—Lefebvre, one of the most daring of the new school, who had been fined for reckless piloting at the Reims races, met death at Juvisy, and Captain Ferber, known professionally as M. de Rue, who had done much important work for the development of military aeronautics, was killed near Boulogne. The death of Delagrange, which occurred near Bordeaux on January 4, 1910, removed one of the most brilliant figures in modern sport.

But neither death nor danger deters the aviator or retards the progress of aviation. Nor need they, for each accident, unless it be the result of the useless recklessness arising from over-familiarity, inspires fresh efforts on the part of inventor or of aviator, either to correct the imperfection or to perfect the control. All progress is paid for by its martyrs, and so far aviation has had surprisingly few, considering that its progress has been made in the face of forces believed unconquerable—the forces of gravitation and of the unfettered winds.



Drawn by W. Herbert Danton

HE PULLED FORDYCE OUT, A SHIVERING WRECK OF A MAN, LAPSING
INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS



KIDD WATCHED FORDYCE PASS THROUGH THE SEVERAL STAGES OF A CURIOUS JAG UNTIL HE CAME TO THE SOLO PART

East of Eden

THE STORY OF A MAN'S FIGHT WITH DEATH IN THE SNOW

By Leo Crane

Illustrated by W. Herbert Dunton

— and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the east of Eden.—*Genesis 4.16.*



WHEN Donnelly made his report it was quite an elaborate affair, and the company printed it—printed it just as Donnelly wrote it, crimes against grammar, short-change punctuation, everything, including his crude, terse, but colorific expression, “We had a hell of a time.”

The company was proud of that report. It represented something. It stood for an achievement, Donnelly's and its. He had reached the mine and had reported that no holder of stock would live to see the vein run out, no matter how much working-machinery might be started. He said it would average 508.2 ounces of silver to the ton, and that with silver at fifty cents an ounce on the coast, this would equal about \$254 per ton. And the company sold stock cheerfully.

But Donnelly said a few things regarding the transportation of ore to the coast, which things you will not find printed in his report, for these would have added nothing to its value. A document such as prepared by Donnelly is one that can be opened in the presence of the most timorous speculator, and there is no business sense in scaring off a possible purchaser of stock with a little clause anent the condition of the river bank and the absolute necessity of a wagon-road. So the company thought. It had the mine, and it possessed Donnelly's report, and it expected to build the road if money enough was subscribed, perhaps. All of which is beside the matter.

The company has disappeared, and so has Donnelly. The report is a handsome souvenir of a good thing gone wrong. It is more than that—it contains one sentence, a simple bit of Donnelly's curious diction, to this effect, “When we reached the second canyon the river had got up so high and rapid that the

men balked at trying to go on through the canyon; I here reduced my force further by sending out two men, after nearly all the men refused to go on through the canyon at all."

He sent out two men. These were Fordyce and Kidd; and this narrative has to do particularly with them.

It happened that Fordyce and Kidd were chums; at least they had hooked up before the start of the expedition and continued friends. Kidd had stumbled across the other one night in Seattle, when Fordyce was ornamenting a bar with his presence. He drifted across the room to where Kidd sat and slopped down into a chair opposite. As Kidd felt in no humor to move, he genially tolerated the other and watched him pass through the several stages of a curious jag until he came to the solo part. Fordyce began singing. He continued singing. The effect, after a time, became exasperating. The insistent minor of the melody reached Kidd's nerves, and he passed into the street. He tried to forget the man and the song, but the last haunted him. Next morning he caught himself humming it, and the air kept with him in an aggravating way until he capitulated and sang,

In the land of Nod, my dearie;
In the land of—

which was all he could remember. Kidd thought it a lullaby.

Three mornings later, when wandering about seeking a job, he heard the song again—a man singing soberly this time. It was the same—Fordyce. The melody served as an introduction, and after a brief review of that other night's doings, of which Fordyce knew little, they drifted around together, through Seattle first, then up coast and down and back again, until somehow they stranded at Ketchikan. There they saw Donnelly building his barges.

This looked good to them. A man busy at barge-building and preparing to load these with machinery, including a settling-pan and a boiler and engine, promised an opportunity to go somewhere. Donnelly admitted that he required several extra men.

"It's no picnic excursion," said Donnelly briefly.

"We ain't picnic men," replied Kidd.

Ten days after this the steamer had cast them adrift at the mouth of the river. They went to work with their small boats, towing

the barges upstream about three miles, where ice blocked them. Donnelly cleared this with dynamite. On reaching the end of the barrier—there had been about a mile of it—Kidd endorsed Donnelly's first estimate of the trip. It would be no picnic. They camped, and on the following day began setting up the engine. Of course a part had broken, and Kidd was one of the two sent back to have this trifle repaired, forty-five miles in a small boat, which ought to prove that Kidd was without the quitter class. It cost the party ten days' time; when the two returned Donnelly started on again.

There would be a history of fiasco to write if one followed Donnelly to the mine. His own expression in the report is sufficient. Some of the crew escaped a part of this entertainment, since Donnelly made two reductions in his force, first dropping three of his high-priced men when he saw they would likely accomplish little, and then, after reaching the second canyon, sending out Fordyce and Kidd.

There was reason in this last decision. High words had passed between Fordyce and the boss. They might have come to blows had it not been that the huge figure and evident strength of the man caused Donnelly to exercise discretion. Once he parleyed, Fordyce assumed a dictatorial manner, and Donnelly's discipline waned. Therefore he accepted his first chance to get rid of the malcontent, telling him when the men refused to go through the second canyon that he would send him out. Kidd tried to patch up the difference by informing the boss that Fordyce was ill, and that a sick man ought not return alone.

"All right," decided Donnelly. "I think you're right, so I'll send yeh both out together."

"But——" remonstrated Kidd, who did not fancy the journey.

"There ain't no buts to it," snarled Donnelly. "I'm the boss."

Which statement settled the matter.

Donnelly did make a compromise with them by assisting in the construction of a small sled on which they might drag their provisions should the river close up and drive them to the inhospitable banks of it; in this season one could not be too sure of the river. Fordyce made no argument; he growled curses, and the sullen manner of him did not improve.

It was expected that they would make a

quick trip, the journey up the stream having been necessarily slow on account of the loaded barges, and if the river did not close up, compelling portages and the possible use of the sled, Kidd thought they would get out all right. He was cheerful enough, recalling his former exploit when the engine had refused to work, but Fordyce continued in low spirits. Now Fordyce had been a light-hearted fellow always, singing through his troubles, and Kidd grew worried. What if the man came down sick?

Starting, for five days they made good speed,

camping at some of the places where halts had been called on the way up, building their new fires in old ashes. Owing to the precipitous banks, these camps were often made on the ledges which shelved at the water's edge, and there, between the stream and the wall, they would eat and sleep. Well for them that the river did not rise rapidly in the

night. And when the dark shut down into the gorges, even a crackling fire of birch-roots scarcely dispelled the wild gloom. Over and above them would tower the craggy banks, ghostly and vague in outline, with here and there a tree stretching its silvery snow-weighted arms into the pale light. And when the moon shone on a level, this would be as a shroud, white and ghostly. All the while, day and night, with a monotonous growl, the waters boiled through the rocky gorges, spuming white over the boulders at a bend and leaping as silvery horses over those in its bed. Fighting the current throughout the

long gray days was wearying enough, and at night they soon rolled in the blankets, finding the song of the discontented stream a lullaby to dreams. Seldom they stirred until the light summoned them to another anxious day's labor.

But on the fifth night Kidd was uneasy. Fordyce had not spoken decently to him all that day. The few responses he made to questions were nasty in the extreme,

and Kidd was worried—this was so unlike the man he had chummed with in the coast cities. Something was wrong, and Kidd feared that the bluff he had handed Donnelly would prove true—that Fordyce would be ill. It was a serious

possibility. The break for the settlements had been based on health and strength. Suppose these failed; he had no idea how he could

pack a sick man. Kidd thought about these things that night, but finally, hearing Fordyce's snore, he dropped off into a troubled sleep.

Late in the night Kidd awoke. He was confused and came to himself with a start. A queer feeling of distrust told him

HIGH WORDS PASSED BETWEEN FORDYCE AND THE BOSS, BUT THE EVIDENT STRENGTH OF THE MAN CAUSED DONNELLY TO EXERCISE DISCRETION

that something, something unusual, had happened or was about to happen. The river boomed away in its monotonous quarrel, and there was no light in the sky to tell him that he had slept long enough. Kidd determined to look about the camp without waking Fordyce; he stirred and rolled over. Immediately his heart gave a frightened throb. Fordyce was gone. Kidd trembled. What could this mean, he wondered; had Fordyce deserted him? He had heard of men sneaking off from their mates, abandoning them for selfish gain, but in this country such a trick had always been turned when gold was to be



divided or when the grub was running low. They had no gold to share or covet, and food enough.

Just then he heard a stealthy step, and the black shape of his partner loomed up on the opposite side of the fire. Kidd's first impulse was to call out, but the evident stealth of the other caused him to check the question on his lips. Remembering the sullen demeanor of Fordyce for days past and his irritability of the afternoon, Kidd became suspicious and lay still. Fordyce crouched down on the other side of the fire, sitting hump shouldered, as a man will who has brooded long and can find no comfort. The fire had burned away into red embers. At times these fanned up a feeble flame and then dimmed again. Once when this happened, Kidd caught a glimpse of the other man's face, a strangely gaunt visage, heavy and set. Again he was impelled to speak out, when Fordyce raised his head to stare across the dull glow toward him. The red light showed him plainly. There was inquiry in his stare and crafty consideration. He contemplated something, and hesitated in the performance. Kidd, watching through half-closed eyes, began to fear him.

Rising up suddenly, Kidd called out: "Hello, Fordyce! What's wrong? Are yeh sick?"

There was a silence, during which the other stared at him across the little lighted space, stared without change of countenance or expression of surprise—a long, vacuous, unbroken stare. To Kidd this period of silence was awesome. Had Fordyce been walking in his sleep, or had he gone mad? Then, as one slowly awakening from a doze, the other answered, his words barely coherent.

"I've been down there—to the boat," he said. He seemed to consider again before breaking to an entirely different tone and thought. "You know, that fellow Donnelly is afraid of me."

"That so?" responded Kidd, puzzled.

"Yes; I knew too much about his mine, so he got rid of me. He's headed wrong. I told him so, and he told me to mind my own business. He'll make a mess of this trip. How do I know that? Well, that's easy."

Kidd sat up, drawing his blanket about him, determined to listen and avoid argument. By morning, perhaps, he would be able to formulate some plan. Fordyce was no longer a pleasant companion.

"Yes, I know lots about that mine—there was a fellow back in 'Frisco that I met once.

I was with Franchot then—you remember Franchot—and this fellow—"

Kidd could not recall Franchot, though the name had a familiar ring, but he indicated by silence that he did. Fordyce went on slowly.

"Well, that man had been north here, up this very stream, and he told me. He knew Donnelly's mine—he had located it himself—he—he told me, you know. He wouldn't have told anyone else that secret, but he had to tell me, you know, Kidd." Fordyce broke off in a little crafty laugh which had an unwholesome sound.

"That fellow came to one of Franchot's meetings. Most times we tricked 'em, but now and then I'd show 'em what could be done without faking. Yes, Franchot was a pure fake—neither of 'em had the control, but his wife used to throw a bluff about it. I was the only one that could control without faking."

Kidd was nonplused; what did Fordyce mean by "the control"? Then he glanced up from the fire to see straight into the other's eyes. For a second the red glow into which he had been staring made a vaporous mist before him, then through this he saw the eyes of Fordyce clearly. These were large and black and luminous, staring vacantly, yet having the shadow of a strangely magnetic power, the promise of a compelling force. Kidd shuddered. Now he feared the man no longer—he feared the eyes. There had showed in these some doubtful remnant of "the control."

Kidd felt behind him with his left hand. He knew there was fire-wood on that side of him, and he felt better when his fingers closed around a thick piece of it. Perhaps he would have to kill Fordyce. Certainly he must combat "the control."

"We'll go back after Donnelly—to-morrow," droned the voice, not quite as decided in tone as one who plots, and yet cunning enough for mischief.

"Sure!" agreed Kidd gently. "But we'd better get some sleep first." Kidd yawned; he would lull the other into submission for the night. "I'm all tired out. We'll get Donnelly's job all right, but wait for morning. We'll go after him then."

Fordyce was staring into the fire. He shook his head several times in a hesitating way, and then without another word crawled over into his blankets. A few minutes later Kidd heard his snoring.

But Kidd did not intend to sleep again that night. He waited until the other had gone into a heavy sleep, then he threw wood on the fire, carefully selecting a piece for a weapon, which he kept in hand. Stretching himself out in the glow he planned against the coming day.

Something had changed this man, Fordyce; and though his mind wandered under the influence of whatever illness affected him, it was dominated by two distinct impressions, which probably had been with him in the last few moments of careful reasoning—revenge for Donnelly's treatment and a confidence in some power he had possessed.

For a long time Kidd badgered his lagging memory to recall Franchot. Franchot? Franchot? The name was not altogether strange. He thought that on a time it had attracted his notice in some way. Franchot? Suddenly he knew, and a little quiver of apprehension ran through him. Franchot was the name of a much-advertised hypnotist and medium in San Francisco. Then Fordyce must have been one of the man's assistants, and although he had branded the master as a faker, he, Fordyce, was proud of that power in reality which the other only simulated. *He* possessed "the control." Now Kidd understood; now was explained the subtle fascination of those strange, unflinching eyes which had regarded him from the other side of the fire, those darkly radiant ovals, coercive, compelling.

But what ought he do? Suppose Fordyce were to continue as he had been, irresponsible, wandering? Suppose he were to go mad? Kidd chilled at the thought. But should that come about, would a madman possess "the control"? Could he exert an influence over a sane mind? Kidd thought not; but suppose—would he have time in which to overpower the other? Would he be given a warning, a chance, a moment? Fordyce was dangerous; even so, was he justified in killing him? What if the other held him powerless before he had summoned strength to act? Kidd feared the eyes of him. Was he not as dangerous as a sluggish snake, and ought he not to be killed now, as he slept? Kidd shuddered; he could not bring himself to such a thing.

That he should bind the man, he knew; but after consideration of this he decided against it. Everything might be all right in the morning, and such an act would turn Fordyce into an active enemy at a time when,

to reach the journey's end, Kidd needed help. He must wait to see what manifestation of insanity or trickery showed on this next day. Kidd determined to keep the club at hand, and not to sleep. Resting on his elbow, he began to review his peculiar situation for the second time.

Kidd was very tired. The day had been a heavy one in labor, and the glow of the fire made him drowsy in spite of his disquietude. Twice he roused up when the flames wavered into reddish fading aureoles, and twice he dozed off again. He struggled against the drowsiness that slowly overcame him, but the incessant song of the river was in his ears, and the warmth of the fire was so gentle, and the day had been so very gray and wearing. Finally his tired nerves could be taut no longer; the roar of the waters whirled away into a soft cadence, and the fire dimmed, dimmed down, down, until it showed but a single red eye, darkly radiant, there came a sweet lull, and Kidd slept.

Morning! The sky was alight when Kidd started up, half awake, trembling as a man aroused by an alarm. Instinctively he reached out for the club. With the opening of his eyes, all the fears of the night returned to him; apprehensively he looked around, dreading, expecting, an attack. Fordyce was gone. Where? He was a menace; he threatened; he must be located.

Kidd saw the man a moment later, down at the boat, bending over it, apparently making an attempt to load the kit. A sweep of the river at this place had cut a shallow, into which they had dragged the boat, and Kidd started toward it, anxious to have matters settled immediately.

Fordyce, hearing his approach, sprang erect. Then was Kidd glad that he had brought a weapon, for on the face of the other showed a cunning expression, the leer of one who believes himself hunted and that he must escape by any means. Fordyce waved him not to come closer, and as there was a gun in his possession, Kidd dared not. Momentarily he paused, regretting his negligence in not securing that gun. Suddenly, as if actuated by an insane desire to avoid everything, Fordyce thrust off the boat into deep water, and crying out wildly, leaped into it. Kidd ran forward, but he was too late. The swift current had caught the craft and sent it whirling so savagely that Fordyce was thrown on his back. Another second, and the boat

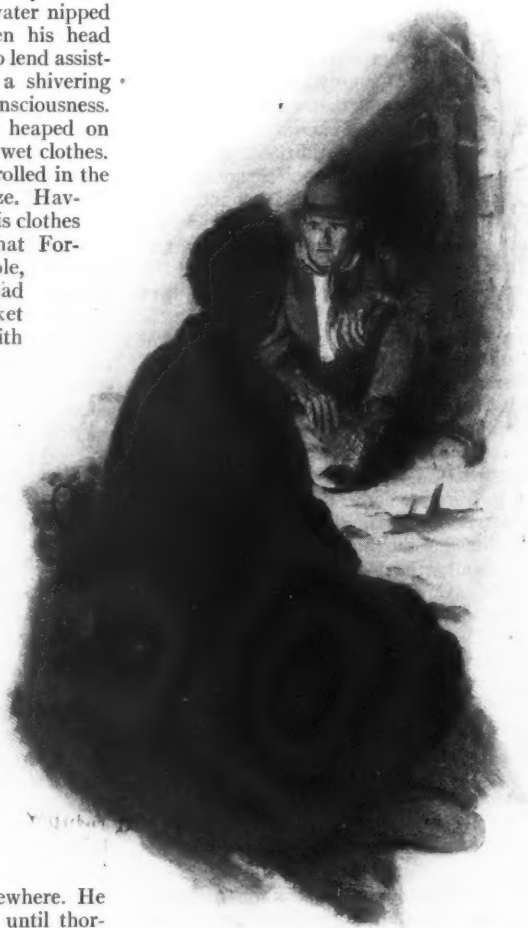
crunched against a half-submerged rock. Fordyce, confused by the fall and feeling the blow, must have recognized his danger, for he scrambled up, but on the wrong side of the already heeling boat. He cried out again as the current shifted it, and then his weight threw him over. The boat righted and went surging on. A minute after, and it had been buffeted into midstream and was fairly adrift. Half the kit had been lost when Fordyce first tipped it, and now the boat, too, was beyond recovery.

Kidd could not stand by and watch the man drown. Fordyce had spasmodically struck out for shore, but the freezing water nipped him, and he went under. When his head came up Kidd was close enough to lend assistance. He pulled Fordyce out, a shivering wreck of a man, lapsing into unconsciousness. Carrying him to the fire, Kidd heaped on wood and began stripping off the wet clothes. In a short time he had Fordyce rolled in the blankets and snug before the blaze. Having gone in waist-deep himself, his clothes were stiffening. Determined that Fordyce should cause no more trouble, however, he did not rest until he had the man pinioned in the blanket folds, binding these around him with a length of rope from the pack. Then Kidd sought to improve his own condition.

Fortunately a part of the supplies had been carried on the previous evening to some distance from the water's edge, and these things were safe. The sled had not been lost. The boat was, and if they were ever to get out now, it must be down the river bank. Kidd knew that the sled must be utilized, the grub packed on it, and Fordyce, too, if he did not recover. He thought he could take chances on this, trusting the shock of the cold dip would have an effect, and he decided to rest in camp that day.

As soon as he dried out, Kidd made a short trip down the bank in search of the boat. He hoped that it had swept in somewhere. He scrambled along the rough edge until thoroughly fagged, and then gave the expedition up as hopeless of result. The boat was gone. He would have to make the best of things.

Returning, discouraged and weary, he had almost reached the camp, when a peculiar sound brought him to a halt. A strangely weird calling seemed to come down the wind. Without recognizing in it anything familiar, he experienced a quaver of timidity combined with not a little wonder. He stopped and listened. He laughed aloud, and his heart grew warm again when a lull in the wind brought plainly a fragment of an old song. It was Fordyce, singing—and that quaint lullaby, the fascinating air he had sung at their first meeting in Seattle! But—was it



RIISING UP SUDDENLY KIDD CALLED OUT: "HELLO, FORDYCE! WHAT'S WRONG? ARE YEH SICK?"

Fordyce? There was a suspiciously unnatural tone in the voice that frightened Kidd when the momentary satisfaction at the man's imagined recovery had ended. Perhaps he had come to himself in a sane frame of mind, and perhaps he had not. Kidd slipped through a bit of scrub thicket to reconnoiter the camp.

He saw, to his surprise, that Fordyce lay as he had left him—bound, slightly propped against one of the tree-trunks, quiet. Kidd broke cover and went toward the fire. Fordyce stared out straight before him, and continued singing. There was no break in the song, such as any sane man would have made at another's return. Kidd's spirits went down to zero as the clammy dread of the other came over him once more. Nearer, and nearer the fire—and still Fordyce paid no attention. He looked a dead man, so white was his face, and, as if fascinated by the dance of the flames, peered into the fire steadily.

"Hello, Fordyce! Feel better?" asked Kidd, his lips trembling and all cheeriness gone from the words he forced out.

There was no upward glance or reply. Kidd stopped, hesitated, and swiftly noted the bindings of the blankets. He feared a trick. But Fordyce made no suspicious move; the rope had not been disturbed; and Kidd listened to the measure of that bizarre lullaby, wondering what would become of them. Now the thin voice droned off into the verse that Kidd had never known, and which Fordyce had never before sung distinctly,

In the land of Nod, my dearie;
In the land of Blessed Sleep.

Finally, as a whisper dies, the singing ended; the voice had grown tired of it, and the words slipped away; and slowly Fordyce looked up, his eyes wide, staring.

"God!" muttered Kidd in despair. He stared into those vacuous eyes. Large, dark, lusterless, it was the gaze of a dead soul. And yet Kidd dreaded the possibilities of that which now directed those vacant eyes. Without purpose, it could be without consideration; without emotion, it could engender the problems of hell.

There was in the eyes of Fordyce no semblance of recognition, no design, no influence for good or evil; and Kidd felt a horror creep over him in the knowledge of their very emptiness. While those eyes watched, he would be as one in a cell, alone, helpless, a prey to an

invisible inspection. He would be unable to avoid this; as a part of the dead world about him it would encompass him; worse than that—while the body lived, that inexpressible, undefinable something behind the eyes would watch through them ceaselessly. And Fordyce did watch him—watched as a fettered animal might, without faltering, as if Kidd were not.

Abruptly he began to chant again.

"What's the trouble with you, Fordyce?" asked Kidd, interrupting. Stupefied by the situation, he sought to relieve it through questions and the sound of his own reasonable voice. "I'll bet you'd like some coffee, eh?"

The song went on.

It was a chilling thing to witness, this, the wreck of a man. Kidd had to fight to keep his nerves in trim. He hurried about the preparation of some food, seeking to occupy himself before the taut threads snapped; but the shadow of the thing was at his back. As he bent down to search out something from the remnant of their kit, he felt impelled to steal a furtive look at Fordyce. God! it was as he had thought! The man watched him!

He went to his task as a criminal dreading the guard. Whenever he paused, whenever he turned, whenever he sought to persuade himself that there was hope of relief, he found the specter watching.

Though the sky promised snow, Kidd held to his decision not to go on. When night came he made sure that the rope and blankets held their places firmly, and then tried to forget everything in sleep. The river boomed away at its monotonous hymn, the fire glowed with a splendid warmth, and Kidd was worn out; but only fitful slumber came to him. He would drop off, and start awake again, trembling, apprehensive. And always he found that across the rim of fire there lived and watched a pair of sleepless eyes.

Morning! A cold, bitterly gray dawn, and Kidd sprang up to face the problem. He must do something. He was in no condition to attempt anything single handed, but he could not desert the other living, and he could not kill him, although he felt that he should, and he must accept the burden of him, come what might.

The sled was his only hope. On that sled he would have to drag Fordyce back to civilization and men. His forty-five miles in a small boat would be as nothing to this task

and these gray trails. As one who sees a terrific sacrifice, stern of face and low hearted, he packed the sled. He sighed. It would be heavier than his sins.

Tying the man in a sitting position, he harnessed himself and started. An hour later he paused, panting. The shoulder-thong had begun to cut into his neck and arms.

"A big thing to do," he muttered, with a bitter chuckle, and he turned to look at his burden. "Anybody but a fool would kill him." He thought of something or other, and could not convince himself. Then he went on again. Whatever responsibilities he may have shirked on the crowded highway among men he would now retrieve in this wasteland, weighted by a heavy nothing, unassisted save by the hope that God had not denied him.

It was tough, muscle-racking work, but all the gray day he buckled down to it, dragging doggedly, and hearing ever behind him that high-pitched song. It was maddening! If he would only keep quiet! A dozen times he sprang about shouting, "Shut up, for Gawd's sake!" And once he gritted in a blind rage, "Quit, damn yeh, or I'll kill yeh!"

Then he flung himself desperately at the thong. He kept to the work until twilight warned him to build some sort of windbreak and camp.

A dozen times during that night he was aroused by the eery chant, and he would nervously start up to stare into those wide, vacant eyes. At length he sought to sleep no more, but crouched over the fire, throwing a stick on now and then, until weakness compelled him to yield and lie down. His eyelids felt as if weighted by lead, and slowly these would close, and he would drift into the peace of Eden; then he would hear a fear-some noise, and flash awake again, to gasp in the realization that it was only the other's singing. Kidd swore at him viciously.

"Why don't you go to the land of Nod, damn you!" he said once.

With the loss of sleep began dread imaginations. A thousand things that other would be capable of were he to drop over into helplessness. Now he could only long for sleep, and nervously he spent the night. Still remained with him the fear of that boasted "control." This haunted Kidd until it assumed the proportions of belief. Why was he watched so ceaselessly? Why did not loss of sleep break that other as he was breaking? Why was he

tortured by the maddening song promising a relief he could not find? Why—why—why, and no explanation save that Fordyce a long time ago had gone mad, and was now dangerous. The slightest glimmer of returning sanity and he would become even more dangerous, since "the control" would be awake. Why not kill him, and have done with it, peace or no peace? Long and long he considered this solution without bringing himself to believe in its justification. Fordyce back in the settlements, he might have a chance of cure. He could not kill a thing like that other. Perhaps the land of Nod could be reached without it.

When next the light grew wan in the heavens it showed Kidd a miserable-looking creature, haggard and sunken eyed, awake—keenly awake—furtively staring about, nervously listening, and occasionally darting a doubtful glance toward that thing which nothing disturbed.

He made the next start only after a feverish struggle with his worst self. To drag that weight over the snows to another desolate camp and to another sleepless vigil seemed but a useless torture. Why go on at all? Why fight and live, when it would be easier to end himself, or rid himself of the burden by casting it away?

But the life within him, sickened and weakened as it was, fanned to a last effort. The wide stretches of the gray-white country, silent and death-like, unchanging, marked only by spectral clumps of thicket and capped with a leaden sky, repeated its grim picture in each new vista. He would struggle to the next rise of ground, hoping from its crest to sight relief if only in a new tone. He went blindly forward, eyes closed half the time, his limbs trembling and his breath coming in slow gasps. More than once he fell, and this meant the summoning of every effort to take the trail again. Stupefied by monotony and exhaustion, he would traverse long distances without recording a single intelligible thought; plodding mechanically, he would know that his eyes were closing, until either the knowledge that sleep without a fire meant death or the hellish song would start him to a convulsive awakening.

He had long since passed hope of winning the fight—he lived merely to stumble forward, throwing his weight and remaining strength into the task of dragging, and three times he came to himself shocked by the realization that he, too, was singing—and

singing that song! "In the land of Blessed Sleep—" He laughed, and shuddered.

He fought with an enfeebled mentality to satisfy himself that he was stronger than this, but in spite of the jolt its effect weakened, until, gradually, he unconsciously yielded to the promise of the song, and went seeking the sweet thing promised. The land of Nod! He had known it as a child, so many, many years ago. And he had sought it so long. Surely he must now be near the borderland. So—onward—a last effort—it should be over the next rise; and Kidd plunged forward, using the last ounce of his failing strength.

Up the slight slope he made his way desperately. Once across the ridge of white, where two gaunt birches stood, and that which he had aimed for would be found. He had now forgotten the actual thing desired, only he knew possession of it would be delicious. He dug his toes into the crusts, and when a root caught the sled he lunged and lunged madly against the harness, believing that some devil retarded him, and when he went stumbling free, he laughed—a long-drawn, chilling laugh.

Triumph was at the top of the slope, not on the ascent. Kidd staggered the last few steps. On the ridge-top he came to a pause,

staring as one who has suddenly lost all purpose. He looked out into the dim, unknown, vacant places, the silent, white-covered places. As if he could not comprehend, he stared a long time. He was beyond consideration. The harness slipped down from his shoulders. But the lids of his eyes no longer drooped wearily; with a wide and fixed gaze he surveyed the vague expanse of snow. Slowly turning, he sought the same stare of that other one, who was equally undisturbed. Little white particles sailed down and whipped damply into their faces.

Kidd staggered back to fumble at the rope bindings. He dragged aside the blankets and lifted the other up. A bitter wind now swept across the higher ground, whirling snowflakes before it. The two paid no heed. From the ridge-top they stared out over the pallid waste.

Suddenly Fordyce began his wild song again. He started forward, taking the lead. Kidd lurched after him, aimlessly, without protest. Unfettered, unafraid, they faded into the leaden mists. Behind, on the ridge-top, snow drifted down to weave a white shroud over the sled.

And so they found the land of Nod, which is "on the east of Eden."



SURELY HE MUST NOW BE NEAR THE BORDERLAND. KIDD PLUNGED FORWARD, USING THE LAST OUNCE OF HIS FAILING STRENGTH

The Waiter

A LUCKY STEMMING OF THE TIDE OF FORTUNE

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by J. D. Gleason



He was tall and erect and possessed something of a military swagger. His features were as regular as if a sculptor had chiseled them. His eyes were soft and brown, and his curling mustache would have created a panic in any girls' boarding-school in the land. What appealed most to the office-boy, however, was a certain hail-fellow spirit of friendliness that seemed to emanate from him. And therefore it was that when he asked to see the Austro-Hungarian consul the office-boy, with a cheerful smile, ushered him into the inner room. The consul looked up from his papers and frowned. Consuls are not as easily impressed as office-boys. The consul even grunted. His visitor began to curl his mustache, glancing ever and anon at the ends to see that he was doing it right.

"I am a Hungarian," he said. "I need money—a loan. I thought, perhaps, you might be willing to accommodate me."

The consul gazed at him in amazement. Visitors on that same errand were rather frequent, but they rarely approached the subject with such calmness. "Why do you come to me?" he asked. "Have you no friends here?"

"Oh, dear, yes. But I seem to have exhausted my credit with them. They will not lend any more."

"Can't you work?"

"Not very well. You see, I wouldn't know how."

The consul laid down his papers and clasped his hands upon the desk. "What is your name?"

"Marcus Erlacsy," was the reply.

"Erlacsy? Any relation to Erlacsy of Raab?"

"His son." One end of the mustache was curling beautifully.

The consul's eyes opened wide. "But he is one of the richest men in Hungary!"

"Very likely. But I am supposed to be the black sheep. You see, I am sowing my wild oats over here, but it costs money. And my father has stopped sending. It is very simple."

The frankness of it all bewildered the consul. "What is the trouble? What do you do with your money?" he asked.

"Gamble," replied Erlacsy calmly. Both ends of his mustache were now beautifully curled, and he placed both hands upon the desk and, apparently for the first time, carefully surveyed the consul. The emotions of the latter were somewhat too complicated to be accurately described within the confines of a short story. He took some money from his pocket and handed it to his visitor.

"There," said he. "That ought to keep you for a week or so. At the end of ten days you may come again."

Erlacsy counted the money and made a note of the amount in a gold-mounted memorandum-book. Then with a ceremonious bow and a dignified, "I thank you," he departed. The consul wrote a letter to Hungary. Upon the ninth day he received a reply by cable. Upon the tenth day Erlacsy presented himself at the consulate. The office-boy greeted him with a friendly smile.

"The consul's gone to the country," he said. "He told me to tell you there was nothing doing. He says you ought to go to work. I guess he got a tip from the other side."

Erlacsy drew half a dollar from his pocket and handed it to the office-boy. "Beware of gambling!" he said. He then went to Natzi's café, and with his last five cents bought a cup of black coffee. He began to review his career. The process occupied about three minutes. He then began to think about the future, but being unaccustomed to thinking he

soon yawned and asked the waiter to bring him the latest *Fliegende Blaetter*. A handsomer, franker, or better-natured individual than Marcus Erlacsy would have been difficult to find. Intellectually, however, he was an overgrown boy, and not the brightest boy in the world at that. A disturbance at an adjoining table presently attracted his attention. A guest was accusing a waiter of having cheated him, and Debbo, the head waiter, had sent for Natzi. Natzi had a quiet way of settling matters. When the story was told to him he nodded.

"Yes," he said, "the waiter is dishonest. This is the fourth time this has happened." And turning to the waiter, whose manner now betrayed his guilt, he said: "You can take off your apron and disappear. The cashier will pay you your wages."

He then apologized to the guest and was walking off when Erlacsy called him. Erlacsy had had an inspiration.

"You will need another waiter," he said to Natzi. "I have decided to work. Supposing you give me the place?"

Natzi gazed at him for a moment. A stranded compatriot who had seen better days applying for a menial position was not a new experience to Natzi. One of his assistant cooks was a former lieutenant in the Austro-Hungarian army; he had had a dish-washer who was a count, and of all the cashiers he had ever employed the one who ran off with the biggest amount of money boasted a pedigree compared with which the Hohenzollerns' is but of yesterday.

"Have you ever waited?" he asked.

Erlacsy smiled. "I have been waiting nearly three months," he replied.

Natzi smiled, too, and understood. "For letters from home, I suppose. What is your name?"

"Willie," said Erlacsy glibly.

"And your last name?"

"Also Willie!" And he winked at Natzi.

Natzi surveyed him critically for a moment and slowly nodded. "You'll do. As long as my waiters are honest and polite and attend to their business I have no interest in their family affairs. Here, De'bo, this is Willie. Give him an apron and show him what to do."

And thus it came about that Natzi's café acquired the best looking and most stylish if not the most skilful waiter in New York, while the son of Erlacsy of Raab for the first time in his life earned his daily bread by the sweat of his brow. The wages, of course,

were small, and with the exception of occasional slumming parties the patrons of Natzi's café were not particularly liberal with their tips. But as long as he had no time to gamble Erlacsy's needs were few, and finding, after a few weeks, that money was accumulating in his pocket, he determined to keep his place until he had saved enough to buy a first-class passage home.

It does not require the greatest intellectual activity in the world to be a good waiter, and Willie managed in a few days to acquire sufficient facility in his new occupation to pass muster. It is true that at times he was somewhat absent-minded, and if any patron happened to find fault with the service he received at Willie's hands Willie had a calm and unconcerned way of accepting abuse that robbed the fault-finder of all his satisfaction. But on the whole he became quite popular not only with the regular patrons of the place, but with all his fellow waiters and the other employees of the café, including the girl behind the coffee-urn, whose bills for ribbons and gewgaws had increased considerably since the advent of Willie. There was only one exception, and that was Debbo, the head waiter. Debbo had taken a violent dislike to Willie from the moment he put his apron on, and the magnificent way in which Willie ignored not only Debbo's dislike but the very fact of Debbo's existence served only to inflame the head waiter's animosity. In every possible way he tried to humiliate the new waiter, and only those who have studied waiters in restaurants know how diabolically a head waiter can torment a subordinate. But Willie only smiled and occasionally yawned and did as he was told. He had saved nearly sixty dollars.

One night a party of men and women who had been exploring the Hungarian colony came to the café for supper. They happened to enter just as Willie was walking down the aisle with a tray of dishes, and Willie came face to face with two big brown eyes that seemed to sparkle and glow under the most enormous hat he had ever beheld. Willie quickly deposited his tray upon the nearest table, and with a bow that was famous among the Hussars apologized for having been in her way even for an instant, and stepped aside to allow the party to pass.

"My, but he's a handsome waiter!" whispered one of the women in the party, but the lady with the brown eyes said nothing.

"Say, Mister Baron, don't waste so much

time bowing like a dancing teacher, and don't put your tray where it doesn't belong."

It was Debbo's voice recalling Willie from a trance. He turned and even smiled at Debbo. For the rest of that evening Willie performed his duties in a mechanical, semi-conscious fashion, his mind in an unwonted daze through which, ever and anon, as his eyes met hers, a flash of lightning darted. The lady with the brown eyes ate very little, and when she was not looking at Willie seemed greatly preoccupied.

And so it happens and so it has happened, ever since Adam awoke and found himself looking into the eyes of Eve, down through all the centuries, whenever the right man and the right woman gazed for the first time into each other's eyes. Who shall say that the times have changed and the manners—that in this busy world romance is dead and primitive emotions stifled? Foolish dream! The *bel canto* of the heart has never been lost. The king gazes into the beggar maid's eyes, and all the rest of their lives beats responsive to that single glance. The chimney-sweep and the queen catch but a single glimpse of each other's soul, and the glory of life is theirs. What matters caste, creed, or condition? It was ordained long before the first pterodactyl lumbered clumsily through the antediluvian forest. There is but one condition imposed: it must be the right king and the right beggar maid, the right chimney-sweep and the right queen. I really do not know what prompted this outburst, but I feel much the better for it. That night the lady with the brown eyes dreamed that a king with blue eyes and a wonderful mustache was kneeling at her feet. Willie, the waiter, took ten dollars from his savings and gambled all night long. And lost.

A few nights later she came again with an elderly couple whom Willie judged to be her parents. They drank *somorodnyi*, and liked it so much that the man gave Natzi an order to send a case of it to his house. Weston was the name, and the address was in a fashionable section of the town. Willie also overheard them calling the young lady Vera. He even blushed when he heard it—a blush of sheer pleasure. The following morning Willie went to a florist's shop on Broadway and spent nearly forty dollars on orchids.

"Do you wish to send a card?" asked the florist, looking at the name and address that Willie had given him. Willie hesitated an instant and then wrote upon a card, "To the brightest star in the sky from the humblest

worm on earth." He placed this in an envelope and enclosed it with the flowers. You see, Willie was not what one would call an intellectual colossus, but his heart was in the right place. As he returned to his work he whistled gaily, for his spirits were blithe and all the world seemed rosy, even though he had only three dollars to his name.

Hoffman, the dean of the Hungarian colony, came to Natzi that day. "I am giving a dinner to-night," he said, "and I want the big table in the corner of the room. I want the best dinner you can get up, and the best service. A friend of mine from Hungary is in town, and he wants to see the colony."

"Is it anybody I know?" asked Natzi. Hoffman whispered in his ear, and Natzi's eyes opened wide in surprise.

"But not a word to a soul," enjoined Hoffman. "He doesn't want it known that he is here. He is on some private business."

You may rest assured that Natzi did his best, and when the hour came for Hoffman's party to arrive a dinner had been prepared that was fit for a king.

"Now, Baron," Debbo said to Willie, "you've got to help wait on some important people to-night, so keep your wits about you and pay attention to business. If anything goes wrong you will be discharged."

Willie smiled and whistled.

"Here they come now," said Debbo. Willie turned to see the arrivals, but before he could distinguish one from the other of the group of men who were entering he caught a glimpse through the doorway of the lady with the brown eyes alighting from an automobile. And in a moment all else was forgotten.

She was wearing one of the orchids, and when Willie's eyes met hers he saw in them a wide, wondering look that he could not fathom. But there was no token of recognition.

"She is right," thought Willie, sighing. "To her I am only a waiter."

Natzi, who always believed in cultivating a good customer, bestowed his most genial smile upon Mr. Weston.

"How was the wine?" he asked.

"Fine," replied the girl's father. "D'y'e know, you have wonderfully good things to eat and drink here. My daughter says the food agrees with her better than that of any other restaurant in town."

Natzi beamed, and Willie, who had been listening, said,

"If you will be so kind, sir, as to allow me



Drawn by J. D. Gleason

THE MAN LOOKED UP INTO WILLIE'S FACE. HIS EYES BRIMMING WITH TENDERNESS

to select a dinner for you to-night I think you will enjoy it very much."

Natzi gazed at him in amazement, while Mr. Weston's face lit up with pleasure.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "that makes a hit with me. Go ahead, my boy, and do your best."

The lady with the brown eyes became very red. As Willie was about to turn away Debbo seized him by the arm.

"Say, you high-toned loafer, what do you mean by neglecting your work? D'ye expect me to wait on the party for you? Where's the butter? Where's the bread?"

Willie smiled and raised his hand, hesitated, and then calmly scratched his ear. "No hurry," he said. But at that moment his eyes, roaming over the party at Hoffman's table, fell upon the distinguished guest, and the blood rushed to his face. Debbo, wondering, followed his glance and then saw a curious thing happen. Willie walked around the table until he stood behind the guest of honor, then he threw his arm around the man's neck, and patting him affectionately upon the cheek asked,

"Will you have red wine or white wine?"

The man looked up into Willie's face, his lips parted as if he were gasping for breath and his eyes brimming with tenderness. For an instant they gazed at each other, silent, with every eye in the room upon them. Then the man's arm stole tenderly around Willie, and in a husky voice, though his eyes were smiling, he said, "You may bring some champagne, I want to celebrate."

The moment that Willie left the room, the man quickly got up and called Natzi aside. Then with an apology to his host he left the café. Natzi sought his good-looking waiter. He found him in the pantry packing ice around a bottle of wine.

"Well, Willie," he said, "I guess your troubles are over. Your father wants you to go to his hotel immediately."

Willie smiled and took off his apron. Just then Debbo entered the pantry to investigate the cause of the delay.

"Debbo," said Willie, "I have to leave you. But before I go—a souvenir of my esteem."

And, quick as a flash, he had overturned the pail of chopped ice upon Debbo's head, leaving the pail itself over his ears like a silver crown. Then he ran to the table where the Westons sat.

"You must forgive me," he said breathlessly, "I am no longer a waiter. Things are different now. But I shall take a great liberty to-morrow and explain."

He bowed, and the lady with the brown eyes blushed, and her red lips were parted as she gazed upon him. Then Willie departed from the café.

It was about four o'clock the next afternoon when an elderly man presented himself at Mr. Weston's office in lower Broadway.

"Who shall I say it is?" asked the boy at the gate. The man handed him a card, bearing the name, "Ignatz Erlacsy."

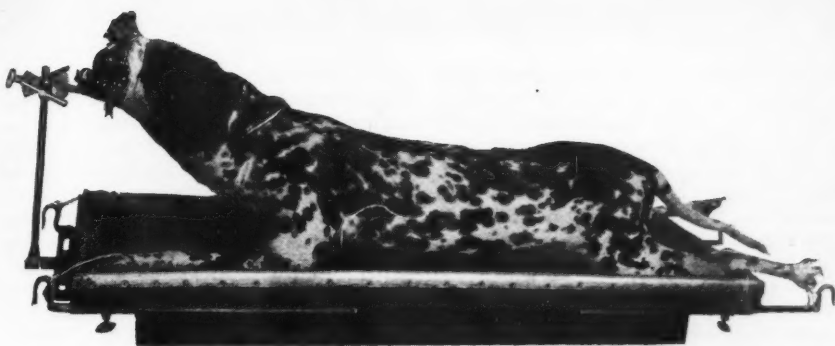
"Tell him," he said, "that I have a letter of introduction from his friend, the Austro-Hungarian consul."

Derelicts

By Clinton Scollard

MOORED at the margin of the creeping tides,
Battered and maimed and riven of hull they lie;
Never again where foam and spindrift fly,
And the strong trade-wind through the rigging rides,
Will they adventure, they that once were pride's
Ardent embodiment, but, fated to die,
Must rot and rust, while the slow hours drag by,
Till ooze and mire wrap their dismembered sides.

What poignant pathos in decrepitude!
Rather than this were it not better far,
Battling against some elemental mood,
In life's hale noonday, buoyant, vital, brave,
To have plunged deep to an abysmal grave
Beyond the reach of any sun or star!



DEATH IS INEVITABLE. IT IS A LAW OF CREATION. SLOW TORTURE IS AN INVENTION OF MAN

The Crusade Against Vivisection

Editor's Note.—From out the cumbersome mass of statement and misstatement, assertion and denial, charge and counter-charge issuing from those who adhere to the practice of vivisection and from those who oppose it, one fact stands crystal clear before that thinking public to whose judgment the appeal has been made and for whose decision the fight is being waged: in humanity's name there has been evoked a tremendous force in opposition to vivisection, and this force is growing.

Time was when the pro-vivisectors, or, as they are now called, the vivisectionists, treated with disdain the attempted opposition of those who combated the wisdom of vivisection or who sought to restrict it. The anti-vivisectionists were branded as hysterical sentimentalists, and, being thus branded, were answered. The vivisectors were content to ignore their detractors, except in the occasional outbursts which gave vent to an outraged and slandered science.

That time has passed. To-day no statement issued by an anti-vivisectionist waits long for a reply from a defender of the practice, and no pro-vivisection argument but earns its immediate answer from the other side. The interest is no longer passive. The controversy is being prosecuted hotly on both sides, with more than a little recrimination, and with more than a slight showing of personal bitterness, accompanied at times by an undeniable appearance of mendacity. Truth is, the debate has not yet passed the name-calling period. In the fervid stress of discussion, in the quick give and take of an ever newly inflamed and freshly fanned controversy, passion no less than reason has been brought into play.

But although the question has yet to pass through that white-hot arc of argument which will burn away all the tissues of falsity and leave standing only the asbestine fabric of truth, every day is establishing more clearly the fact that unrestricted vivisection as an instrument of scientific investigation is being placed squarely on the defensive before the bar of public opinion. Its defendants are being brought to a realization that they will have to make out a very clear case for the rights of the procedure if it is to survive.

This situation is inevitable. Since time immemorial the great mass of laymen which constitutes the public at large has accepted almost without question the dictum of science as to the necessities of its progressive growth. When the word has been passed that science demanded such and such a concession opposition has raised its head in vain. "Make way for science and for light!" has cleared obstruction from every path. If there have been doubters they have been branded as foes to progress, and have not been allowed to interfere

with a clear title to the scientific right of way. Particularly has this been the case with the various branches of physiological research, and with one significant result: since Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood in 1619 the medical profession has maintained toward the rest of the world a policy of secrecy and has imposed an attitude of blind faith, which, from the necessities of the case, the world has, for the main, been compelled to adopt. The task of keeping the public in this attitude of unquestioning acceptance of medical dogma was simple enough at one period, but it has been becoming increasingly more difficult with the progress of time, until, at the present day, it threatens to grow insupportable. The mere reiteration of a scientific dogma, the mere assertion of a necessity, will not suffice to establish the right of science in so radical and extreme a course as that which embraces experimentation upon living animals, be they of human or sub-human species, and which includes authority for the dismemberment and destruction of their living bodies.

The basic claim for vivisection is that it is necessary for the advancement of science. The vivisectionist asserts that only through experimentation on living animals can the

of functional actions be discovered,

since the elements and the mechanisms of lifeless bodies are inert and dead. By observation of the course of a disease which has been inoculated in the body of a living dog, for example, he hopes to learn facts which will enable physicians more successfully to cope with that disease when found in the human

body. By operations upon and dismemberment of living animals he seeks to gather facts which will enable surgeons more successfully to operate upon the corresponding organs of men and women. It is not maintained

by the vivisectionist

that the animals in question do not suffer because of his experiments, but he claims that this suffering must not be considered in the face of the possible discovery of a scientific fact. He points with pride to serums and antitoxins and to what is known of germs and their relation to disease, and asserts that the medical knowledge of these things has been made possible only through vivisection, and he holds that the price paid in pain and suffering has not been too great. This is the sum of the vivisection schedule: No amount of pain and suffering is to be compared to the possible establishment of a single scientific fact.

The anti-vivisection platform is based broadly upon the creed that man has no right,

for purposes of his own selfish gain, to inflict misery upon any dumb creature. It maintains that the very fact of our dominion precludes our right to seek a benefit at so great a cost of pain and suffering to helpless brute creation, and that humanitarian principles forbid the

practice of vivisection as abhorrent and unjustifiable. But while this is the fundamental principle upon which rests the objection to vivisection as a method of investigation, the active opposition to the present-day practice is far more specific. Aside from the humanitarian or ethical

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

I decline altogether to explain why I am not a vivisectionist. It is for the vivisectionists to explain their conduct, not to challenge mine. I am on the jury, not in the dock.

We have not yet reached a pass at which normal sanity, kindness and regard for the honor of science can be waylaid and called to account by sadism, ethical imbecility, and invincible ignorance.

PROF. WILLIAM JAMES

The rights of the helpless, even though they be brutes, must be protected by those who have superior power. The individual vivisectionist must be held responsible to some authority which he fears. The medical and scientific men who, time and time again, have raised their voices in opposition to all legal projects of regulation, know as well as anyone else does the unspeakable possibilities of callousness, wantonness, and meanness of human nature; and their unanimity is the best example I know, of the power of club opinion to quell independence of mind.

aspect, the anti-vivisectionists decry this practice for these reasons:

First: They hold that vivisection has not justified itself as a method or scientific investigation. They defy the medical profession to prove that a single scientific fact of benefit to the human race depended upon vivisection for its establishment. In support of this point they quote the opinions of prominent medical men who have discredited vivisection as an instrument for the advancement of science, either because of its failure to make adequate returns or because they do not believe that physiological conditions which obtain in sub-human animals hold true when applied to the human being.

Second: Because the practice of vivisection breeds callousness and indifference to suffering in the men who follow it, and in this manner works a great moral injury not only to these men, but to the community at large as well. If this continues, say the anti-vivisectionists, it will not be long before the vivisectors become insistent in their demands for human subjects—and this demand already has been voiced both directly and indirectly by individual investigators.

Third: Because animal experimentation (as a result of this indifference) often is conducted in such a manner as not to safeguard the living subject from unnecessary pain; the

conditions surrounding vivisection operations often permit of needless suffering during or after the operation.

Fourth: Because, losing sight of the original intent of the practice, vivisection is constantly performed for the gratification of the operator's curiosity, a motive not to be confounded with a zeal for discovery, but an uncontrolled curiosity bred of the work itself and seeking recurrent satisfaction at the expense of the animal subjects.

Fifth: Because vivisection in its present state is practically uncontrolled, no law now in force giving the right for the entry and inspection of either private or public laboratories where vivisection is practised. The lack of such a law, they claim, has permitted the excessive and abusive use of living animals by the vivisectors, who, secure behind the locked doors of their laboratories, have relied upon their freedom from accountability to any authority. The various anti-vivisection societies throughout the country have declared this condition to constitute one of the gravest menaces of vivisection to-day, and to account for the alarming spread of the practice in recent years. Under the cry of the "open door" policy their most determined efforts, therefore, are being directed toward the correction of this condition by the establishment of some method of inspection and control of vivisection.

The Madness of Vivisection .

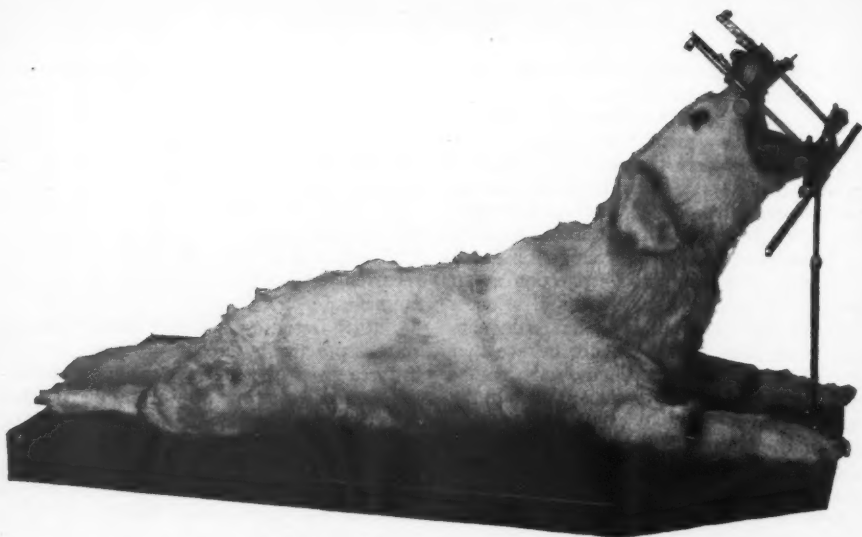
By Ella Wheeler Wilcox



WERE the whole thinking population of the world to know in detail what goes on behind the closed doors of institutes, clinics, and hospitals where vivisection is practised, I doubt not it would rise as an avenging army, batter down the opposing obstacles, and bid the hand of science stay until some more humane method was discovered to benefit the race. When we contemplate the wonderful mechanism of this vast universe, and consider the exquisite care bestowed upon our own planet and its mineral, vegetable, and animal life; when we listen to the reports of the analytical chemist, and

learn how closely allied are all created things; when we look within ourselves and realize, as all must who are intelligent and just, that everything, animate or inanimate, is an expression of one vast force, vivisection presents itself anew as a monstrous crime against the source of all life. It is unthinkable that the Creator of this vast scheme of worlds should make it necessary to torture the creatures who obey his laws of health, in their methods of life, in order to relieve the self-induced miseries of human beings who deliberately break these laws. The idea is preposterous and profane.

No well-balanced man, with ordinary reasoning powers, will maintain the theory of the sentimentalists, that all animals should be



THE VIVISECTOR POINTS TO SERUMS AND ANTITOXINS AND ASSERTS THAT THE MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE OF THESE THINGS HAS BEEN MADE POSSIBLE ONLY THROUGH VIVISECTION

allowed to die natural deaths. Had this been permitted during all the centuries, man would now be extinct, and beasts and reptiles and insects would dominate the earth. When animals are dangerous to the life, safety, or health of the human race they must be removed. When they are necessary for the sustaining of life they must be used for this purpose. But the killing of an animal for the protection, for the sustenance of man is a thing quite apart from vivisection. Death is inevitable; it is a law of creation. Slow torture is an invention of man. It has no part in the Great Plan.

The brutalizing effect of vivisection upon men, the atrophying of that part of the nature which is sympathetic and kind, is one of the phases which should be considered. It has been proved by experiment that the brain of man develops according to the use made of the mind. Natural tendencies can be arrested, and entirely opposite ones created, by the turning of the mental powers in that direction. It was reported of several medical students that they became faint and ill at the prospect of cruelties about to be inflicted upon a dog, and begged the privilege of buying the animal and

setting him free. But the physicians refused the offer, and compelled the students to witness the experiments. In all probability these students soon became hardened to the sight of suffering animals; and it would require more than an assertion of science to convince me that such a hardening process means ultimate benefit to the human race.

The school of medicine has advanced more slowly, and has met any improvement on old methods more stubbornly, than any other class of men. Once the "Regular School" accepts a theory, they all hang to it as tenaciously as the tentacles of an octopus cling to whatever it grasps. But this is an age of discoveries; every hour

is pregnant with promise of other discoveries. Any morning the world may awaken to learn that some great truth in nature has been revealed which will turn the attention of science into healthier and finer channels of thought than the mere mutilating of animals. Unquestionably vivisection, in less than one hundred years, will be regarded by the medical men of that era precisely as the religious men of this time regard the burning of witches and the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition. It will be considered

CHARLES DICKENS

No one will go so far as to declare that the slow suffocation of cats and dogs, the cutting of their throats, the piercing of the ventricles of their hearts, are not acts of cruelty. The necessity of these experiments I dispute. Man has no right to gratify an idle and purposeless curiosity through the practice of cruelty.

barbaric and the expression of crude, ignorant minds.

The vivisectionists declare the opposing movement to be one based on pure sentiment and hysteria. They have said that it is an organization composed of ignorant men and old maids. The recent International Anti-Vivisection Congress in London proved how mistaken was this assertion. No greater congregation of brilliant men and women ever came together. And it gave a new impetus to the movement. It is quite safe to say that the best minds of the day are awakened to the necessity of redrafting the laws governing vivisection, and that the methods employed by the anti-vivisectionists are dignified, sensible, and wise. Twenty thousand people were made to think upon this subject by the anti-vivisection exhibit at Atlantic City last July. Referring to this exhibit, the *Journal of Zoophily* says: "From 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. the visitors came; not all in sympathy, by any means, and a goodly proportion entirely ignorant of what was meant by the display, but all interested and evidently impressed with its significance when understood. None were more interested than they who were openly antagonistic, none more eager to read the plain, unvarnished tale of cruelties they were not yet ashamed to champion and to listen on lecture

evenings to the distressing facts forcibly set forth by a versatile speaker. Not one untoward incident occurred to mar the remembrance of the effort for the workers. Unfortunately for the 'other side,' there looms the shadow of a broken pledge—an engagement

for free and fair debate with the society's lecturer, deliberately made by a volunteer representative of their cult, and quite as deliberately broken

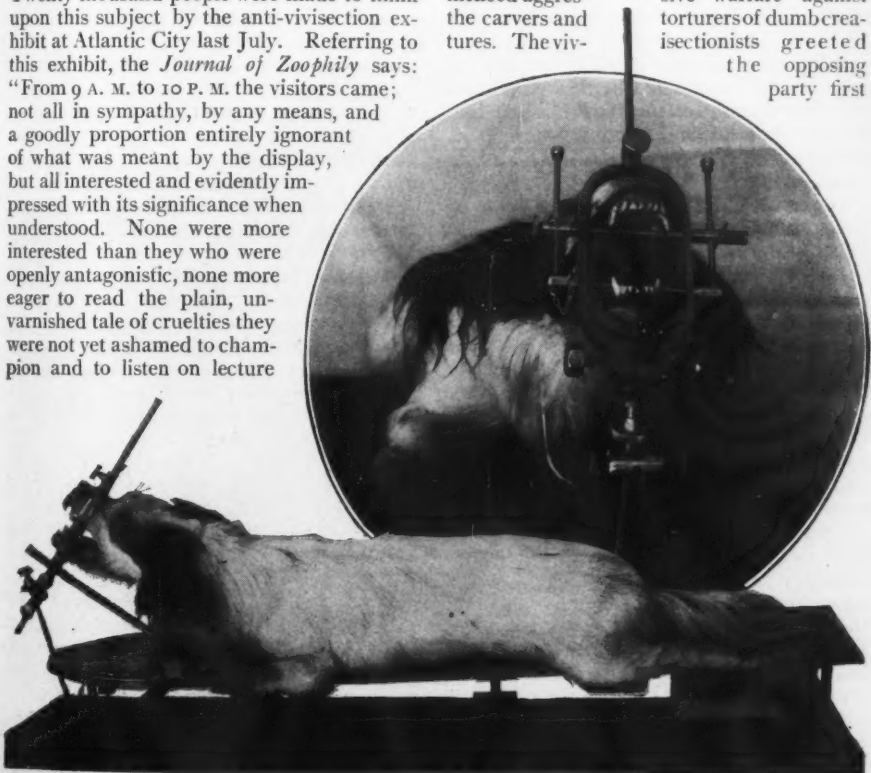
under circumstances when such action could only mean acknowledged inability to defend their position."

The anti-vivisection movement is a large and very real fact; it is a movement that has come to stay, and its adherents, believing their cause to be a righteous one, have commenced aggressive warfare against the carvers and torturers of dumb creatures. The vivisectionists greeted

the opposing party first

COUNT TOLSTOY

What I think about vivisection is that if people admit that they have the right to take or endanger the life of living beings for the benefit of many, there will be no limit for their cruelty.



THE ANTI-VIVISECTION PLATFORM IS BASED BROADLY UPON THE CREED THAT MAN HAS NO RIGHT TO INFLICT MISERY UPON ANY DUMB CREATURE

The Madness of Vivisection

with disdain, then with sneers, then with strong defensive arguments, and finally with alarm. The fight is on, and it is a fight to a finish. This important question will be settled and settled right.

Fortunately for the new movement, hundreds of physicians of note are strongly opposed to vivisection.

Dr. Robert Bell, late senior physician in Glasgow Hospital, and author of "Cancer, Its Cause and Treatment Without Operation," puts himself on record thus: "I quite agree with Dr. Snow, late

surgeon of the Cancer Hospital, London, who states that vivisection has never proved, and never will prove, of the slightest value or service in cancer research. I was much interested in a recent report of the proceedings of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund. My interest, however, was not excited by this containing any information of practical value, but because of the line of thought and the method adopted by the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, by which they endeavor to justify their existence and their expenditure of a large public fund at their disposal, and which hitherto has resulted in not the slightest benefit to anyone but those engaged in the research. Any number of mice have been sacrificed in the delusion that the 'cancerous' tumors which are produced in these creatures have a resemblance to that which attacks the human being, though the 'researchers' are aware of the fact that mouse cancer is recovered from in at least thirty per cent. of the animals attacked, and this by the spontaneous efforts of nature alone. This fact should be sufficient to demonstrate that the two diseases differ materially in character and, therefore, that the experiments are of no practical value. . . . Cancer is a preventable disease, and curable in its early stages. But vivisection can never be of the slightest value in its cure."

Many of the ablest medical men in the world to-day are opposed to vivisection on

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

The vivisectors, those who cut, torture, and mutilate in the name of science, disgrace our age. They excite the horror and indignation of all good people. . . . It is impossible for the ingenuity of man to say anything in defense of cruelty—of heartlessness. Vivisection should be controlled by law. No animal should be allowed to be tortured. Those who are incapable of pitying animals are incapable of pitying men.

both scientific and humanitarian grounds. So thorough a medical man as Dr. Phillippe Mareschal, of Paris, is on record as saying: "As to vivisectors, let them be altogether separated from the medical profession, so far as studies and diplomas are concerned. Their calling is not identical with ours. Their associating with us is

the cause that some of our colleagues have lost the moral health, the habits of gentleness, of kindness, and of compassion, which are essential in the practice of our profession."

Dr. Charles Bell Taylor, who died last April at Nottingham, England, was opposed to vivisection. A world-famous surgeon, his patients included some of the most distinguished people in the land; and leading physicians from all parts of the world came to see him perform operations, and to receive treatment from him. He was a strong and outspoken anti-vivisectionist, and his antipathy to the practice was undiminished to the last. He thought it morally wrong, also useless and misleading. In one of his lectures he summed up his objections in this order: "Because there is really no necessity for it; because it has been proved to be not only useless, but misleading; because it takes the place of other methods of study and observation which are infinitely preferable and to which no one can possibly object; and because it is a gross and cruel abuse of the power which God has given us over the lower animals, and virtually a surrender of our chief claim to mercy for ourselves."

Dr. Charles Archibald, of New York, a physician of the "Regular School" but now a specialist in light rays, has expressed himself as keenly opposed to

FATHER IGNATIUS

I am not able, from a scientific point of view, to give any opinion on the subject of vivisection, but from a Christian and humane standpoint I should shudder to be in the same company with a vivisector.

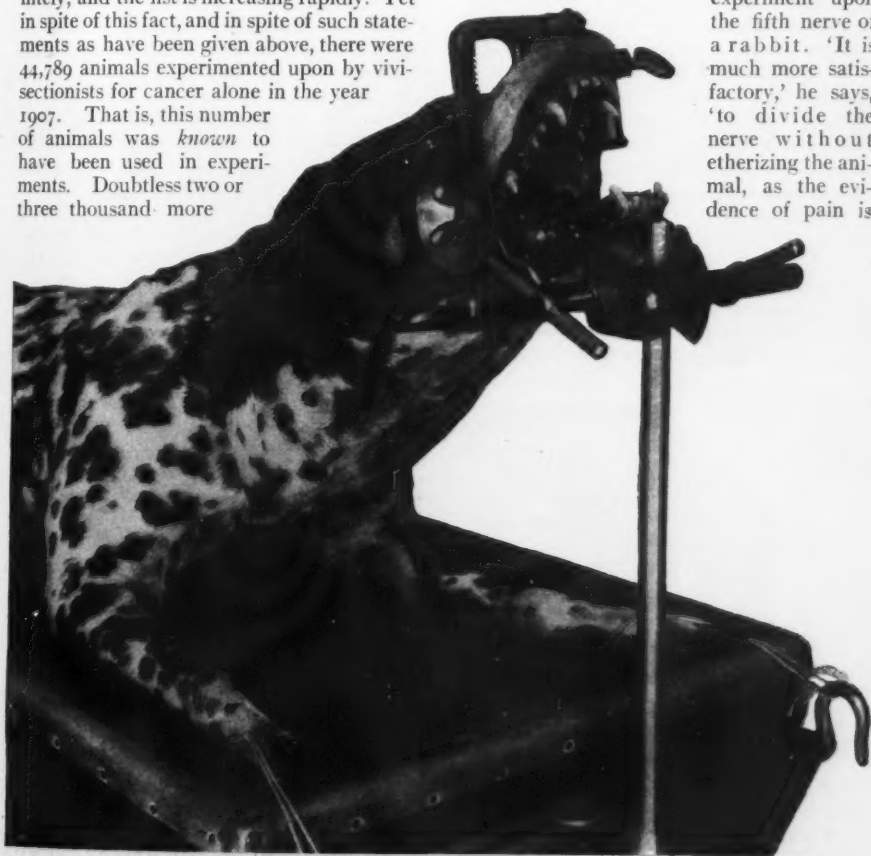
vivisection. "Had I a son, I would never permit him to take that branch of study in the medical course," Dr. Archibald said to me. "It has never benefited me in the least degree; and has left most painful memories. I believe it a hindrance, not a help, to the progress of the world toward the control of disease."

Says Dr. Richet, eminent in the French world of science and medicine: "I do not believe that a single experimenter says to himself when he gives curare to a rabbit, or cuts the spinal marrow of a dog, or poisons a frog, 'Here is an experiment which will relieve or will cure the disease of some man.' No, in truth, he does not think of that! He says to himself, 'I shall clear up an obscure point; I will seek out a new fact.' And this scientific curiosity which alone animates him is explained by the high idea he has formed of science. This is why we pass our days in fetid laboratories, surrounded by groaning creatures, in the midst of blood and suffering, bent over palpitating entrails."

The list of eminent physicians who are opposed to vivisection could be extended indefinitely, and the list is increasing rapidly. Yet in spite of this fact, and in spite of such statements as have been given above, there were 44,789 animals experimented upon by vivisectionists for cancer alone in the year 1907. That is, this number of animals was *known* to have been used in experiments. Doubtless two or three thousand more

were destroyed by students and apprentices, unknown to the public.

Forty prominent physicians of New York, who favor vivisection, declared last winter that the word "cruelty" was misleading, and should not be used in connection with vivisection. But as Dr. Leffingwell, in his accurate and unprejudiced book, "The Vivisection Question," has said: "That vivisection has included torture in this country, and still includes it, there seems no reasonable doubt. Ingenious, severe, and long-drawn sufferings inflicted upon highly organized animals can be found described, in some detail, in the archives of our leading medical schools. The author of a standard 'Text-Book of Human Physiology' tells the particulars, as if for the instruction of beginners, of a very painful experiment upon the fifth nerve of a rabbit. 'It is much more satisfactory,' he says, 'to divide the nerve without etherizing the animal, as the evidence of pain is



VIVISECTION IS CONSTANTLY PERFORMED FOR THE GRATIFICATION OF THE OPERATOR'S CURIOSITY, A MOTIVE NOT TO BE CONFOUNDED WITH A ZEAL FOR DISCOVERY

an important guide in this delicate operation.' In withdrawing blood from the hepatic veins of a dog, as well as in irritating the floor of the fourth ventricle of a rabbit, this distinguished professor in a metropolitan school advises against an anesthetic."

The ignorance of facts, or the inability to speak the truth regarding the cruelty of vivisection, is one of the striking features to be encountered in discussing the matter with its defenders. Two physicians, young men (who had been practising, however, for several years), expressed surprise that, as they put it, "a woman of my intelligence could believe there were any experiments made upon animals without anesthetics." Yet here is a description given by Dr. Brechet, of the *École de Médecine de Paris*, of one of his "moral experiments." He says: "I inspired a dog with the greatest aversion for me by plaguing and inflicting pain upon it as often as I saw it. When this feeling was carried to its height, so that the dog became furious whenever it saw me, *I put out its eyes*. I could then appear before it without its manifesting any aversion. I spoke, and immediately its barking and furious movements proved the passion which dominated it. I then destroyed the drums of its ears and dis-

organized the internal ear as much as I could: When an inflammation which was excited had caused deafness I filled up its ears with molten wax. Then I went to its side, spoke, and caressed it, without its showing any rage." This human demon repeated his experiment on another dog, he says, with the same result.

Dr. Shaw, before the Royal College of Surgeons, in Ireland, related how he won a dog's affection and then cut off an ear; the dog, he said, "manifested astonishment, but no resentment." The next day he cut off a paw, and the next

day another. Each day he inflicted some terrible pain, and, he remarks, "It was astonishing how much the animal endured before his love turned to hate."

Baron Weber relates seeing a German scientist cut the unborn puppies from a living mother dog, and place them before her in order to see whether she would exhibit the same affection for them as for those naturally born.

Details of these incredibly revolting experiments can be found by the thousands—related by the physicians who made them—in medical reports. What wonder that sane and humane men and women have organized in a movement to restrict, if not repress, such hellish deeds done in the name of science?

WU TING FANG

You ask me for an opinion on the subject of vivisection. I believe the trend of public opinion is toward condemnation of recklessly killing animals without sufficient cause, and in my humble opinion it would require a very strong justification before I would allow an animal to be killed, even for physiological investigation.



THIS IS THE SUM OF THE VIVISECTION SCHEDULE: NO AMOUNT OF PAIN AND SUFFERING IS TO BE COMPARED TO THE ESTABLISHING OF A SINGLE SCIENTIFIC FACT

The Claws of the Tiger

A STORY OF "ORGANIZATION" METHODS IN NEW YORK

By Gouverneur Morris

Author of "Ellen and Her Man," "The Footprint and Other Stories," "The Voice in the Rice," etc.

Illustrated by John A. Williams



WHAT her given name was in the old country has never reached me; but when her family had learned a little English, and had begun to affect the manners and characteristics of their more Americanized acquaintances, they called her Daisy. She was the only daughter; her age was less than that of two brothers, and she was older than three. The family consisted of these six, Mr. and Mrs. Obloski, the parents, Grandfather Pinnievitch, and Great-grandmother Brenda—a woman so old, so shrunken, so bearded, and so eager to live that her like was not to be found in the city.

Upon settling in America two chief problems seemed to confront the family: to make a living and to educate the five boys. The first problem was solved for a time by The Organization. Obloski was told by an interpreter that he would be taken care of if he and his father-in-law voted as directed and as often as is decent under a wise and paternal system of government. To Obloski, who had about as much idea what the franchise stands for as The Organization had, this seemed an agreeable arrangement. Work was found for him, at a wage. He worked with immense vigor, for the wage seemed good. Soon, however, he perceived that older Americans (of his own nationality) were laughing at him. Then he did not work so hard; but the wage, froth of the city treasury, came to him just the same. He ceased working, and pottered. Still he received pay. He ceased pottering. He joined a saloon. And he became the right-hand man of a right-hand man of a right-hand man who was a right-hand man of a very important man who was—left handed.

The two older boys were at school in a

school; the three others were at school in the street. Mrs. Obloski was occupied with a seventh child, whose sex was not yet determined. Grandfather Pinnievitch was learning to smoke three cigars for five cents; and Great-grandmother Brenda sat in the sun, stroking her beard, and clinging to life. Nose and chin almost obstructed the direct passage to Mrs. Brenda's mouth. She looked as if she had gone far in an attempt to smell her own chin, and would soon succeed.

But for Daisy there was neither school, nor play in the street, nor sitting in the sun. She cooked, and she washed the dishes, and she did the mending, and she made the beds, and she slept in one of the beds with her three younger brothers. In spite of the great wage so easily won the Obloskis were very poor, for New York. All would be well when the two older boys had finished school and begun to vote. They were thirteen and fourteen, but the school records had them as fifteen and sixteen, for the interpreter had explained to their father that a man cannot vote until he is twenty-one.

Daisy was twelve, but she had room in her heart for all her family, and for a doll besides. This was of rags; and on the way from Castle Garden to the tenement she had found it, neglected, forsaken—starving, perhaps—in a gutter. In its single garment, in its woolen hair, and upon its maculate body the doll carried, perhaps, the germs of typhoid, of pneumonia, of tetanus, and of consumption; but all night it lay in the arms of its little mother, and was not permitted to harm her or hers.

The Obloskis, with the exception of Mrs. Brenda, were a handsome family—the grandfather, indeed, was an old beauty in his way, with streaming white hair and beard, and eyes that reminded you of locomotive headlights seen far off down a dark tunnel; but

their good features were marred by an expression of hardness, of greed, of unsatisfied desire. And Mr. Obloski's face was beginning to bloat with drink. It was only natural that Daisy, upon whom all the work was put, should have been too busy to look hard or greedy. She had no time to brood upon life, or to think upon unattainable things. She had only time to cook, time to wash the dishes, to mend the clothes, to make the beds, and to play the mother to her little brothers and to her doll. And so, and naturally, as the skin upon her little hands thickened and grew rough and red, the expression in her great eyes became more and more luminous, translucent, and joyous.

Even to a class of people whose standards of beauty differ, perhaps, from ours, she promised to be very beautiful. She was a brown-and-crimson beauty, with ocean-blue eyes and teeth dazzling white, like the snow on mountains when the sun shines. And though she was only twelve, her name, underlined, was in the note-book of many an ambitious young man. I knew a young man who was a missionary in that quarter of the city (indeed, it was through him that this story reached me), an earnest, Christian, upstanding, and, I am afraid, futile young man, who, for a while, thought he had fallen in love with her, and talked of having his aunt adopt her, sending her to school, ladyizing her. He had a very pretty little romance mapped out. She would develop into an ornament to any society, he said. Her beauty—he snapped his fingers—had nothing to do with his infatuation. She had a soul, a great soul. This it was that had so moved him. "You should see her," he said, "with her kid brother, and the whole family shooting-match. I know; lots of little girls have the instinct of mothering things—but it's more in her case, it amounts to genius—and she's so clever, and so quick, and in spite of all the wicked hard work they put upon her she sings a little, and laughs a little, and mothers them all the time—the selfish beasts!"

My friend's pipe-dreams came to nothing. He drifted out of missionizing, through a sudden hobby for chemistry, into orchids; sickened of having them turn black just when they ought to have bloomed; ran for Congress and was defeated; decided that the country was going to the dogs, went to live in England, and is now spending his time in a vigorous and, I am afraid, vain attempt to get himself elected to a first-class London club. He is quite a

charming man—and quite unnecessary. I mention all this, being myself enough of a pipe-dreamer to think that, if he had not been frightened out of his ideas about Daisy, life might have dealt more handsomely with them both.

As Obloski became more useful to the great organization that owned him he received proportionately larger pay; but as he drank proportionately more, his family remained in much its usual straits. Presently Obloski fell off in utility, allowing choice newly landed men of his nationality to miss the polls. Then strange things happened. The great man (who was left handed) spoke an order mingled with the awful names of gods. Then certain shares, underwritten by his right-hand man, clamored for promised cash. A blue pallor appeared in the cheeks of the right-hand man, and he spoke an order, so that a contract for leaving the pavement of a certain city street exactly as it was went elsewhere. The defrauded contractor swore very bitterly, and reduced the salary of his right-hand man. This one caused a raid of police to ascend into the disorderly house of his. This one in turn punished his right-hand man; until finally the lowest of all in the scale, save only Mr. Obloski, remarked to the latter, pressing for his wage, that money was "heap scarce." And Mr. Obloski, upon opening his envelope, discovered that it contained but the half of that to which he had accustomed his appetite. Than Obloski there was none lower. Therefore, to pass on the shiver of pain that had descended to him from the throne, he worked upon his feelings with raw whiskey, then went home to his family and broke its workings to bits. Daisy should go sit in an employment-agency until she was employed and earning money. The youngest boy and the next youngest should sell newspapers upon the street. Mrs. Obloski should stop mourning for the baby which she had rolled into a better world three years before, and do the housework. The better to fit her for this, for she was lazy and not strong, he kicked her in the ribs until she fainted, and removed thereby any possibility of her making good the loss for which her proneness to luxurious rolling had been directly responsible.

So Daisy, who was now nearly sixteen, went to sit with other young women in a row: some were older than she, one or two younger; but no one of the others was lovely to look at or had a joyous face.



MRS. HOLT TOOK THE DOLL AND LOOKED AT IT FOR QUITE A LONG TIME. THEN, "YOU WON'T SUIT ME, GIRLIE—I CAN SEE THAT," SHE SAID, LIKE ONE ASHAMED

The Claws of the Tiger

II

AFTER about an hour's waiting in an atmosphere of sour garments disguised by cheap perfumery, employment came to Daisy in the stout form of a middle-aged, showily dressed woman, decisive in speech, and rich, apparently, who desired a waitress.

"I want something cheap and green," she explained to the manager. "I form 'em then to suit myself." Her eyes, small, quick, and decided, flashed along the row of candidates, and selected Daisy without so much as one glance at the next girl beyond. "There's my article, Mrs. Goldsmith," she said.

Mrs. Goldsmith shook her head and whispered something.

The wealthy lady frowned. "Seventy-five?" she said. "That's ridiculous."

"My Gott!" exclaimed Mrs. Goldsmith. "Ain't she fresh? Loog at her. Ain't she a fresh, sweet liddle thing?"

"Well, she looks fresh enough," said the lady, "but I don't go on looks. But I'll soon find out if what you say is true. And then I'll pay you seventy-five. Meanwhile"—as Mrs. Goldsmith began to protest—"there's nothing in it—nothing in it."

"But I haf your bromice—to pay up."

The lady bowed grandly.

"You are sugh an old customer—" Thus Mrs. Goldsmith explained her weakness in yielding.

Daisy, carrying her few possessions in a newspaper bundle, walked lightly at the side of her new employer.

"My name is Mrs. Holt, Daisy," said the lady. "And I think we'll hit things off, if you always try to do just what I tell you."

Daisy was in high spirits. It was wonderful to have found work so easily and so soon. She was to receive three dollars a week. She could not understand her good fortune. Again and again Mrs. Holt's hard eyes flicked over the joyous, brightly colored young face. Less often an expression not altogether hard accompanied such surveys. For although Mrs. Holt knew that she had found a pearl among swine her feelings of elation were not altogether free from a curious and most unaccustomed tinge of regret.

"But I must get you a better dress than that," she said. "I want my help to look cared for, and smart. I don't mean you're not neat and clean looking; but maybe you've something newer and nicer in your bundle?"

"Oh, yes," said Daisy. "I have my Sunday dress. That is almost new."

"Well," said Mrs. Holt, "I'll have a look at it. This is where I live."

She opened the front door with a latch-key; and to Daisy it seemed as if paradise had been opened—from the carved walnut rack, upon which entering angels might hang their hats and coats, to the carpet upon the stair and the curtains of purple plush that, slightly parted, disclosed glimpses of an inner and more sumptuous paradise upon the right—a grand crayon of Mrs. Holt herself, life size, upon an easel of bamboo; chairs and sofas with tremendously stuffed seats and backs and arms, a tapestry-work fire-screen—a purple poppy against a pink-and-yellow ground.

"I'll take you up to your room right off," said Mrs. Holt, "and you can show me your other dress, and I'll tell you if it's nice enough."

So up they went three flights. But it was in no garret that Daisy was to sleep. Mrs. Holt conducted her into a large, high-ceilinged, old-fashioned room. To be sure, it was ill lighted, and ill ventilated—giving on a court; but its furniture, from the marble-topped wash-stand to the great double bed, was very grand and overpowering. Daisy could only gape with wonder and delight. To call such a room her own, to earn three dollars a week—with a golden promise of more later on if she proved a good girl—it was all very much too wonderful to be true.

"Now, Daisy, let me see your Sunday dress—open the bundle on the bed there."

Daisy, obedient and swift (but blushing, for she knew that her dress would look very humble in such surroundings), untied the string and opened the parcel. But it was not the Sunday dress that caught Mrs. Holt's eye. She spoke in the voice of one the most of whose breath has suddenly been snatched away.

"And what," she exclaimed, "for mercy sake, is *that*?"

"That," said Daisy, already in an anguish lest it be taken from her, "is my doll."

Mrs. Holt took the doll in her hands, and turned it over and back. She looked at it, her head bent, for quite a long time. Then, all of a sudden, she made a curious sound in the back of her throat that sounded like a cross between a choke and a sob. Then she spoke swiftly—and like one ashamed:

"You won't suit me, girlie—I can see that. Wrap up those things again, and— No, you

mustn't go back to Goldsmith's—she's a bad woman—you wouldn't understand. Can't you go back home? No? . . . They need what you can earn. . . . Here, you go to Hauptman's employment agency and tell him I sent you. No. . . . You're too blazing innocent. I'll go with you. I've got some influence. I'll see to it that he gets a job for you from some one who—who'll let you alone."

"But," said Daisy, gone quite white with disappointment, "I would have tried so hard to please you, Mrs. Holt. I—"

"You don't know what you're saying, child," exclaimed Mrs. Holt. "I—I don't need you. I've got trouble here." She touched what appeared to be an ample bosom. "One half's the real thing, and one half's just padding. I'm not long for this world, and you've cost me a pretty penny, my dear; but it's all right. I don't need *you*!"

So Mrs. Holt took Daisy to Hauptman's agency. And he, standing in fear of Mrs. Holt, found employment for her as waitress in a Polish restaurant. Here the work was cruel and hard, and the management thunderous and savage; but the dangers of the place were not machine made, and Daisy could sleep at home.

III

DAISY had not been at work in the restaurant many weeks before the proprietor perceived that business was increasing. The four tables to which Daisy attended were nearly always full, and the other waitresses were beginning to show symptoms of jealousy and nerves. More dishes were smashed; more orders went wrong; and Daisy, a smooth, quick, eager worker, was frequently delayed and thrown out of her stride, so to speak, by malicious stratagems and tricks. But Linnevitch, the proprietor, had a clear mind and an excellent knowledge of human nature. He got rid of his cash-girl, and put Daisy in her place; and this in face of the fact that Daisy had had the scantiest practice with figures and was at first dismally slow in the making of change. But Linnevitch bore with her, and encouraged her. If now and then she made too much change he forgave her. He had only to look at the full tables to forget. For every nickel that she lost for him, she brought a new customer. And soon, too, she became at ease with money, and sure of her subtraction. Linnevitch advanced

her sufficient funds to buy a neat black dress; he insisted that she wear a white turn-over collar and white cuffs. The plain severity of this costume set off the bright coloring of her face and hair to wonderful advantage. In the dingy, ill-lighted restaurant she was like that serene, golden, glowing light that Rembrandt alone has known how to place among shadows. And her temper was so sweet, and her disposition so childlike and gentle, that one by one the waitresses who hated her for her popularity and her quick success forgave her and began to like her. They discussed her a great deal among themselves, and wondered what would become of her. Something good, they prophesied; for under all the guilelessness and simplicity she was able. And you had to look but once into those eyes to know that she was string-straight. Among the waitresses was no very potent or instructed imagination. They could not formulate the steps upon which Daisy should rise, nor name the happy height to which she should ascend. They knew that she was exceptional; no common pottery like themselves, but of that fine clay of which even porcelain is made. It was common talk among them that Linnevitch was in love with her; and, recalling what had been the event in the case of the Barnhelm girl, and of Lotta Gorski, they knew that Linnevitch sometimes put pleasure ahead of business. Yet it was their common belief that the more he pined after Daisy the less she had to fear from him.

A new look had come into the man's protruding eyes. Either prosperity or Daisy, or both, had changed him for the better. The place no longer echoed with thunderous assaults upon slight faults. The words, "If you will, please, Helena"; "Well, well, pick it up," fell now from his lips, or the even more reassuring and courteous, "Never mind; I say, never mind."

Meanwhile, if her position and work in the restaurant were pleasant enough, Daisy's evenings and nights at home were hard to bear. Her mother, sick, bitter, and made to work against her will, had no tolerant words for her. Grandfather Pinnievitch, deprived of even pipe-tobacco by his bibulous son-in-law, whined and complained by the hour. Old Mrs. Brenda declared that she was being starved to death, and she reviled whoever came near her. The oldest boy had left school in disgrace, together with a classmate of the opposite sex, whom he abandoned shortly at a profit. The family had turned

him off at first; had then seen that he had in spite of this an air of prosperity; invited him to live at home once more, and were told that he was done with them. His first venture in the business of pandering had been a success; a company, always on the lookout for bright young men, offered him good pay, work intricate but interesting, and that protection without which crime would not be profitable.

Yes, in the secure shadow of The Organization's secret dark wings, there was room even for this obscure young Pole, fatherless, now, and motherless. For The Organization stands at the gates of the young Republic to welcome in the unfortunate of all nations, to find work for them, and security. Let your bent be what it will, if only you will serve the master, young immigrant, you may safely follow that bent to the uttermost dregs in which it ends. Whatever you wish to be, that you may become, provided only that your ambition is sordid, criminal, and unchaste.

Mr. Obloski was now an incorrigible drunkard. He could no longer be relied on to cast even his own vote once, should the occasion for voting arise. So the great Organization spat Obloski aside. He threatened certain reprisals and tale-bearings. He was promptly arrested for a theft which not only he had not committed, but which had never been committed at all. The Organization spared itself the expense of actually putting him in jail; but he had felt the power of the claws. He would threaten no more.

To support the family on Daisy's earnings and the younger boys' newspaper sellings, and at the same time to keep drunk from morning to night, taxed his talents to the utmost. There were times when he had to give blows instead of bread. But he did his best, and was as patient and long-suffering as possible with those who sapped his income and kept him down.

One night, in a peculiarly speculative mood, he addressed his business instincts to Daisy. "Fourteen dollars a month!" he said. "And there are girls without half your looks—right here in this city—that earn as much in a night. What good are you?"

I cannot say that Daisy was so innocent as not to gather his meaning. She sat and looked at him, a terrible pathos in her great eyes, and said nothing.

"Well," said her father, "what good are you?"

"No good," said Daisy gently.

That night she hugged her old doll to her

breast and wept bitterly, but very quietly, so as not to waken her brother. The next morning, very early, she made a parcel of her belongings, and carried it with her to the restaurant. The glass door with its dingy gilt lettering was being unlocked for the day by Mr. Linnevitch. He was surprised to see her a full half-hour before opening-time.

"Mr. Linnevitch," said Daisy, "things are so that I can't stay at home any more. I will send them the money, but I have to find another place to live."

"We got a little room," he said, "you can have if Mrs. Linnevitch says so. I was going to give you more pay. We give you that room instead—eh?"

Mrs. Linnevitch gave her consent. She was a dreary, weary woman of American birth. When she was alone with her husband she never upbraided him for his infidelities, or referred to them. But later, on this particular day, having a chance to speak, she said,

"I hope you ain't going to bother this one, Linne?"

He patted his wife's bony back, and shook his head. "The better as I know that girl, Minnie," he said, "the sorrier I am for what I used to be doing sometimes. You and her is going to have a square deal."

"I bin up to put her room straight," said Mrs. Linnevitch. "She's got a doll."

She delivered this for what it was worth, in an uninterested, emotionless voice.

"I tell you what she ought to have got," said her husband. "She ought to have got now a good husband, and some live dolls—eh?"

IV

NEW customers were not uncommon in the restaurant, but the young man who dropped in for noon dinner upon the following Friday was of a plumage gayer than any to which the waitresses and habitués of the place were accustomed. To Daisy, sitting at her high cashier's desk like a young queen enthroned, he seemed to have something of the nature of a prince from a far country. She watched him eat. She saw in his cuffs the glint of gold; she noted with what elegance he held his little fingers aloof from his hands. She noted the polish and cleanliness of his nails, the shortness of his recent hair-cut, the great breadth of his shoulders (they were his coat's shoulders, but she did not know this), the narrowness of his waist, the interesting pallor of his face.

Not until the restaurant was well filled did anyone have the audacity to sit at the stranger's table. His elegance and refinement were as a barrier between him and all that was rude and coarse. If he glanced about the place, taking notes in his turn of this and that, it was covertly and quietly and without offense. His eyes passed across Daisy's without resting or any show of interest. Once or twice he spoke quietly to the girl who waited on him, his eyebrows slightly raised, as if he were finding fault but without anger. For the first time in her life Daisy had a sensation of jealousy; but in the pale nostalgic form, rather than the yellow corrosive.

Though the interesting stranger had been one of the earliest arrivals, he ate slowly, busied himself with important-looking papers out of his coat pockets, and was the last to go. He paid his bill, and if he looked at Daisy while she made change it was in an absent-minded, uninterested way.

She had an access of boldness. "I hope you liked your dinner," she said.

"I?" The young man came out of the clouds. "Oh, yes. Very nice." He thanked her as courteously for his change as if his receiving any at all was purely a matter for her discretion to decide, wished her good afternoon, and went out.

The waitresses were gathered about the one who had served the stranger. It seemed that he had made her a present of a dime. It was vaguely known that up-town, in more favored restaurants, a system of tipping prevailed; but in Linnevitch's this was the first instance in a long history. The stranger's stock, as they say, went up by leaps and bounds. Then, on removing the cloth from the table at which he had dined, there was discovered a heart-shaped locket that resembled gold. The girls were for opening it, and at least one ill-kept thumb-nail was painfully broken over backward in the attempt. Daisy joined the group. She was authoritative for the first time in her life.

"He wouldn't like us to open it," she said.

A dispute arose; presently a clamor. Linnevitch came in. There was a silence.

Linnevitch examined the

locket. "Tribble-plate," he said judicially. "Maybe there's a name and address inside." As the locket opened for his strong thumb-nail, Daisy gave out a little sound as of pain. Linnevitch stood looking into the locket, smiling.

"Only hair," he said presently, and closed the thing with a snap. "Put that in the cash-drawer," he said, "until it is called for."

Daisy turned the key on the locket, and wondered what color the hair was. The stranger, of course, had a sweetheart, and of course the hair was hers. Was it brown, chestnut, red, blond, black? Beneath each of these colors in turn she imagined a face.

Long before the first habitués had arrived for supper Daisy was at her place. All the afternoon her imagination had been so fed, and her curiosity thereby so aroused, that she



SHE SAT AND LOOKED AT HIM, A TERRIBLE PATHOS IN HER GREAT EYES, AND SAID NOTHING

was prepared, in the face of what she knew at heart was proper, to open the locket and see, at least, the color of the magic hair. But she still hesitated, and for a long time. Finally, however, overmastered, she drew out the cash-drawer a little way, and managed without taking it out to open the locket. The lock of hair which it contained was white as snow.

Daisy rested, chin on hands, looking into space. She had almost always been happy in a negative way, or, better, contented. Now she was positively happy. But she could not have explained why. She had closed the locket gently and tenderly, revering the white hairs and the filial piety that had enshrined them in gold ("triple-plated gold, at that!"). And when presently the stranger entered to recover his property, Daisy felt as if she had always known him, and that there was nothing to know of him but good.

He was greatly and gravely concerned for his loss, but when Daisy, without speaking, opened the cash-drawer and handed him his property he gave her a brilliant smile of gratitude.

"One of the girls found it under your table," she said.

"Is she here now?" he asked. "But never mind; you'll thank her for me, won't you? And—" A hand that seemed wonderfully ready for financial emergencies slipped into a trousers pocket, and pulled from a great roll of various denominations a dollar bill. "Thank her and give her that," he said. Then, and thus belittling the transaction, "I have to be in this part of the city quite often on business," he said, "and I don't mind saying that I like to take my meals among honest people. You can tell the boss that I intend to patronize this place."

He turned to go; but the fact that she had been included as being one of honest people troubled Daisy.

"Excuse me," she said. He turned back. "It was wrong for me to do it," she said, blushing deeply, and looking him full in the face with her great, honest eyes. "I opened your locket. And looked in."

"Did you?" said the young man. He did not seem to mind in the least. "I do, often. That lock of hair," he said, rather solemn now, and a little sad, perhaps, "was my mother's."

He now allowed his eyes to rest on Daisy's beautiful face for, perhaps, the first time.

"In a city like this," he said, "there's always temptations to do wrong, but I think

having this" (he touched his breast pocket where the locket was) "helps me to do what mother would have liked me to."

He brushed the corner of one eye with the back of his hand. Perhaps there was a tear in it. Perhaps a cinder.

V

It came to be known in the restaurant that the stranger's name was Barstow; and very soon he had ceased to be a stranger. His business in that quarter of the city, whatever it may have been, was at first intermittent; he would take, perhaps, three meals in a week at Linnevitch's; latterly he often came twice in one day. Always orderly and quiet, Barstow gradually, however, established pleasant and even joking terms with the waitresses. But with Daisy he never joked. He called the other girls by their first names, as became a social superior; but Daisy was always Miss Obloski to him. With Linnevitch alone he made no headway. Linnevitch maintained a pointedly surly and repellent attitude, as if he really wished to turn away a profitable patronage. And Barstow learned to leave the proprietor severely alone.

One night, after Barstow had received his change, he remained for a few minutes talking with Daisy. "What do you find to do with yourself evenings, Miss Obloski?" he asked.

"I generally sit with Mr. and Mrs. Linnevitch and sew," she answered.

"That's not a very exciting life for a young lady. Don't you ever take in a show, or go to a dance?"

She shook her head.

"Don't you like to dance?"

"I know I'd like it," she said with enthusiasm; "but I never had a chance to try."

"You haven't!" exclaimed Barstow.

"What a shame! Some night, if you like, I'll take you to an academy—a nice quiet one, mostly for beginners—where they give lessons. If you'd like, I'll teach you myself."

Delight showed in Daisy's face.

"Good!" said Barstow. "It's a go. How about to-n—" He broke off short. Linnevitch, very surly and very big, was within hearing, although his attention appeared elsewhere.

"Some time soon, then," said Barstow in a lower voice, and aloud, "Well, good night, Miss Obloski."

Her eyes were upon the glass door and the



HE TOOK OFF HIS HAT TO DAISY, BENT HIS BROWS UPON HER WITH AN ADMIRING GLANCE, AND PASSED OUT INTO THE SUNLIGHT

darkness beyond into which Barstow had disappeared. She was returned to earth by Linnevitch's voice close to her ear. It was gentle, and understanding.

"You like dot feller—eh?"

Daisy blushed very crimson, but her great eyes were steadfast and without guile. "I like him very much, Mr. Linnevitch."

"Not too much—eh?"

Daisy did not answer. She did not know the answer.

"Liddle girl," said Linnevitch kindly, "you don't know noddings. What was he saying to you, just now?"

"He said some evening he'd take me to an academy and learn me dancing," said Daisy.

"He said dot, did he?" said Linnevitch.

"I say don't have noddling to do with them academies. You ask Mrs. Linnevitch to tell you some stories—eh?"

"But he didn't mean a regular dance-hall," said Daisy. "He said a place for beginners."

"For beginners!" said Linnevitch, with infinite sarcasm. And then with a really tender paternalism, "If I am your father, I beat you sometimes for a liddle fool—eh?"

Mrs. Linnevitch was more explicit. "I've knowed hundreds of girls that was taught to dance," she said. "First they go to the hall, and then they go to hell."

Daisy defended her favorite character. "Any man," she said, "that carries a lock of his mother's white hair with him to help keep him straight is good enough for me, I guess."

"How do you know it is not hair of some old man's beard to fool you? Or some goat—eh? How do you know it make him keep straight—eh?"

Linnevitch began to mimic the quiet voice and elegant manner of Barstow: "Good morning, Miss Obloski. I have just given one dollar to a poor cribble. . . . Oh, how do you do to-day, Miss Obloski? My mouth is full of butter, but it don't seem to melt."

Oh, Miss Obloski, I am ready to faint with disgust. I have just seen a man drink one stein of beer. I am a temptation this evening—let me just look in dot locket and save myself."

Daisy was not amused. She was even angry with Linnevitch, but too gentle to show it. Presently she said good night, and went to bed.

"Now," said Mrs. Linnevitch, "she'll go with that young feller sure. The way you mocked him made her mad. I've got eyes in my head. Whatever she used to think, now she thinks he's a live saint."

"I wonder, now?" said Linnevitch. A few minutes' wondering must have brought him into agreement with his wife, for presently he toiled up three flights of stairs, and knocked at Daisy's door.

"Daisy," he said.

"What is it, Mr. Linnevitch?" If her voice had not been tearful it would have been cold.

The man winced. "Mebbe that young feller is O. K.," he said. "I have come just to

say that. Mebbe he is. But you just let me look him up a liddle bit—eh?”

He did not catch her answer.

“You promise me that—eh? Mrs. Linnevitch and me, we want to do what is right and best. We don’t want our liddle Daisy to make no mistakes.”

He had no answer but the sounds that go with tears. He knew by this that his mockings and insinuations had been forgiven.

“Good night, liddle girl,” he said. “Sleep tight.” His own voice broke. “I be your popper—eh?” he said.

To Barstow’s surprise and disappointment, when he named a time for her first lesson in dancing Daisy refused to go.

“Mrs. Linnevitch thinks I better not be going out nights, Mr. Barstow,” she said. “But thank you ever so much, all the same.”

“Well,” said Barstow, “I’m disappointed. But that’s nothing, if you’re not.”

Daisy blushed. “But I am,” she said.

“Then,” said he, “never mind what *they* say. Come on!”

Daisy shook her head. “I promised.”

“Look here, Miss Obloski, what’s wrong? Let’s be honest, whatever else we are. Is it because they *know* something against me, because they *think* they do, or because they *know* that they don’t?”

“It’s that,” said Daisy. “Mr. Linnevitch don’t want me to be going out with anyone he don’t know about.”

Barstow was obviously relieved. “Thank you,” he said. “That’s all square now. It isn’t Mrs. Linnevitch; it’s the boss. It isn’t going out in general; it’s going out with me!”

Then he surprised her. “The boss is absolutely right,” he said. “I’m for him, and, Miss Obloski, I won’t ask you to trust me until I’ve proved to Linnevitch that I’m a proper guardian—”

“It’s only Mr. Linnevitch,” said Daisy, smiling very sweetly. “It’s not me. I trust you.” Her eyes were like two serene stars.

Barstow leaned closer and spoke lower. “Miss Obloski,” he said, “Daisy—” and he lingered on the name—“there’s only one thing you could say that I’d rather hear.”

Daisy wanted to ask what that was. But there was no natural coquetry in the girl. She did not dare.

She did not see him again for three whole days; but she fed upon his last words to her, until she was ready, and even eager, to say

that other thing which alone he would rather hear than that she trusted him.

Between breakfast and dinner on the fourth day a tremendous great man, thick in the chest and stomach, wearing a frock coat and a glossy silk hat, entered the restaurant. The man’s face, a miracle of close shaving, had the same descending look of heaviness as his body. But it was a strong, commanding face in spite of the pouched eyes and the drooping flesh about the jaws and chin. Daisy, busy with her book-keeping, looked up and smiled, with her strong instinct for friendliness.

The gentleman removed his hat. Most of his head was bald. “You’ll be Miss Obloski,” he said. “The top o’ the mornin’ to you, miss. My boy has often spoken of you. I call him my boy bekase he’s been like a son to me—like a son. Is Linnevitch in? Never mind, I know the way.”

He opened, without knocking upon it, the door which led from the restaurant into the Linnevitches’ parlor. Evidently a great man. And how beautifully and touchingly he had spoken of Barstow! Daisy returned to her addition. Two and three are six and seven are twelve and four are nineteen. Then she frowned and tried again.

The great man was a long time closeted with Linnevitch. She could hear their voices, now loud and angry, now subdued. But she could not gather what they were talking about.

At length the two emerged from the parlor—Linnevitch flushed, red, sullen, and brow-beaten; the stranger grandly at ease, an unlighted cigar in his mouth. He took off his hat to Daisy, bent his brows upon her with an admiring glance, and passed out into the sunlight.

“Who was it?” said Daisy.

“That,” said Linnevitch, “is Cullinan, the boss—Bull Cullinan. Once he was a policeman, and now he is a millionaire.”

There was a curious mixture of contempt, of fear, and of adulation in Linnevitch’s voice.

“He is come here,” he said, “to tell me about that young feller.”

“Oh!” exclaimed Daisy. “Mr. Barstow?”

Linnevitch did not meet her eye. “I am wrong,” he said, “and that young feller is O. K.”

When Daisy came back from her first dancing lesson, Mr. and Mrs. Linnevitch were sitting up for her. Her gaiety and high spirits seemed to move the couple, especially Linnevitch, deeply. He insisted that she eat some

crackers and drink a glass of milk. Hewas wonderfully gentle, almost tender, in his manner; but whenever she looked at him he looked away.

VI

It was as if heaven had opened before Daisy. The blood in her veins moved to the rhythm of dance music; her vision was being fed upon color and light. And, for she was still a child, she wastaken great wonders to behold: dogs that rode upon bicycles, men who played upon fifty instruments, clowns that caused whole theaters to roar with laughter, ladies that dove from dizzy heights, bears that drank beer, Apollos that seemed to have been born turning wonderful somersaults. And always at her side was her man, her well-beloved, to explain and to protect. He was careful of her, careful as a man is careful who carries a glass of water filled to overflowing without losing a drop. And if little by little he explained what he called "life" to her, it was with delicacy, with gravity—even, as it seemed, with sorrow.

His kisses filled her at first with a wonderful tenderness; at last with desire, so that her eyes narrowed and she breathed quickly. At this point in their relations Barstow put off his pleading, cajoling manner, and began, little by little, to play the master. In the matter of dress and deportment he issued orders now instead of suggestions; and she only worshiped him the more.

When he knew in his heart that she could refuse him nothing he proposed marriage. Or rather, he issued a mandate. He had led her to a seat, after a romping dance. She was highly flushed with the exercise and the contact, a little in disarray, breathing fast, a wonderful look of exaltation and promise in her

face. He was white, as always, methodic and cool—the man who arranges, who makes light of difficulties, who gives orders; the man who has money in his pocket.

"Kid," he whispered, "when the restaurant closes to-morrow night I am going to take you to see a friend of mine—an alderman."

She smiled brightly, lips parted in expectation. She knew by experience that he would presently tell her why.

"You're to quit Linnevitch for good," he said. "So have your things ready."

Although the place was so crowded that whirling couples occasionally bumped into their knees or stumbled over their feet, Barstow took her hand with the naive and easy manner of those East-Siders whom he affected to despise.

"You didn't guess we were going to be married so soon, did you?" he said.

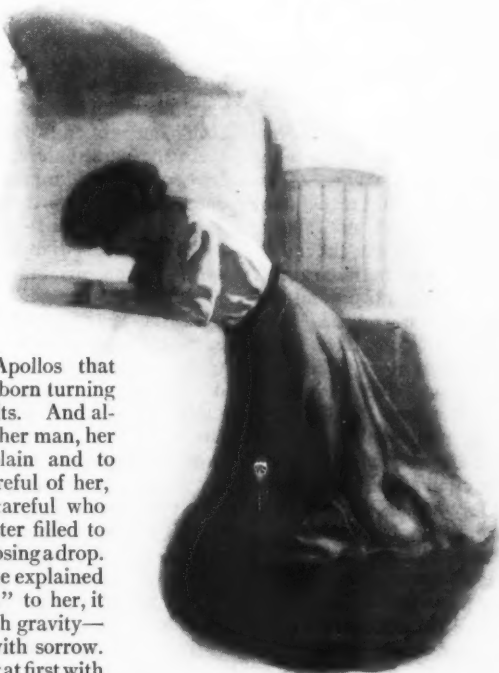
She pressed his hand. Her eyes were round with wonder.

"At first," he went on,

"we'll look about before we go to housekeeping. I've taken nice rooms for us—a parlor and bedroom suite. Then we can take our time looking until we find just the right housekeeping flat."

"Oh," she said, "are you sure you want me?"

He teased her. He said, "Oh, I don't know" and "I wouldn't wonder," and pursed up his lips in scorn; but at the same time he regarded her out of the corners of roguish eyes. "Say, kid," he said presently—and his gravity betokened the importance of the



SHE KNELT, AND PRAYED GOD TO LET HER MAKE BARSTOW HAPPY FOREVER AND EVER

matter—"Cullinan's dead for it. He's going to be a witness, and afterward he's going to blow us to supper—just us two. How's that?"

"Oh," she exclaimed, "that's fine!"

The next morning Daisy told Mr. and Mrs. Linnevitch that she was to be married as soon as the restaurant closed. But they had schooled themselves by now to expect this event, and said very little. Linnevitch, however, was very quiet all day. Every now and then an expression little short of murderous came into his face, to be followed by a vacant, dazed look, and this in turn by sudden uncontrollable starts of horror. At these times he might have stood for "Judas beginning to realize what he has done."

Barstow, carrying Daisy's parcel, went out first. He was always tactful. Daisy flung herself into Mrs. Linnevitch's arms. The undemonstrative woman shed tears, and kissed her. Linnevitch could not speak. And when Daisy had gone at last, the couple stood and looked at the floor between them. So I have seen a father and mother stand and look into the coffin of their only child.

If the reader's suspicions have been aroused, let me set them at rest. The marriage was genuine. It was performed in good faith by a genuine alderman. The groom and the great Mr. Cullinan even went so far as to disport genuine and generous white boutonnières. Daisy cried a little; the words that she had to say seemed so wonderful to her, a new revelation, as it were, of the kingdom and glory of love. But when she was promising to cleave to Barstow in sickness and peril till death parted them, her heart beat with a great, valiant fierceness. So the heart of the female tiger beats in tenderness for her young.

Barstow was excited and nervous, as became a groom. Even the great Mr. Cullinan shook a little under the paternal jocoseness with which he came forward to kiss the bride.

There was a supper waiting in the parlor

of the rooms which Barstow had hired: cold meats, salad, fruit, and a bottle of champagne. While the gentlemen divested themselves of their hats and overcoats, Daisy carried her parcel into the bedroom and opened it on the bureau. Then she took off her hat and tidied her hair. She hardly recognized the face that looked out of the mirror. She had never, before that moment, realized that she was beautiful, that she had something to give to the man she loved that was worth giving. Her eyes fell upon her old doll, the companion of so many years. She laughed a happy little laugh. She had grown up. The doll was only a doll now. But she kissed it, because she loved it still. And she put it carefully away in a drawer, lest the sight of a childishness offend the lord and master.

As she passed the great double bed, with its two snow-white pillows, her knees weakened. It was like a hint to perform a neglected duty. She knelt, and prayed God to let her make Barstow happy forever and ever. Then, beautiful and abashed, she joined the gentlemen.

As she seated herself with dignity, as became a good housewife presiding at her own table, the two gentlemen lifted their glasses of champagne. There was a full glass beside Daisy's plate. Her fingers closed lightly about the stem; but she looked to Barstow for orders. "Ought I?" she said.

"Sure," said he, "a little champagne—won't hurt you."

No, Daisy; only what was in the champagne. She had her little moment of exhilaration, of self-delighting ease and vivacity—then dizziness, then awful nausea, and awful fear, and oblivion.

The great Mr. Cullinan—Bull Cullinan—caught her as she was falling. He regarded the bridegroom with eyes in which there was no expression whatever.

"Get out!" he said.

And then he was alone with her, and safe, in the dark shadow of the wings.





Industrial Mexico

by Otheman Stevens
Special Investigator
for the Cosmopolitan



VICE-PRESIDENT CORRAL

Editor's Note.—There could be no stronger brief for the stability and fairness of the Mexican government than the fact that more than a billion dollars of American money are in Mexico—invested in enterprises that must inevitably feel instantly any departure of that nation from the accepted customs of modern civilized countries. Were there injustice in Mexico, were there slavery, were there subversion of law—were there any of the many things that alone justify the indictment “barbarous”—the counting-houses of the world would know it, and Mexico's resources would be lying undeveloped. Instead of that, as the following article shows, it is largely foreign capital, and especially American capital, that is being used in the upbuilding of Mexico's industries.

MEXICO is being invaded. One billion two hundred and fifty million American dollars have crossed the line and made themselves at home, growing other dollars as the loot of conquest for the men who sent them. There is nothing in the world so timid as a dollar, except two dollars; nothing that so fears change of legislation, change of administration, change of policy. A dollar, if it hears rumors of a change, is apt to shiver and shrink; but the men

who have armed themselves with these thousand million friendly invaders are serene and are eagerly bringing more into the country. And the men of power here are equally as serene, equally as eager to have more militant money invested, and confident of continued amity between the two nations.

As a study is made of this constant inflow of the dominant force of money, as the fact is noted of the American eagle—in the shape of double eagles—fixing itself on all coigns

of financial vantage, the question, "What next?" arouses curious speculation. The question forces itself upon one, for in a journey from El Paso to Mexico City one sees more Americans than Mexicans in the class of men active in projects for the development of Mexico. In fact, almost all the present and contemplated undertakings are noted as being done by Americans, with American money. This situation is emphasized in the capital, where American banks are more frequent than Mexican. There also you talk over American telephones, you ride in American automobiles, you get your meat from an American slaughter-house, you buy your shoes from an American factory and your steel from American structural works, you read an American paper in the morning and another in the evening, you get your meals at a tremendously handsome and large American club, you ride in an American trolley-car, —if you wish to be economical—the city is lighted by an American electric company, and American capital is doing the work on a new water system. Elsewhere you travel in American railway coaches on American-built railways, paying for your accommodations money which is largely made from bullion taken from American-owned mines.

No authentic figures can be had of the number of Americans in Mexico, but in the capital alone they are reliably numbered at twenty thousand. They are most numerous in the border states, but all over the Republic, even down in the miasmatic tropics where typhus, yellow jack, and vivisection-loving Indians abound, the self-reliant American is to be found wherever a drill is being driven or a gang-plow pulled. You cannot grope into a financial or commercial affair here without finding that a Yankee is cutting the ripest melons, but it must be said for him that he gives as good as he gets; in his quest for dividends he brings the Pullman car and his freight-rate experts. He is not here to exploit the country, but to lay lines that will bring in returns as long as Mexico remains a nation and does any business with the outside world.

Confirmation of the worth of American investment here is found in the fact that almost two-thirds of the railway mileage of Mexico was built by Americans and American money. These railways were built so rapidly, and with such discernment of the future, that the government, some months ago, wisely intervened with a scheme of railway merger under

governmental control. This was done—as was frankly stated in an address on the subject by Minister Limantour—to safeguard the country against a monopoly of transportation service by foreign investors, to improve transportation facilities and direct them principally toward the development of national resources, and to facilitate the financial regeneration of some railway companies which had become involved. This policy of governmental ownership of railways is not intended to develop a monopoly. The avowed basis of such ownership of the present trunk lines is the same as the maintenance of the Erie Canal in New York. These lines can be, and are, conducted on a basis of considerable profit to the government, and will always serve as a brake to the rates charged by privately owned lines. It should be understood by American capital, and it seems to be, that it is no part of the government's policy to hinder further railway building; on the contrary, all encouragement will be given, and is being given, to projectors of new railways. But—and in this is shown how quickly the administrative minds of Mexico have grasped the fundamental idea of the Harriman plan of railroading—no aid will be given, and discouragement will be shown, to projects for new railways which may be useless competitors with those already builded. The effort is simply to find relief from wasteful building, and thereby détour capital from rivalry into lines that will develop and enrich the nation.

So the government's merger has not discouraged American railway builders. They are busy from the northern line, where Mr. Stillwell is carrying through a great project, to the southern, where former-Ambassador Thompson is constructing the Pan-American Railway. Under the direction of Col. Epes Randolph, along the west coast, the Harriman interests are throwing in millions of money, extending their present system to a junction with a line from Guadalajara, and have planned to mesh that country with feeding lines. Robert S. Towne is building a line from Gutierrez, on the Mexican Central's main line, to Durango, which will develop possibly the richest mining region in Mexico. Canadian millions are constructing a connecting line one hundred and twenty-five miles long to fill in the gap between the two ends of the Mexican Northeastern. In fact, all over the country, from a two-foot-gage lumber-road in the southeast, to the Colima Lumber Company's similar project in the northeast, though of standard

gage, American railway building is under way.

A dozen or more similar undertakings could be outlined, if it were thought interesting to go into detail. Finance speaks most eloquently in figures, however, so I will present some from official sources, which will make graphic the preceding assertions. There are in Mexico approximately (and that term must be applied to all these tabular statements) fifty separate steam-railway lines, with a total mileage of 14,920 miles. Nine thousand nine hundred miles of these roads were constructed by Americans at an investment of \$297,600,000. That mileage is *sixty-six* per cent. of the total in this land. British and other foreign capital constructed 2920 miles at an investment of \$87,600,000. That mileage is *twenty* per cent. of the total. Mexican capital fathered 2100 miles at an investment of \$63,000,000. That mileage is *fourteen* per cent. of the total! Today the Mexican government either owns outright or has a controlling interest in approximately 7400 miles or about forty-nine per cent. of the total mileage.

This is to be no argument pro or con about governmental ownership of railways, but one interesting fact

for those in favor of or opposed to such a policy to quarrel about is this: the step was taken in the worst financial times Mexico has known,

during and following our last exhibition of financial neurasthenia. Minister Limantour, and railway men generally, expected a shortage during the initiation of the new control, but at the end of the first five months of the government's administration, after paying all expenses and fixed charges, during a time of anemic business, the government's railway treasury was enriched by addition to it as a surplus from the railways of one million five hundred thousand

pesos, which means \$750,000 in gold.

At present the railways are doing about all the business their equipment will permit, and fat dividends, and buoyant sinking-funds are

awaiting the capital that will build more. For Mexico is just beginning to be developed. Timberland can be bought for two dollars an acre to-day that will be worth several hundred per cent. advance when it is made available by new railways. Innumerable Golcondas, isolated from transportation, simply await a chance to load freight-cars with their treasures to



A PRIMITIVE IRRIGATIONIST, PRECURSOR OF
AQUEDUCTS AND FLOWING MAINS

return immense dividends and add tremendously to traffic. Haciendas that are measured by leagues are ready to be cut up and sold in reasonably sized farms as soon as railways come to carry wheat and fruit and cotton to markets. Rubber—and rubber is now to be reckoned with gold in profit—tropical products—but it is useless to attempt to name all the resources, all the articles that the world needs, that are wasting and waiting for railways and American methods.

One agreeable prospect confirmed by every business man of worth I talked with is that in two years' time real estate in Mexico will make money quicker and in greater amounts than any other form of investment. Mexico has been cursed by the same handicap that held California in leash for many years, absentee landlords. During forty years the San Joaquin Valley in California, one of the richest regions in the world, was held in ranches that were bounded by lines of miles, and all it grew was grain and hay. Death, that most potential of all real-estate subdividers, caused one and then another rancho to be cut up and sold, and in recent years that valley has filled with homes, with small farms, and is now beginning to bourgeon with villages and school-houses and with what makes school-houses and prosperous communities, children. There is no mistaking the signs in Mexico. The haciendado is relinquishing his grasp on national momentum, and Americans who wish a farm of a hundred, two hundred, or more acres can buy what they want, and can make good profit out of what they buy.

But little more than forty years ago California was in spirit Mexican. In less than forty years Mexico will be thoroughly American. The millions of dollars we are investing here will aid this result, and the thousands of our people who are coming into this country will hasten it. So it is not a spasm of ex-

berance, not a hysterical fancy, to say, and believe, that Mexico to-day offers unequalled attractions to American money, American energy, and American good sense.

The American who comes here expecting Mexico and the Mexicans to think as he does, to adapt themselves and their conditions to his idea of things as they should be, can best serve himself by taking the next train home where he can put his money out to earn five or six per cent. But the American who comes here and employs sense and discretion, who does not expect a miracle to happen, who does not believe that Mexico will greet him "with vine leaves" in her hair, will make good, big money, will do his part in the creation of, the further growth of, an unrivaled empire of wealth and possibility, and will have the intense satisfaction of becoming rich in a land that is to astonish the world in the next decade. The man without money could not possibly be in a worse place than Mexico. The man with money could not possibly be in a better place. Here are the riches of the earth for exploitation, with every encouragement given to the man with money and en-

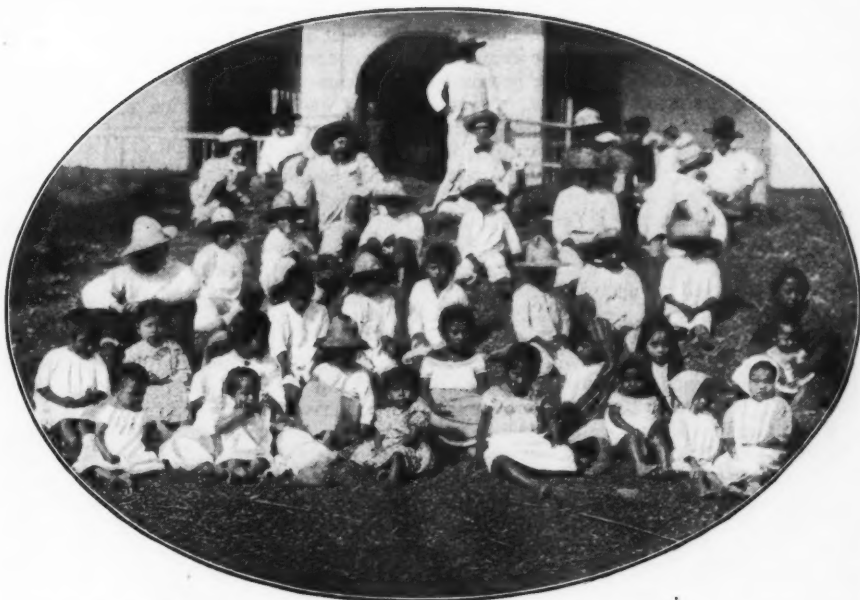
ergy. And not only encouragement but protection. As observe:

Some years ago it was found desirable to arrange a financial system for the country. Mexican officials decided that such a system was important enough to have right, so a commission was appointed of men who were fitted for the work. These men occupied themselves for three years in study and observation; they visited the United States, but they did not stay there long, for our system is not



LOWER-CLASS TYPES AMONG WHOM SOCIAL STANDING IS MEASURED BY THE NUMBER OF HATS
A MAN WEARS

the pride of financiers nor the envy of other nations. Europe was ransacked for information and study; and as a result the best of the English, French, and German monetary systems was taken, adapted to the peculiarities and conditions of the country, and eventually a well-digested, smooth-working, and absolutely safe



Photograph by Fitzhugh Lee

RECESS-TIME AT A SCHOOL IN THE TROPICS—A GROUP OF LABORERS' CHILDREN WITH THEIR TEACHERS

system of banking was evolved and made law. As a result, no bank in Mexico can fail, no bank-note can become worthless, and no depositor can possibly lose his money, no matter what fatality may befall the bank with which he has his account.

Obviously all the details of this system cannot be given here, but they can readily be found in a copy of the "Mexican Year Book," which is published in English, and if read and studied, they will make the Oklahoma plan of insurance of bank-deposits look like a shell game, as far as safety and sense are concerned.

Mexico also has a codified railway law, which was formed by a commission which worked out its problem exactly as did the monetary commission, and as a result a system of control and direction of railway business has been on the statute-books for ten years without an amendment or change of any sort. There are no changes that shippers desire, and only two minor ones that railway men would suggest. If I were a correspondent of a Mexican journal sent to the United States to show what a "barbarous" country it is, I think I would begin my attack by writ-

ing facts about our railway laws, including the Interstate Commerce Commission and its intricacies, because of an incomplete and ill-constructed series of laws on that subject.

It does not matter what field of industry he enters here, the man of energy will find it profitable. In addition he will find complete security for life and property in the capital; he will find the ultimate in refinement and civilization as judged by the European standard, for this is a city and country dominated by European traits; and he will find an honest, courteous, and capable people about him.

Every line of activity invites. That this has been found out by a large number of moneyed Americans is evident from a glance at the varied enterprises dominated by our countrymen, who are doing what no other class of immigrants are doing. English trade and effort are things of the past. The French, Germans, and Spaniards who come here keep the shops, go into trade, and generally confine themselves to mercantile matters. A few of our people follow that lead, but most of them do big things, with big money, for big profits. The best mines are owned by Americans, and seven times out of ten the

Guggenheims will prove to be the proprietors. All the large land-selling and colonizing projects are American. Almost all the irrigation undertakings are American. The new railways building are mostly American. A very large proportion of the manufacturing-plants are owned by Americans. American banks are to be found in almost every city. American newspapers are to be found in almost every center of population. The stores advertise American goods, where at home they would proclaim stocks from Paris or London. Even the universal machete is made in New Hampshire. And the best bull-fighter in Mexico is a Texan named Bell.

To test the impression gained in my interview with President Diaz as to the attitude of official Mexico toward our financial domination of the Republic I called upon Vice-President Corral, the man who seems destined to succeed the iron-willed old dictator who has welded his people into a nation but has not succeeded in arousing more than a fraction of them to their wonderful material opportunities. Judge Sepulveda again acted as my interpreter and put my first question,

"What is the attitude, the policy, of your government toward Americans and American capital?"

Señor Corral smiled. He himself, during his long official residence in the border state of Sonora, had been the cause of tremendous investments on our part in that region. "The answer to that is plainly told by what you see all about you," he replied. "For thirty years past this government and this people have shown their friendliness to your people, and their desire to participate in the progress your presence and your capital would aid. President Diaz opened the door of Mexico to you, and opened it wide. When he came into power he found that door had been closed by his predecessors, Juarez and Lerdo. But he had the wisdom to understand the situation and conditions, and a policy of encouragement to Americans and to American capital was at once put into effect.

"The position of the President cannot be questioned in this regard, and the results attained show its effect. You know what numbers of your people are in the Republic, you know what sums of money they have invested, and you know the generally successful returns they have received. Neither Lerdo nor Juarez would permit Americans to build railways or to engage in any industries on a solid basis, but you can readily assure

yourself by observation in any direction that President Diaz has with unrestricted generosity opened every avenue of opportunity to Americans."

This was a confirmation of the present administration's policy of welcoming Americans and American capital; but it is not without the bounds of possibility that Diaz will be succeeded by a Juarez or a Lerdo, who will fear that the trend toward Americanization will finally destroy the integrity of Mexico, so a question was put as to possible fear of the results of our industrial and commercial invasion of Mexico.

"There is, of course, not the slightest apprehension felt in administration circles about the future attitude of the United States toward this Republic," he replied. "The reason for this is based on two features: First, your country is just and wise; second, the safety guaranteed to your people and their property here, the opportunities that are open to all, the satisfactory administration of the laws—all these are so thoroughly established as to prevent any possible cause for discontent on the part of your people resident here and to remove any possible interest in creating differences between the two nations. With the most complete admiration of your institutions, I feel serenely certain that there will be, can be, no inclination, even in a petty way, to seek to undermine the independence of my country. On the contrary, we hold that this increase of your interests here, this blending of mutual interests—for such it is—will also tend to blend the sentiments of the two nations, and to bring them closer together, in many ways, but without political intricacies. We are convinced that the wise policy inaugurated by President Diaz will insure harmonious relations in the future between the two governments. We will become closer to each other, in a way of family interests and ambitions, but it is impossible to imagine any differences of moment or any cause for apprehension."

The logic of the situation—with the United States sending Mexico, in 1908-9, three-fifths of her total importations and giving her a market for a like proportion of her exports during the same period—would seem to indicate that in time there must result something of a more unified condition than now exists between the two countries; for it is no fantasy of the imagination to predict that in twenty years we will number three million or more in the country, and that our billion and a quar-



IN TROPICAL MEXICO—FREE LABORERS PREPARING MAHOGANY FOR THE MARKET

ter of invested dollars, will have become several billions; and where our dollars go our influence, if not our flag, goes as well. Mexico does not wish to be swallowed up by us, nor is there the slightest indication that we are anxious to digest her. She is a country which no sane or honest American can wish may ever become a part of our own domain politically, but which any wise and patriotic American must wish to see closely bound to us by more harmonious and closer trade relations and conditions, and from which we can reap a constant and abundant revenue with none of the perplexities of the problem—which has never been solved—of combining the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon in political bonds. Americans here say that any political union would be a calamity for both peoples, a view that is sustained by a study of the traits, genius, and traditions of the two nations. And yet Mexico economically and financially is destined to be a part of our nation as our nation is to be a part of it. In that event, and in the nature of the two peoples, we, by our preponderance of commercial weight, will

benefit the more by any form of commercial or industrial union that may ensue. It does not require a long cast back into history to foretell what events in the nature of friendly competition and exchange of commercial potencies will bring to us.

We are liked, we are wanted, and we are not feared in Mexico. There is nothing to indicate that we have anything to fear, either for those of us who live here, or for the dollars which are at work here. In July, next, President Diaz's term will expire, but it is a foregone conclusion that he will be declared reelected with Mr. Corral as vice-president. If, meanwhile, President Diaz should decide to retire, or should be retired by the only greater Dictator than himself, Mr. Corral will take his place. There is not ten per cent. of the population opposed to Diaz. There is a larger proportion against Corral, but this will not be able, nor will it probably desire, to offer any organized or extreme form of opposition. The educated people of Mexico all realize that it is due to Diaz alone that Mexico is not in the same absurd, operabouffe state of turmoil as the Central American states. Those whom the iron hand crushes do not like the process, but the mass

of the Mexican people recognize the necessity for an iron hand, and will insist on its direction for some years to come.

It is a part of the Diaz program that Corral shall succeed him, and that will end the whole matter.

So there is no prospect of any condition of affairs politically in Mexico which would in the slightest degree warrant or excuse an intervention on our part even if we so desired. It is not probable, however, that with our perplexities about Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines our people are lusting for further alliances with Latin peoples. And here, as has been stated, are twelve million intellectually dwarfed members of the lower classes to create embarrassment. These latter are learning, are developing, to be sure, but tediously to themselves and to the nation. They are not awake, and even money does not seem to arouse them. Some years ago an American, Milton Thomson, contracted to dig a big ditch for new water-mains, and employed twenty-five hundred laborers. These were paid sixty-two and a half cents a day, the then regular wage stipend. Mr. Thomson found the work was not going rapidly enough, and to stimulate the men he had, and to secure the services of others, he of his own accord increased the wage to seventy-five cents a day. The workmen were intensely grateful, but at the end of the first week, Thomson found that he had progressed only as far during the week as he had done the week before, when the lower wage was paid. He questioned his overseers, and they showed him that his workmen, finding they could earn as much in five days as they could in six before, had comfortably refrained from toil when their pay-check called for as much money under the new rate as they would have earned under the old.

Thomson, determined to arouse the ambition of his men, then announced a further increase of pay to eighty-seven and a half

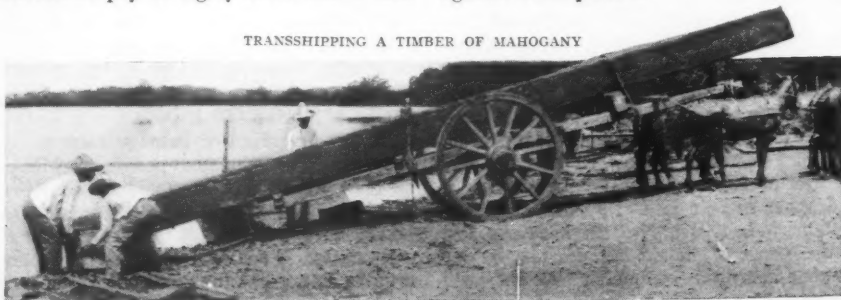
cents a day. There was a tumult of joy. El Señor Thomson was acclaimed the protector of the poor, the liberator of labor, and the twenty-five hundred men hurraed for him till they were so hoarse they could hardly ask for a glass of pulque. Thomson smilingly awaited the report of his superintendent for the following week. It came, and showed exactly the same progress made as during the first week—not an extra cubic yard had been dug. Again the overseers were asked for an explanation. It was the same. Those workmen had found they could earn in four days what they had first received for six days' pay, and that satisfied them.

When the fifth day arrived they quit work, and only exerted themselves in spending their money. That increase of pay meant to them only the chance for three holidays a week in place of one. And El Señor Thomson put the rate of pay back to sixty-two and a half cents.

Such conditions are not found now, at least not near the capital, where industrial alertness has become accepted, and where the workingman as a result has learned something of the things and the conduct that advantage him. Still, the most discouraging feature about Mexico is the serenity, the contentedness, of the working classes. They are all happy, all contented. So until some one or something teaches them that contentment means misery they will continue to live on a minimum of work and a maximum of cigarettes and guitar-twanging.

Meanwhile to attempt to argue that Mexico is "barbarous" is worse than a lie; it is an absurdity. That Mexico is different is true, as Paris is different from London, as Italy is different from Holland. The government is not to be judged by our ideals, nor the people by our standards. If the situation were reversed and our institutions and our manners were judged by theirs we would present a sorry view. And further, Mexico is too delightful to be perfect.

TRANSSHIPPING A TIMBER OF MAHOGANY



Photograph by Fitzhugh Lee



UPTON SINCLAIR

Starving for Health's Sake By Upton Sinclair *Author of "The Jungle," Etc.*

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Editor's Note.—This is the first of a unique series of articles on gaining and keeping perfect health. Each of these articles will be written by a person of distinction, who will tell how he or she has been cured of some direful malady through the ministration of some one of the modern methods of healing. In future numbers of the *Cosmopolitan* there will be papers on Osteopathy, Christian Science, Hydrotherapy, Fletcherism, and the like, each contribution giving the personal experiences of a distinguished adherent.

PERFECT HEALTH! Have you any conception of what the phrase means? Can you form any image of what would be your feeling if every organ in your body were functioning perfectly? Perhaps you can go back to some day in your youth, when you got up early in the morning and went for a walk, and the spirit of the sunrise got into your blood, and you walked faster, and took deep breaths, and laughed aloud for the sheer happiness of being alive in such a world of beauty. Now you are grown older—and what would you give for the secret of that glorious feeling? What would you say if you were told that you could bring it back and keep it, not only for mornings, but for afternoons and evenings, and not as something accidental and mysterious, but as something which you yourself had created, and of which you were completely master?

This is not an introduction to a new de-

vice in patent-medicine advertising. I have nothing to sell, and no process patented. It is simply that for ten years I have been studying the ill health of myself and of the men and women around me. And I have found the cause and the remedy. I have found not only good health, but perfect health; I have found a new state of being, a new potentiality of life; a sense of lightness and cleanness and joyfulness, such as I did not know could exist in the human body. "I like to meet you on the street," said a friend the other day. "You walk as if it was such fun!"

I look about me in the world, and nearly everybody I know is sick. I could name, one after another, a hundred men and women who are doing vital work for progress and carrying a cruel handicap of physical suffering. For instance, I am working for social justice, and I have comrades whose help is needed every hour, and they are ill! In one single week's newspapers last spring I read that one was dying of kidney trouble, that

Starving for Health's Sake

another was in hospital from nervous breakdown, and that a third was ill with ptomaine poisoning. And in my correspondence I am told that another of my dearest friends has only a year to live; that another heroic man is a nervous wreck, craving for death; and that a third is tortured by bilious headaches. And there is not one of these people whom I could not cure if I had him alone for a couple of weeks; no one of them who would not in the end be walking down the street "as if it was such fun!"

I propose herein to tell the story of my discovery of health, and I shall not waste much time in apologizing for the intimate nature of the narrative. It is no pleasure for me to tell over the tale of my headaches or to discuss my unruly stomach. I cannot take any case but my own, because there is no case about which I can speak with such authority. To be sure, I might write about it in the abstract, and in veiled terms. But in that case the story would lose most of its convincingness, and so of its usefulness. I might tell it without signing my name to it. But there are a great many people who have read my books and will believe what I tell them, who would not take the trouble to read an article without a name. Mr. Horace Fletcher has set us all an example in this matter. He has written several volumes about his individual digestion, with the result that literally millions of people have been helped. In the same way I propose to put my case on record. The reader will find that it is a typical case, for I made about every mistake that a man could make, and tried every remedy, old and new, that anybody had to offer me.

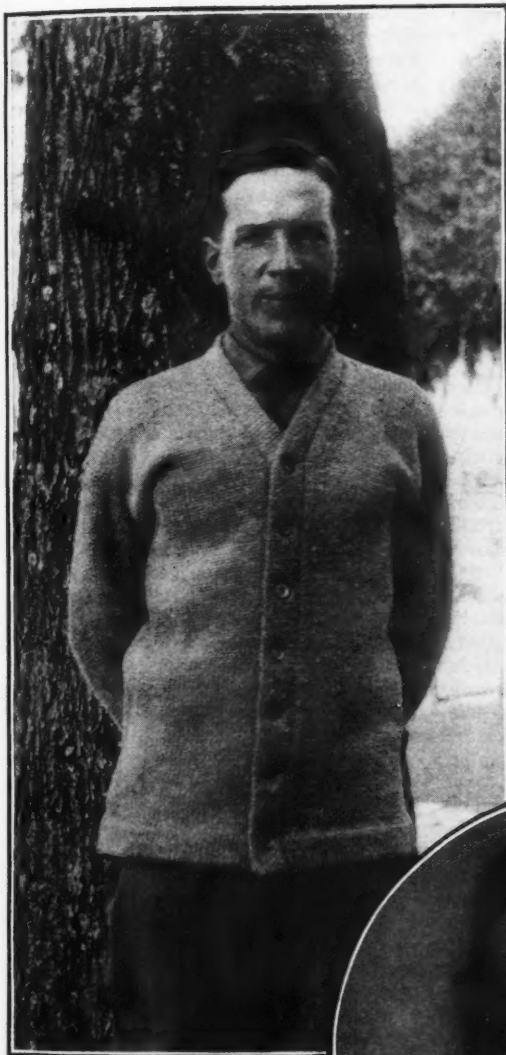
I spent my boyhood in a well-to-do family, in which good eating was regarded as a social grace and the principal interest in life. We had a colored woman to prepare our food, and another to serve it, and besides this all the ladies of the family were skilled in baking and preserving, and the men with chafing-dish and punch-bowl. It was not considered fitting for children to drink liquor, but they had hot bread three times a day, and they were permitted to revel in fried chicken and rich gravies and pastries, fruit-cake, and candy and ice-cream. Every Sunday I would see my grandfather's table with roast beef at one end and a couple of chickens at the other and a cold ham at one side; and at Thanksgiving and Christmas the energies of the whole establishment would be given up to the preparation of delicious foods. And later on, when I

came to New York, I considered it necessary to have such food; even when I was a poor student, living on four dollars a week, I spent more than three of it for eatables.

I was an active and a fairly healthy boy; at twenty I remember saying that I had not had a day's serious sickness in fourteen years. Then I wrote my first novel, working sixteen or eighteen hours a day for several months, and camping out, and living mostly out of a frying-pan. At the end I found that I was seriously troubled with dyspepsia; and it was worse the next year, after the second book. I went to see a physician, who gave me some red liquid, which magically relieved the consequences of doing hard brain-work after eating. So I went on for a year or two more, and then I found that the artificially digested food was not being eliminated from my system with sufficient regularity. So I went to another physician, who gave my malady another name, and gave me another medicine, and put off the time of reckoning a little while longer.

I have never in my life used tea or coffee, alcohol or tobacco; but for seven or eight years I worked under heavy pressure all the time, and ate very irregularly, and ate unwholesome food. So I began to have headaches once in a while, and to notice that I was abnormally sensitive to colds. I considered these maladies natural to mortals, and I would always attribute them to some specific accident. I would say, "I've been knocking about down-town all day"; or, "I was out in the hot sun"; or, "I lay on the damp ground." I found that if I sat in a draft for even a minute I was certain to "catch cold." I found also that I had sore throat and tonsillitis once or twice every winter; also, now and then, the grippe. There were times when I did not sleep well; and as all this got worse, I would have to drop my work and try to rest. The first time I did this a week or two was sufficient; but later on a month or two was necessary, and then several months.

The year I wrote "The Jungle" I had my first summer cold. It was hay-time on a farm, and I thought it was a kind of hay-fever. I would sneeze for hours in perfect torment, and this lasted for a month, until I went away to the seashore. This happened again the next summer, and also another very painful experience—a nerve in a tooth died; I had to wait three days for the pain to "localize," and then had the tooth drilled out, and staggered home, and was ill in bed for a



MR. SINCLAIR'S EXPRESSION, AS SHOWN
IN THE LOWER PORTRAIT, USED TO
BE CALLED "SPIRITUAL." SYS-
TEMATIC FASTING HAS EVOLVED
THE ATHLETIC FIGURE
PICTURED ABOVE



of wretchedness to which I had come. At the same time, also, I had a great deal of distressing illness in my family; my wife seldom had a week without suffering, and my little boy had pneumonia one winter, and croup the next, and whooping-cough in the summer, with the inevitable colds scattered in between.

After the Helicon Hall fire I realized that I was in a bad way, and for the two years following I gave a good part of my time to trying to find out how to regain my health. I went to Battle Creek, to Bermuda, and to the Adirondacks; and I read the books of all the new investigators of the subject of hygiene, and tried out their theories religiously. I had discovered Horace Fletcher a couple of years before. Mr. Fletcher's idea is, in brief, to chew your food, and chew it thoroughly; to extract from each particle of food the maximum nutriment, and to eat only as much as your system actually needs. This was a very wonderful idea to me, and I fell upon it with the greatest enthusiasm. All the physicians I had known were men who

week with enervating chills and fever, and nausea and terrible headaches. I mention all these very unpleasant details so that the reader may understand the desperate state

tried to cure me when I fell sick, but here was a man who was studying how to stay well. I have to find fault with Mr. Fletcher's system, and so I must make clear at the outset how much I owe to it. It set me upon the right track—showed me the goal, even if it did not lead me to it. It made clear to me that all my various ailments were symptoms of one great trouble, the presence in my body of the poisons produced by superfluous and unassimilated food, and that in adjusting the quantity of food to the body's exact needs lies the secret of perfect health.

It was only in the working out of the theory that I fell down. Mr. Fletcher told me that nature would be my guide, and that if only I masticated thoroughly, instinct would select the foods. I found that, so far as my case was concerned, my "nature" was hopelessly perverted. I invariably preferred unwholesome foods—apple-pie, and toast soaked in butter, and stewed fruit with quantities of cream and sugar. Nor did nature kindly tell me when to stop, as she apparently does some other Fletcherites; no matter how much I chewed, if I ate all I wanted I ate too much. And when I realized this, and tried to stop it, I went, in my ignorance, to the other extreme, and lost fourteen pounds in as many days. Again, Mr. Fletcher taught me to remove all the "unchewable" parts of the food—the skins of fruit, etc. The result of this is there is nothing to stimulate the intestines, and the waste remains in the body for many days. Mr. Fletcher says this does not matter, and he appears to prove that it has not mattered in his case. But I found that it mattered very seriously in my case; it was not until I became a Fletcherite that my headaches became hopeless and sluggish intestines one of my chronic complaints.

I next read the books of Metchnikoff and Chittenden, who showed me just how my ailments came to be. The unassimilated food lies in the colon, and bacteria swarm in it, and the poisons they produce are absorbed into the system. I had bacteriological examinations made in my own case, and I found that when I was feeling well the number of these toxin-producing germs was about six billions to the ounce of intestinal contents; and when, a few days later, I had a headache, the number was a hundred and twenty billions. Here was my trouble under the microscope, so to speak.

These tests were made at Battle Creek, where I went for a long stay. I tried their system of water-cure, which I found a wonder-

ful stimulant to the eliminative organs; but I discovered that, like all other stimulants, it leaves you in the end just where you were. My health was improved at the sanitarium, but a week after I left I was down with the grippe again.

I gave the next year of my life to trying to restore my health. I spent the winter in Bermuda and the summer in the Adirondacks, both of them famous health-resorts; and during the entire time I lived an absolutely hygienic life. I did not work hard, and I did not worry, and I did not think about my health except when I had to. I lived in the open air all the time, and I gave most of the day to vigorous exercise—tennis, walking, boating, and swimming. I mention this specifically, so that the reader may perceive that I had eliminated all other factors of ill health, and appreciate to the full my statement that at the end of the year's time my general health was worse than ever before.

I was all right so long as I played tennis all day or climbed mountains. The trouble came when I settled down to do brain-work. And from this I saw perfectly clearly that I was overeating; there was surplus food to be burned up, and when it was not burned up it poisoned me. But how was I to stop when I was hungry? I tried giving up all the things I liked and of which I ate most; but that did no good, because I had such a complacent appetite—I would immediately take to liking other things! I thought I had an abnormal appetite, the result of my early training; but how was I ever to get rid of it?

I must not give the impression that I was a conspicuously hearty eater. On the contrary, I ate far less than most people eat. But that was no consolation to me. I had wrecked myself by years of overwork, and so I was more sensitive. The other people were going to pieces by slow stages, I could see; but I was already in pieces.

So matters stood when I chanced to meet a lady whose radiant complexion and extraordinary health were a matter of remark to everyone. I was surprised to hear that for ten or fifteen years, and until quite recently, she had been a bed-ridden invalid. She had lived the lonely existence of a pioneer's wife, and had raised a family under conditions of shocking ill health. She had suffered from sciatica and acute rheumatism; from a chronic intestinal trouble which the doctors called "intermittent peritonitis"; from intense nervous weakness, melancholy, and chronic

catarrh, causing deafness. And this was the woman who rode horseback with me up Mount Hamilton, in California, a distance of twenty-eight miles, in one of the most terrific rain-storms I have ever witnessed! We had two untamed young horses, and only leather bits to control them with, and we were pounded and flung about for six mortal hours, which I shall never forget if I live to be a hundred. And this woman, when she took the ride, had not eaten a particle of food for four days previously!

That was the clue to her escape: she had cured herself by a fast. She had abstained from food for eight days, and all her troubles had fallen from her. Afterward she had taken her eldest son, a senior at Stanford, and another friend of his, and fasted twelve days with them, and cured them of nervous dyspepsia. And then she had taken a woman friend, the wife of a Stanford professor, and cured her of rheumatism by a week's fast. I had heard of the fasting cure, but this was the first time I had met with it. I was too much burdened with work to try it just then, but I began to read up on the subject—the books of Dr. Dewey, Dr. Hazzard, and Dr. Carrington, and more especially those of Bernarr Macfadden. Coming home from California I got a sunstroke on the Gulf of Mexico, and spent a week in hospital at Key West, and that seemed to give the *coup de grâce* to my long-suffering stomach. After another spell of hard work I found myself unable to digest corn-meal mush and milk, and so I was ready for a fast.

I began. The fast has become a commonplace to me now; but I will assume that it is as new and as startling to the reader as it was to myself at first, and will describe my sensations at length.

I was very hungry for the first day—the unwholesome, ravening sort of hunger that all dyspeptics know. I had a little hunger the second morning, and thereafter, to my very great astonishment, no hunger whatever—no more interest in food than if I had never known the taste of it. Previous to the fast I had had a headache every day for two or three weeks. It lasted through the first day and then disappeared—never to return. I felt very weak the second day, and a little dizzy on arising. I went outdoors and lay in the sun all day, reading; and the same for the third and fourth days—intense physical lassitude, but with great clearness of mind. After the fifth day I felt stronger, and walked a good

deal, and I also began some writing. No phase of the experience surprised me more than the activity of my mind: I read and wrote more than I had dared to do for years before.

During the first four days I lost fifteen pounds in weight—something which, I have since learned, was a sign of the extremely poor state of my tissues. Thereafter I lost only two pounds in eight days—an equally unusual phenomenon. I slept well throughout the fast. About the middle of each day I would feel weak, but a massage and a cold shower would refresh me. Toward the end I began to find that in walking about I would grow tired in the legs, and as I did not wish to lie in bed I broke the fast after the twelfth day with some orange-juice.

I took the juice of a dozen oranges during two days, and then went on a milk diet. I took a glassful of warm milk every hour the first day, every three-quarters of an hour the next day, and finally every half-hour—or eight quarts a day. This is, of course, much more than can be assimilated, but the balance serves to flush the system out. The tissues are bathed in nutriment, and an extraordinary recuperation is experienced. In my own case I gained four and a half pounds in one day—the third—and gained a total of thirty-two pounds in twenty-four days.

My sensations on this milk diet were almost as interesting as in the fast. In the first place, there was an extraordinary sense of peace and calm, as if every weary nerve in the body were purring like a cat under a stove. Next there was the keenest activity of mind—I read and wrote incessantly. And, finally, there was a perfectly ravenous desire for physical work. In the old days I had walked long distances and climbed mountains, but always with reluctance and from a sense of compulsion. Now, after the cleaning-out of the fast, I would go into a gymnasium and do work which would literally have broken my back before, and I did it with intense enjoyment, and with amazing results. The muscles fairly leaped out upon my body; I suddenly discovered the possibility of becoming an athlete. I had always been lean and dyspeptic-looking, with what my friends called a “spiritual” expression; I now became as round as a butter-ball, and so brown and rosy in the face that I was a joke to all who saw me.

I had not taken what is called a “complete” fast—that is, I had not waited until hunger returned. Therefore I began again. I intended only a short fast, but I found that

hunger ceased again, and, much to my surprise, I had none of the former weakness. I took a cold bath and a vigorous rub twice a day; I walked four miles every morning, and did light gymnasium work, and with nothing save a slight tendency to chilliness to let me know that I was fasting. I lost nine pounds in eight days, and then went for a week longer on oranges and figs, and made up most of the weight on these.

I shall always remember with amusement the anxious caution with which I now began to taste the various foods which before had caused me trouble. Bananas, acid fruits, peanut-butter—I tried them one by one, and then in combination, and so realized with a thrill of exultation that every trace of my old trouble was gone. Formerly I had had to lie down for an hour or two after meals; now I could do whatever I chose. Formerly I had been dependent upon all kinds of laxative preparations; now I forgot about them. I no longer had headaches. I went bareheaded in the rain, I sat in cold drafts of air, and was apparently immune to colds. And, above all, I had a marvelous, abounding energy, so that whenever I had a spare minute or two I would begin to stand on my head, or to "chin" myself, or do some other "stunt," from sheer exuberance of animal spirits.

For several months after this experience I lived upon a diet of raw foods exclusively—mainly nuts and fruits. I had been led to regard this as the natural diet for human beings; and I found that so long as I was leading an active life, the results were most satisfactory. But when I came to settle down to a long period of hard and continuous writing, I found that I had not sufficient bodily energy to digest these raw foods. I resorted to fasting and milk alternately—and that is well enough for a time, but it proves a nervous strain in the end. Recently a friend called my attention to the late Dr. Salisbury's book, "The Relation of Alimentation to Disease." Dr. Salisbury recommends a diet of broiled beef and hot water as the solution of most of the problems of the human body; and it may be believed that I, who had been a rigid and enthusiastic vegetarian for three or four years, found this a startling idea. However, I set out to try the Salisbury system. I am sorry to have to say that it seems to be a good one; sorry, because the vegetarian way of life is so obviously the cleaner and more humane and more convenient. But it seems to me that I am able to do more work and harder

work with my mind while eating beefsteaks than under any other régime; and while this continues to be the case, there will be one less vegetarian in the world.

I would not take anything in all the world for my knowledge of the fast. It is nature's safety-valve, an automatic protection against disease. I do not venture to assert that I am proof against virulent diseases, such as smallpox or typhoid. I know one ardent physical-culturist, a physician, who takes typhoid germs at intervals in order to prove his immunity, but I should not care to go that far; it is enough for me to know that I am proof against all the common infections which plague us, and against all the "chronic" troubles. And I shall continue so just as long as I stand by my present resolve, which is to fast at the slightest hint of any symptom of ill-being—a cold or a headache, a feeling of depression, or a coated tongue, or a scratch on the finger which does not heal quickly.

Those who have made a study of the fast explain its miracles in the following way: Superfluous nutriment is taken into the system and ferments, and the body is filled with a greater quantity of poisonous matter than the organs of elimination can handle. The result is the clogging of these organs and of the blood-vessels—such is the meaning of headaches and rheumatism, arteriosclerosis, paralysis, apoplexy, Bright's disease, cirrhosis, etc. And by impairing the blood and lowering the vitality this same condition prepares the system for infection—for colds, or pneumonia, or tuberculosis, or any of the fevers. As soon as the fast begins, and the first hunger has been withstood, the secretions cease, and the whole assimilative system, which takes so much of the energies of the body, goes out of business. The body then begins a sort of house-cleaning, which must be helped by an enema and a bath daily, and, above all, by copious water-drinking. The tongue becomes coated, the breath and the perspiration offensive; and this continues until the diseased matter has been entirely cast out, when the tongue clears and hunger reasserts itself in unmistakable form.

The loss of weight during the fast is generally about a pound a day. The fat is used first, and after that the muscular tissue; true starvation begins only when the body has been reduced to the skeleton and the viscera. Fasts of forty and fifty days are now quite common—I have met several who have taken them. The longest fast I have heard of was seventy-two days.



*Specially posed for the
Cosmopolitan*

*Photograph by the
Doty Studio*

MRS. UPTON SINCLAIR

"My wife had always been frail. . . . She is now a picture of radiant health, and is engaged in accumulating muscle with enthusiasm"

Strange as it may seem, the fast is a cure for both emaciation and obesity. After a complete fast the body will come to its ideal weight. People who are very stout will not regain their weight; while people who are under weight may gain a pound or more a day for a month. There are two dangers to be feared in fasting. The first is that of fear. I do not say this as a jest. *No one should begin to fast until he has read up on the subject and convinced himself that it is the thing to do; if possible he should have with him some one who has already had the experience.* He should not have about him terrified aunts and cousins who will tell him that he looks like a corpse, that his pulse is below forty, and that his heart may stop

beating in the night. I took a fast of three days out in California; on the third day I walked about fifteen miles, off and on, and, except that I was restless, I never felt better. And then in the evening I came home and read about the Messina earthquake, and how the relief ships arrived, and the wretched survivors crowded down to the water's edge and tore each other like wild beasts in their rage of hunger. The paper set forth, in horrified language, that some of them had been seventy-two hours without food. I, as I read, had also been seventy-two hours without food; and the difference was simply that they thought they were starving. And if at some crisis during a long fast, when you feel nervous and weak and doubting, some people with stronger wills than your

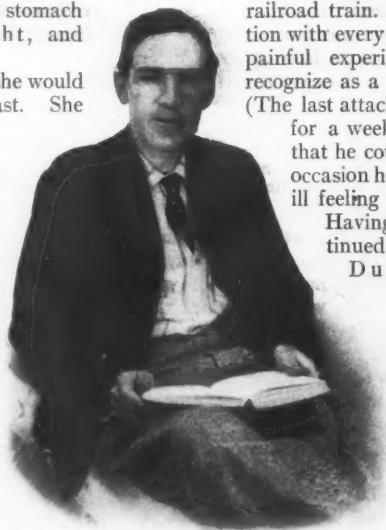
Starving for Health's Sake

own are able to arouse in you the terrors of the earthquake survivors, they can cause their most direful anticipations to be realized.

The other danger is in breaking the fast. A person breaking a long fast should regard himself as if he were liable to seizures of violent insanity. I know a man who fasted fifty days, and then ate half a dozen figs, and caused intestinal abrasions, from which he lost a great deal of blood. I would dwell more upon this topic were it not for my discovery of the milk diet. When you drink a glass of milk every half-hour you have no chance to get really hungry, and so you glide, as if by magic, from a condition of extreme emaciation to one of blooming rotundity.

The case of my wife may also be worth citing. She had always been frail, and subject to sore throat since girlhood. In the past five years she has undergone three major surgical operations and had several serious illnesses besides. Two years ago she had a severe attack of appendicitis. The physician made a wrong diagnosis, and kept her alive for about ten days with morphine. She was then too low to risk an operation, and was not expected to live. It was several months before she was able to walk again, and she has never fully recovered from the experience. When she began the fast she was suffering from serious stomach trouble, loss of weight, and neurasthenia.

I did not think that she would be able to stand a fast. She had more trouble than I—some nervousness, headache, and nausea. But she stood it for ten days, when her tongue cleared suddenly. She had lost twelve pounds, and she then gained twenty-two pounds in seventeen days. She then took another fast of six days with me, and with no more trouble than I experienced the second time—walking four miles every morning with me. She is now a picture of radiant health, and is engaged in accumulating muscle with enthusiasm.



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"I HAVE FOUND NOT ONLY GOOD HEALTH, BUT
PERFECT HEALTH; I HAVE FOUND A
NEW STATE OF BEING"

The reader may think that my enthusiasm over the fasting cure is due to my imaginative temperament; I can only say that I have never yet met a person who has given the fast a fair trial who does not describe his experience in the same way.

I regard the fast as nature's own remedy for most of our diseases. It is the only remedy which is based upon an understanding of the fundamental nature of disease. And I believe that when the glad tidings of its miracles have reached the people it will lead to the throwing of ninety per cent. of our present *materia medica* into the waste-basket. This may be unwelcome to those physicians who are more concerned with their own income than they are with the health of their patients; but I personally have never met any such physicians, and so I most earnestly urge it upon medical men to investigate the extraordinary and almost incredible facts about the fasting cure.

Since this article was written, the writer has had another interesting experience with the fast. He had occasion to do some work which kept him indoors for a couple of weeks, under considerable strain; and after that to spend the greater part of a week in the dentist's chair, suffering a good deal of pain; and finally to spend two days and nights in a railroad train. He arrived at his destination with every symptom of what long and painful experience has taught him to recognize as a severe attack of the grippe. (The last attack laid him up in a hospital for a week and left him so reduced that he could hardly stand.) On this occasion he fasted, and every trace of ill feeling had left him in two days.

Having started, however, he continued the fast for twelve days.

During this time he planned a play, and wrote two-thirds of it, and he has reason to think that it is as good work as he has ever done. It is worth noting that on the eighth day he was strong enough to "chin" himself six times in succession, though previous to the fasting treatment he had never in his life been able to do this more than once or twice.

The Label

A BUSINESS MAN'S WAY OF TESTING TRADE HONESTY

By Nathaniel Hamilton Maxwell

Author of "Matt—Man of Affairs"

Illustrated by C. E. Chambers



THE lobby of the Hale House was well filled with traveling salesmen and other guests. A burst of gay music from the dining-room announced the hour of six, and at the same moment an omnibus from an incoming train drew up at the door. Among the dozen arrivals was a short, good-natured, self-confident chap, who led the way to the desk well attended by bell-boys. The clerk welcomed him heartily as "Mr. Mills," and promptly dispatched a boy to open his room. In curious contrast to him was the last person to reach the desk, a quiet, heavy-browed, younger man of perhaps thirty years, tall and slightly stooped. His face was deeply lined and pale, the face of one who had looked upon hardships. Obviously he was honest, determined, and not far from being ill.

He glanced at the register and drew back in agitation. His bitterest rival was in town, A. B. Mills, the adroit and successful salesman of the Empire Paint Company. But in an exact hand he wrote, "Edward Harroway," remarked quietly to the clerk, "I am representing Starr & Bowen, wholesale paint manufacturers," and asked, "How far are we from the Distributing Company?"

The clerk gestured to the right. "Next corner, far side, Mr. Harroway. May I inquire about your Mr. Drake?"

"Drake has been transferred to another territory," Harroway said and added with some diffidence: "It is my hope to succeed him. I begin here to-morrow."

"I wish you luck with your first customer," remarked the clerk.

Harroway looked up inquiringly. "I hope to make it G. M. Ashcroft, principal buyer for the Distributing Company. Do you know anything about him?"

An odd, say-nothing look crossed the clerk's face, and Harroway bluntly changed the subject. "I shall be glad if you will give me a quiet room. Five years as a chemist in Starr & Bowen's laboratory have cut into my health somewhat."

The clerk tossed a key upon the marble desk, and it slid into a bell-boy's hand. "I selected an extra-quiet room," he said, not unsympathetically, and added: "As to Ashcroft, please, for special reasons, do not quote me, but he's considered the worst man in the business to sell to. He knows all about anything that can be bought. He's tricky as a mule, surefooted, and lucky. Your competitor, Mills, just gone up-stairs, is the only salesman I've ever known to get on a personal basis with him."

The next morning, Harroway, paler than ever, went in dread to the building occupied by the Distributing Company. Passing a host of clerks in the busy salesroom, he went to the rear of the building, where were the offices of G. M. Ashcroft, the autocratic buyer of the company. In a spacious outer office were the stenographers and office-boys, as well as a place for callers, indicated by a red rug and a cherry settee. Immediately beyond was a frosted-glass partition that enclosed the private office of the buyer.

It happened that, at the moment of Harroway's arrival, the office force were intent upon matters other than the omnipresent salesman, so Harroway proceeded unannounced into the buyer's sanctum sanctorum. At his desk sat that individual, light haired, fat, narrow eyed, and forty years of age. His face was domineering and selfish, and it was evident at a glance that he enjoyed the power he wielded, the power to enrich or to ruin.

"I am Edward Harroway," the young man



HARROWAY GLANCED AT THE REGISTER AND DREW BACK IN AGITATION. A. B. MILLS, HIS BITTEREST RIVAL, WAS IN TOWN

said, as he advanced with slightly outstretched hand.

Ashcroft paused in the act of laying a paper-weight upon a pile of unopened letters. "What about it?" he demanded staringly. That the office force had let anyone pass annoyed him.

"I represent the Starr & Bowen Company," said Harroway nervously.

"Now in the Empire consolidation," remarked Ashcroft.

"Quite the contrary!" exclaimed Harroway surprisedly.

"Well, you've come at a bad time. Good morning!"

Thereupon Ashcroft pressed a button, and, when a stenographer appeared, began dictating answers to the letters on his desk.

Harroway hardly knew whether to stay or to go, but after casting a dubious glance at the busy and unheeding Ashcroft he left the room. "A. B. Mills"! His rival's signature on the hotel register pursued him throughout the long day.

The following day, at a slightly later hour, he returned to the office of the Distributing Company's buyer. The cherry settee and other available places were now crowded with salesmen. During three-quarters of an hour, Harroway watched them go in, one after another, with non-committal countenances and come out again, one thoughtful, another flushed with success, and another downcast, mopping his brow. At last the office-boy took Harroway's card and a moment later advised him that he could go in.

Mr. Ashcroft scarcely remembered him. "Worst time you could have chosen," he announced.

"Do you care to name a convenient time?" suggested Harroway.

Ashcroft glanced at a calendar appreciatively. "If you are in town in about six months drop in. Nothing doing just now. At that time—" he carefully considered—"no, I can't offer you any encouragement. Let's see. What's the style of your firm?"

"The Starr & Bowen Company," answered Harroway eagerly.

Ashcroft pressed a button. "Miss Hicks, take this letter to Dunkirk & Company." He proceeded to dictate. Harroway observed that it had nothing whatever to do with the present negotiation. "Yours truly," concluded Ashcroft. "What were you saying, Mr.—a—?"

"The Starr & Bowen Company," repeated Harroway.

Ashcroft considered for a moment, then said coolly: "I don't like to discourage you, but I am seriously considering the Empire Company for all our future business. You may know their Mr. A. B. Mills."

Ashcroft pushed another button and listened at the department telephone. "Charley, how much of Starr & Bowen's is there in that lot? Well, now, I didn't ask you how long it would last; I'll do the guessing. Thirteen hundred gallons mixed. Three thousand pounds colors in oil, Starr & Bowen!" He hung up the receiver. "Has the young man gone?"

"Right here," said Harroway hastily.

Ashcroft glanced at Harroway's card. "Now, Mr. Harroway, I'll make you this proposition: If you can sell for me the thirteen hundred gallons mixed and three thousand pounds colors in oil of Starr & Bowen that I have left on hand, I'll give you thirty and ten off for your trouble."

Harroway stood aghast. "I buy Starr & Bowen from you!" he said in confusion. "Of course there would be nothing in that." "Our problem is this," explained Ashcroft. "In bygone days, while old man Starr was alive, everything was right. Then I asked just one question, 'How soon can you get the stuff here?' But, candidly, Mr. Harroway, there's a wide gully between those old fellows and the present rubber-tired gang. I'll say to you, frankly, that I have satisfied myself there have been of late cheap materials going into Starr & Bowen's—dope of one kind or another. It's not necessary for you to shake your head. Furthermore, your competitors have you skinned alive on price. Now you are a young man and ambitious, though inexperienced—I dare say I'm the first man you have ever tried to sell a bill of goods to—why don't you make it your object to reorganize Starr & Bowen on a modern basis of large sales, small profits, liberal advertising, and only such adulterations as the buyers can't nose out?"

Harroway was badly flustered. After a few dreadful moments he said bluntly: "You have referred to the matter of price. No one gets a better price from us than you."

"Nor a better paint, I guess," flashed Ashcroft. "Take this postscript to Dunkirk's letter, Miss Hicks." Miss Hicks took a pencil from her pompadour. "Neglected to state that Mr. A. B. Mills of the Empire Paint Company is in town. I understand from him that there has been absolutely no delay in any of their shipments. With equal luck, then, you ought to receive everything as per schedule. Yours truly." "Pleased to have met you, Mr. Harroway, but things seem to be as stated. You've declined to take the thirteen



MILLS WAS QUIETLY OFFERING THE LETTER-PRESS
AT AUCTION TO THE DELIGHTED STENOGRAPHERS AND OFFICE-BOYS

hundred gallons and three thousand pounds of wild-cat off our hands; we'll have to sell the stuff for what it will bring."

"Mr. Ashcroft," thundered Harroway wrathfully, "I am a chemist and have been analyzing paints in Starr & Bowen's laboratory for five years. I will undertake to

make, in your presence, a detailed analysis of the product of our factory and that of every competitor. I'll prove to your satisfaction that our paint is in every way better than any other you can name."

"What would be the object?" inquired Ashcroft blandly. He pressed a button. A freckled errand-boy appeared. "Call up Rainer Brothers, Dennis."

"I'll be here at eleven o'clock, ready for the tests," announced Harroway.

Ashcroft reached for the telephone. "Is that you, Rainer? Oh, pshaw! get off the line, then. What is it to you who I am? Say! I'm G. M. Ashcroft. Kindly tell Rainer when he comes in I'm surprised to meet a wild animal like you on his premises."

As Harroway passed through the outer office he witnessed a curious and depressing scene. Mills, the debonair, with his hat on the back of his head and his sleeves drawn up in imitation of a street-faker, was quietly offering the letter-press at auction to the delighted stenographers and office-boys.

"This wrought-iron and diverting toy," said he, pointing to the beknobbed, twenty-pound handle of the press, "is as flexible as whalebone!" He took hold of it, wriggled his elbows, smiled reassuringly, and everyone, especially Miss Hicks, would have sworn that he bent it and straightened it again. "Take it home to the little ones and see each and every member of the family circle convulsed with laughter at one and the same time. All for the miserly sum—now, boys, don't crowd around this way. Give everybody a chance!"

Ashcroft appeared at the door, frowned upon the performance, then called good-naturedly, "Oh, Mills, I'm ready."

As Mills passed lightly into the private office, the freckled Dennis explained to Harroway: "That there guy is A. B. Mills, the paint specialist. Him and Ashcroft is pals, like. What Ashcroft kicks at, Mills ties the tin can to. Say! but us and Miss Hicks is hit wid his comical ways!"

And now anxious care began to tyrannize over Harroway. The time allotted in his schedule to the Distributing Company had already expired, and the train that should have carried him north had gone on its journey without him. The test he proposed to make would consume, considering Ashcroft's engagements, at least four days. Within those four days Mills would probably con-

trive to take the order. And if Harroway should at last be obliged to send back word, as the first news of his trip, that their lifelong, all-valuable customer, the Distributing Company, had deserted them, it would deal a staggering blow to Starr & Bowen and forever end Harroway's chances as their salesman. Doubtless he was entirely to blame for the situation. But in what respect, precisely? There must be some secret way to ingratiate oneself, for Mills, evidently, had done it. Harroway even weighed Dennis's correct phrases, and seriously asked himself what chance Ashcroft had allowed him to "tie the tin can" to anything, except to himself.

The gnawing at his breast lessened somewhat when he succeeded in renting a complete chemical outfit, for, though the means were fantastical and the expenses ruinous, he felt at home once more in possessing the tools of his profession.

"This whole analysis idea is cheap vaudeville," protested Ashcroft.

However, opening at the right of the private office, there was a large, well-lighted, vacant room, with a table and chair at the further side, and this room Ashcroft finally yielded up as a temporary laboratory. Thither, on four successive days, the buyer, at such times as he could be induced to leave his desk, repaired with his assistant, Turner, and Harroway. Ashcroft, though he smoked with maddening ease and at times withdrew to the office in wilful disregard of the delicate stage of the experiment, was a not unresponsive observer, and occasionally propounded shrewd questions that delighted Harroway and drew upon his more remote learning.

But the strain of those month-long days told. Harroway, in sheer nervous exhaustion, walked the streets for hours at a time, often far into the night, seeing nothing. He was not fitted for a salesman. He lacked shrewdness, tact, readiness of speech. Starr & Bowen knew it, but they had needed some one without delay. Morgan, the sales-superintendent, wired him in cipher:

Must take Distributing Company's order. We are trying to reach nearest salesman (Brandt) to help you. Delay costly and becoming serious. Empire booking orders elsewhere among your customers. Close with Distributing Company and move.

Harroway seemed to eat the words with every mouthful of food. He was worn and jaded. All day he looked forward to the coming of night, and then woke in a turmoil,



Drawn by C. E. Chambers

"COME IN, MILLS!" SAID ASHCROFT. "THIS IS OUR DAYLIGHT-FIREWORKS DAY"

startled with nightmare visitations of Morgan and Ashcroft.

At times, like rain in feverish August, there would come to him thoughts of Margaret. There was no fairer, dearer image than his wife's. Her slender fingers touched his forehead soothingly. The rose-like beauty of the face, the silent depths of the eyes, threw their witchery about him. Moonlight and music upon some still lake of memory were not more beguiling. But he had to steel himself to the task in hand. Their home would be the price of his delay. Ashcroft, orders, train-time, reports, bills payable, these were real issues that must be met.

"You say you are better," Margaret would write, "but I read too well between the lines. Oh, Edward, 'Success' is such a foolish play, admission is so costly, and selfish men, often wicked ones, occupy the best places. Please come home where I can take care of you, and let us play the little game called 'Happiness.' But, if you will not, then listen to me! I know that you will succeed and that all will come out right at last." Harroway knew well enough, of course, that to go home would mean to have no home to go to. It is not strange, therefore, that success seemed absolutely necessary; that happiness was scarcely imaginable without it; and that his seemingly inexhaustible will-power was carrying on the terrific fight long after his physical powers had cried out for a truce.

Upon the last morning of the experiment, the sixth of his days of waiting upon the Distributing Company, Harroway was once more shown through the office and into the laboratory, the buyer following him with Turner. Nothing remained to be done, except the weighing of the ingredients and the discussion of their values and the effect of impurities in the proportions found. Ashcroft had produced from the Distributing Company's stock, for analysis and comparison, just two brands of mixed paints, one manufactured by Starr & Bowen, the other by the Empire Paint Company.

Without delay, Harroway prepared for the final steps. Ashcroft's interest, dull at first, had been somewhat whetted by Harroway's skilful handling of the long experiment, and on the last day he was a close observer and even drew the attention of his auburn-haired assistant to one or two minute points.

"This is no dime-museum!" suddenly announced Ashcroft fiercely. All eyes shifted to the door, which had opened to admit the

freckled face of Dennis. Usually Dennis, at such reminders of his business cares, withdrew in haste, but now he braved all dangers.

"Here's Mr. Mills, the paint man!" he announced.

Harroway could have murdered the boy.

"Oh, come in, Mills!" said Ashcroft. "This is our daylight-fireworks day. Mr. Mills—Mr. Harroway." The men glanced at each other in annoyance and bowed coldly. "Mr. Harroway represents Starr & Bowen. He is a chemist and agrees to show up the Empire."

Mills rallied. "Pleased to hear it. I have done analyzing myself at times."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Ashcroft," said Harroway, "I have no wish to reflect upon another's wares. The comparison with a specific brand is by your own choice."

"Then I'll do the comparing," flashed Ashcroft.

Upon his subjects, Harroway talked fluently and well. With easy familiarity and persuasive power, he contrasted the two brands point by point. Mills resisted the progress of the demonstration as well as he could, but his objections were so thoroughly and so powerfully met that Harroway thereby strengthened his position. As the chemist worked he seemed a mind on fire, a burning will. His identity as a salesman was lost in that of the scientist. Not even Mills's tight-drawn mouth and dejected bearing could remind him of the business situation, of the rivalry, of the huge prize at stake. He had merely demonstrated a scientific truth. That the outcome was favorable to his cause scarcely seemed to interest him.

But suddenly some thought, perhaps of Margaret, revived his sense of the true situation. His face changed. He braced himself against the table, turned his almost feverish eyes upon Ashcroft, and waited for the buyer to speak.

Ashcroft had tilted his chair and had clasped his hands behind his head. Turner was standing behind his chief. Mills, who had been roaming about the room, turned on his heel suddenly and crossed over near to Harroway, opposite the buyer.

Ashcroft stood up and reached for a box of cigars. "Will you smoke, gentlemen?" he asked, shuffling a half-filled box about and lighting a Havana himself. Mills followed his example. "Of course, Mr. Harroway," the buyer said, throwing away the match, "I took the precaution"—his words were deliberate and cold—"to shift the labels. I put *their* label on *your* can and *your* label on *their*



NO RESPONSIVE SMILE CAME FROM TURNER. "I USED TO BE MR. ASHCROFT'S ASSISTANT," HE REMARKED COOLLY

can. So, in this way, you have proved that the Empire can is better than the Starr & Bowen."

For an instant no one moved or uttered a sound, then Mills threw up his hands with a mocking grimace and uttered a short, derisive laugh. Harroway laughed, too—a quick, shocking laugh, such as one yields up in delirium. He was dazed, silent, half fainting. He had failed foolishly. The test had been fairly made. The day was lost, and with it had gone his firm's advantage, his position, his home, Margaret's happiness.

Mills was now smiling, smoking furiously and almost dancing in nervous glee. The Empire had always held the advantage in price, and now the long-drawn, bitter controversy as to quality was settled to Ashcroft's satisfaction. There was nothing to be said. He drew on his gloves and was ready to go. Yet in Harroway, at the moment of defeat, baffled and stricken as he was, something leaped—his unyielding will-power, his love for Margaret. He drew an order-book from his pocket.

"Mr. Ashcroft," he said tensely and steadily, "how many gallons shall we send you? How many pounds will you buy?" The blood had rushed to his face. He was burning red.

Ashcroft considered for a moment.

"Rot!" cried Mills, pulling off his gloves.

"Twelve thousand gallons," announced Ashcroft coolly, "at, say one thousand gallons a month—that's the mixed paint, Mr. Harroway. Also, twenty-four thousand pounds of colors in oil, at, say two thousand pounds a

month. We'll press you for more some months, less, others. We'll mail the order."

"Ashcroft! Ashcroft! You forget the Empire!" Mills shouted in a rage.

"And, by the way, Mr. Harroway," Ashcroft announced, "if you are to continue with Starr & Bowen, I'd as leave sign a three-year contract to handle your goods exclusively at best prevailing prices, we to have a district and handle none but yours. Just mail me a form. That's all to-day, gentlemen." He opened the door. "Dennis, clear up this mess. Miss Hicks, I'm ready."

Mills passed limply from the room.

Harroway began mechanically to lay away his weights and platinum crucibles. He was mystified, almost dazed. If anyone had attempted to explain to him that he was now a dependable, ingenious, and daring salesman, a very valuable man to his company, he would not have comprehended nor believed it. Then, suddenly, he thought of Margaret. His face relaxed and, boyishly and in pure happiness, he laughed.

At the Hale House, when Harroway returned, everything seemed newly made in a morning. The maps on the walls, the photographs of steamships, of palmetto-groves, of mountain-peaks, were fresh and even tempting. There had come over him a strange sense of youthfulness and of abounding hope. He telegraphed his firm that the assistance of Brandt would not be required, as the order had been taken. Then he wrote a long letter to Margaret, full of the brave news and of

gossip and gay comment. He said, in closing: "My deliberate argument went horribly against me. I do not know why I succeeded. But I believe that in your name I took fate by the throat and prevailed because of my almighty love for you."

And yet the fair day of his success was overcast. What excuse had Ashcroft for so arbitrary a decision? Why had he himself, a chemist, not recognized his own paint, despite the labels?

The head waiter was conducting him to what was to be a hasty luncheon, when he heard his name announced.

"Mr. Harroway," called the clerk, who was entertaining a guest, "you have asked about Mr. Ashcroft. May I introduce Mr. Turner? Mr. Turner is Mr. Ashcroft's assistant."

Harroway found himself hospitably welcomed to the third chair at the table. "I am fully aware," he said, with a feeling of comradeship, "that Mr. Turner is Mr. Ashcroft's very able assistant."

But no responsive smile crossed the solemn countenance of Turner. "Or, I *used* to be," he remarked coolly.

The clerk's glass tumbler crashed onto the floor. The waiters craned their necks, and the head-waiter snapped his fingers. Harroway forgot to look at the watch in his hand.

"My term of office expired half an hour ago," announced Turner.

"What's all this?" exclaimed the clerk, badly nettled. "You didn't break with the old man, did you, Sandy?"

"I did!" declared Turner in a tone that silenced conversation.

Anxiety began to beset Harroway savagely. Had Ashcroft repented of his arbitrary decision? Was the last hour mere delirium? Train-time was very near at hand.

"It all began with a question I asked Ashcroft," Turner broke out. "I said, 'Why in thunder did you buy from Harroway after that test?' 'Certainly, I bought from Harroway,' said Ashcroft. 'Along comes Harroway, an honest man, a strictly honest man! *That* label no one can shift. He's a fine chemist. He's been analyzing paint for five years and believes theirs to be the best. The test goes against him, and what happens? He is surprised out of his wits. *That* has never happened to him before. There's been some accident. This case is an exception. But, Mills! That jockey is scared to death at the whole show-down and is flabbergasted at his

lucky win. Test or no test, they both know that Starr & Bowen's is better.'"

From the lobby came the sepulchral edict of the porter, "*All aboard for the omnibus!*"

The clerk laid a restraining hand on Harroway's arm. "Jim," he directed a waiter, "hold that bus three minutes. Mr. Harroway goes in it. Talk ahead, Turner."

Turner rushed on. "'What surprises me, Turner,' Ashcroft said, 'is that a good chemist like Harroway should be so befuddled that he couldn't recognize his own stuff.'"

"Precisely," agreed Harroway with vigor.

Turner swallowed and continued. "'There can't be any mistake,' I said, 'I certainly changed the labels all right.' 'You what?' roared Ashcroft. 'Didn't you tell me to?' I demanded. '*Holy Hash!*' bellowed Ashcroft, and with that he bounced up, scattered things, slammed his desk, and cut up scandalously. 'I change the labels and you change them back again! Around here, by jumping Jupiter, everybody puts a little salt in the soup.' And that was just one too many for me. I walked out!"

"What! Didn't he fire you?" demanded the clerk. "Well, say! you'd better take a drink and go back to your job, you red-head!"

Harroway was laughing. "I certainly hope, Mr. Turner," he declared, "that I shall see you at the Distributing Company in the future, just as in the past."

The clerk suddenly became apoplectic with laughter. When he had recovered his breath he exclaimed: "The cigars are on Ashcroft! Think of it—G. M., the Great, and our own Stick-in-the-Mud in a comical, double stunt, entitled 'The Label.' Talk about your eccentric comedians! Say, it's a hit!"

"I'll form a partnership with Mills," Turner declared grimly.

Harroway was shaking hands, laughing, and saying good-by.

"You made a great hit with the old man," Turner announced, and then voiced a remark that set Harroway to thinking. "But, hit or no hit, every new salesman has to stand a raid. That's the time to strike rock-bottom prices—and, usually, to have a bargain sale."

The porter sounded a final warning, and when, a moment later, the omnibus rolled away, in one corner, deeply engrossed in a day-old newspaper, was A. B. Mills, the "paint specialist," and in another was Edward Harroway, Starr & Bowen's successful salesman.



EDWARD BAYES, H. B. WARNER, AND CHARLES E. GRAHAM IN "ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE"

Two Kinds of Theatergoers

By Alan Dale

WHICH is the more exacting, the occasional or the habitual theatergoer? In answer to that question nine people out of ten will immediately declare in favor of the habitual theatergoer. They will argue that he sees so much, and samples so many varieties of theatrical merchandise, that he grows callous and insistently demands the very best. I beg to differ with these nine-out-of-ten, and to assert, after having carefully investigated the subject, that it is the occasional theatergoer who expects good value for his money and is furiously disappointed when he fails to get it. I have talked the matter over with scores of "occasional" theatergoers. Always the same tale. They think the stage is deteriorating; they invariably rush me to the "good old times" (which I hate); and they prattle about the rubbish that the public patronizes, the piffle that is

applauded by the critics, and the immense amount of worthless material that managers actually take the trouble to produce.

Then I have analyzed myself. Nobody could possibly call me, even by a wide stretch of the imagination, an occasional theatergoer. I am so "habitual" that, in a dull week, I feel quite lost. Particularly this season has my habit been practised to its full extent. I have drunk of the theater to its bitterest dregs. Never before have I had such a dose. And I am able to appreciate much that the occasional theatergoer sets

down as rubbish and piffle. I see so much that is bad that a gleam of goodness "gets" me. My sky is rarely quite black. There is generally some little rift that leads me to a pleasanter view. People condemn me very frequently for approving plays that they cannot tolerate. Odd though it may sound, I get scores of letters calling me to



CHARLES RICHMAN AND MARY MANNERING
IN "A MAN'S WORLD"

Two Kinds of Theatergoers

account for undue enthusiasm, an excess of appreciation, and too much leniency. That is a fact. And I am willing to bet any amount that these letters emanate from occasional theatergoers who are not like the conscientious critic—a god knowing good and evil.

Many of the plays that I am going to discuss will be differently looked at by the two brands of theatergoers just mentioned. Even critics have been at variance. There are, in fact, very few plays that are unanimously praised or unanimously "roasted." When this rare thing happens the play that is unanimously praised runs for two or three seasons to enormous business, and the play that is unanimously "roasted" is immediately removed. There is really no deviation from this rule.

Perhaps the best melodrama we have had in many a long day is "Madame X," adapted by John Raphael, a witty and delightful English journalist, from the French of Alexandre Bisson. This play, I am told, was a tremendous success in Paris. Yet, when it opened in Chicago, the critics of that city went for

it, tooth and nail—at least they set it down as mere melodrama, which was meant as a squelcher. But as mere melodrama the Chicago public accepted it, and after a long engagement it came to New York. It made a profound impression. Beginning as mere melodrama, it managed to pass into higher realms. Yet I believe that in our heart of hearts we all have more than a sneaking regard for melodrama. It is so gorgeously improbable. The enemies of melodrama hold that up against it. I hold it up in its favor.

"Madame X" was delightfully simple and deliciously improbable. A mother runs away from her husband and baby boy with a worthless lover. She is consumed with love for the child, and tries to see him, but is repulsed by the outraged husband, who drives her out into 'the night (where all good heroines are driven; the nights must be full of 'em). Then she sinks into the gutter, and becomes a "lost woman."

You see her tipling ether and absinthe in a low French dive, with a profligate companion who is protecting her.

He conceives the idea of extorting blackmail from her husband, and this rouses the dormant ferocity of her nature. For,



W. H. DENNY AND DOROTHY DONNELLY IN "MADAME X," THE NEW SENSATIONAL DRAMA



BILLIE BURKE, THE PRETTY WIDOW, IN A SCENE WITH FRED KERR IN "MRS. DOT"

from the mire into which she has sunk, she has determined to remain dead to her husband and her son. In her anger she kills the black-mailer, and is arrested for the murder.

Then enters the gold of improbability. Who defends her in the trial of the case? Actually her own son, now twenty-four years old—the son whom she does not know, and who does not know her! The prosaic sticklers for the probabilities snort at this, of course. They are the occasional theatergoers. The habitual theatergoer instantly sits up and takes notice. There will be something doing. That is all he wants. He is so tired of the somethings that are not done.

So, in "Madame X" you get a trial scene that is most poignantly interesting. The woman declines to reveal her identity. She is scheduled as Madame X. Her boy tries the case, not knowing that it is his own mother who is in the dock, and by an eloquent address to the jury, in which he imagines many of the things that have really happened, he secures her acquittal. Later, of course, the whole truth becomes known, and with her boy at her feet the woman dies, happy for the first time in years.

The rôle was magnificently played by Miss Dorothy Donnelly. It was a piece of acting that was unforgettable. Had Miss Don-

nelly come to us as the very latest fad in "crowned head" favorites the song of the sycophants would have swelled to the heavens. But she didn't. She came to us merely as a very hard-working actress who, for a dozen years, had been skirmishing in the drama—an actress who was schooled in the now defunct Murray Hill stock company. So while everybody said she was splendid, nobody was dazzlingly astonished. Except perhaps myself. I am always astounded at magnificent acting. It is such an amazing thing. I know that it can be, but I am spell-bound when I get it. I am an habitual theatergoer, but my enthusiasm for fine acting reaches heights that are absolutely unknown and even incomprehensible to the occasional theatergoer. I shall never forget Dorothy Donnelly in the ether-tipping scene of "Madame X's" second act, or in the trial scene of the last act, when she sat, a mere figure of indescribable anguish, a battered feminine derelict, with the maternal sense awakening.

William Elliott played the showy rôle of the son-lawyer. He played it beautifully, but it was a part that helped to make itself, and I couldn't grow enthusiastic on that score. Many did. All the parts were well played, as the habitual theatergoers realized. In fact,

Two Kinds of Theatergoers

"Madame X" was their picnic. They had sampled the fifty-seven varieties, and this was the fifty-eighth! It got right into the crevices of their appreciation.

Another excellent melodrama was "Alias Jimmy Valentine," by Paul Armstrong, suggested by O. Henry's short story, "A Retrieved Reformation." This was a play dealing with a criminal, upon whom melodrama usually fastens itself. Many people will declare that "Alias Jimmy Valentine" was better than "Madame X" because it was not so improper. A man who steals and cracks safes is not improper. A man who runs away with another fellow's wife is! Immorality is popularly supposed to deal only with sexual matters. The man who picks your pocket, and rifles your home, is not immoral

at all. He is just bad! It is a delightful distinction.

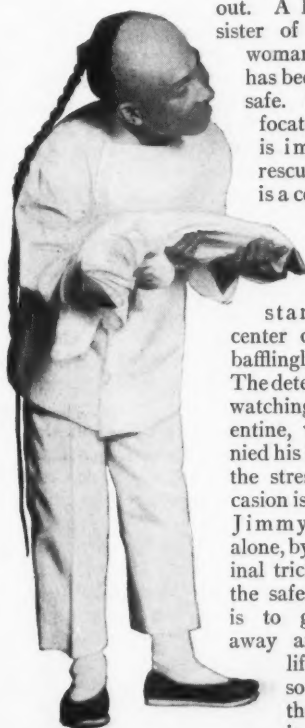
So "Alias Jimmy Valentine" was quite moral, because its hero was a criminal who loved a beautiful girl in a perfectly legitimate way and was anxious to marry her. If he hadn't been anxious to marry her he would have been immoral. The play showed his reformation, but not in the maudlin manner that the stage usually adopts in such matters. It portrayed the obstacles that always confront the sinner when he is trying to "live straight." This hero gave up all his bad associates, accepted an important position in a bank, and became almost alarmingly respectable, but there was his nemesis always in sight. This was a detective, who wanted him for an early crime, and who refused to let him go.

Two of the acts in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" were very big. In one of them the man confronted his nemesis, and lied himself out of his dilemma. This was a clever and an engrossing scene, in which the wily detective was made to doubt the evidence of his own senses and driven



WILLIAM COLLIER AND ELIZABETH JOHNSTON IN "A LUCKY STAR," "A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS AND A HALF"

into a corner. The last act of all was even better, and so exquisitely improbable that only a man with a wealth of imagination



T. TAMAMOTO AS THE COOK IN
"THE INFERIOR SEX"

could have thought it out. A little girl, the sister of the young woman he loves, has been locked in a safe. She will suffocate. Unless she is immediately rescued her death is a certainty. No-

body can open the safe. There it stands in the center of the stage, bafflingly locked. The detective is there, watching Jimmy Valentine, who has denied his identity. But the stress of the occasion is tremendous. Jimmy Valentine alone, by his old criminal tricks, can open the safe. To do so is to give himself away and ruin his life. Not to do so is to leave the little girl inside the safe, to die a horrible death. Will he open it? Of

course you know that he will. And soon you see that he does. It is an exciting scene, full of movement and energy and agony. You are "all wrought up." You know, for a certainty, that he will open it, and that all will be well, but the situation works upon you. There is extreme suspense, and when the happy ending occurs—as of course it does, though its arrival is dramatically delayed—you are delighted, you are happy, you thank your lucky stars that you can appreciate a play that is so fantastically improbable.

"Alias Jimmy Valentine" also had a fine piece of acting to offer. Mr. H. B. Warner, as the hero, covered himself with glory. He was febrile, dramatic, and artistic. His demeanor as the criminal at the beginning of the

play was admirably contrasted with his manner at its close. It was a clever piece of acting, and Mr. Warner won easily.

He will be an actor for the future to reckon with. Miss Laurette Taylor, one of the most charming young women on the stage today, did some delicious work. She is a fascinating person, with the art of suggesting surprised girlhood in an unusual way. Frank Monroe, as the detective, was also excellent.

In fact, "Alias Jimmy Valentine" was one of the really

good things (which were few) of the season.

It is when one gets to a play like "Mid-Channel," by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, that the habitual theatergoer grows peevish, and asks for the whys and the wherefores, and then grows even more peevish when they are not forthcoming. Pinero's name, of course, carries weight, and for goodness' sake don't say, "What's in a name?" Managers believe there is a whole lot in it. They look upon it as a trade-mark, but you often get a bad pot of jam with a good label, and you often get a bad play from a good playwright. And this is exactly the case with "Mid-Channel," which, without its label, would be impossible. The heroine is a stupid creature of seven and thirty, married to a fat gentleman of two and forty. They are "on each other's nerves."



MAXINE ELLIOTT AS EVE ADDISON IN "THE INFERIOR SEX"

Two Kinds of Theatergoers

And well they might be! They are both so disagreeable, and so unsympathetic, that at the very start you wonder how on earth you are going to sit them through. But they are very "good form," as all Pinero's people are, and they are supposed to be pictures of the "smart set" in whom we are supposed to be inordinately interested. I don't know why, but we are. They resolve to separate—the dear things! As though it mattered!

He takes an apartment with quite a naughty feminine person, and we are edified by their quarrels. She "goes wrong" in Italy, with a dreary youth, and we are edified by *their* quarrels. They talk, of course, about love. They analyze it, discuss it, thrash it out, and tear it to pieces until they are all on *your* nerves. Why he loved, and why she loved, and why the other loved, and why he didn't love, and why she didn't love, and why the other didn't love—so it went, on and on! In the end she forgave him his sin, and wanted him back, but he couldn't forgive her hers. The usual "one law for man and another for woman" business. So the poor peevish matron went out on a high balcony and threw herself to death. And you wondered why she had been invented at all.

It was Ethel Barrymore who played this unsympathetic character—this wife who had made a compact with her husband to have "no brats in the house." Miss Barrymore got a great reception because, thanks to the newspapers, everybody knew that in real life she had a "brat" in her own house. And then, in this warmth of domesticity, to go and play such a part! It did seem too bad—particularly as the play was so trying. Miss Barrymore acted with skill, but she seemed determined to hide her charm of manner under a playwright's bushel. It is a great pity. "Mid-Channel" is for no actress, but it is even more assuredly not for Ethel Barrymore.

Maxine Elliott, after various ineffectual efforts to please us, at last succeeded, in a delightful little comedy called "The Inferior Sex," by Frank Ståyton. She played the part of a woman who was picked up at sea by a yacht whose owner was a misogynist. There she was, cast into daily communication with a man who hated her whole sex. You can quite see the possibilities of the rôle. It was one especially adapted to an actress of charm. How she gradually disarmed the misguided yacht-owner, who began by hating and ended by loving her, was a task for which the femi-

nine subtleties of Maxine Elliott were made. She has rarely done anything more charming. Only a fool will belittle such an achievement. Miss Elliott got the witching graces of her own personality over the footlights and right into the audience. To do that, a school of experience is necessary. It seems easy; it isn't. The pleasure that "The Inferior Sex" provided was all due to the fact that it seemed easy. May we have many more plays of such dainty and artistic caliber!

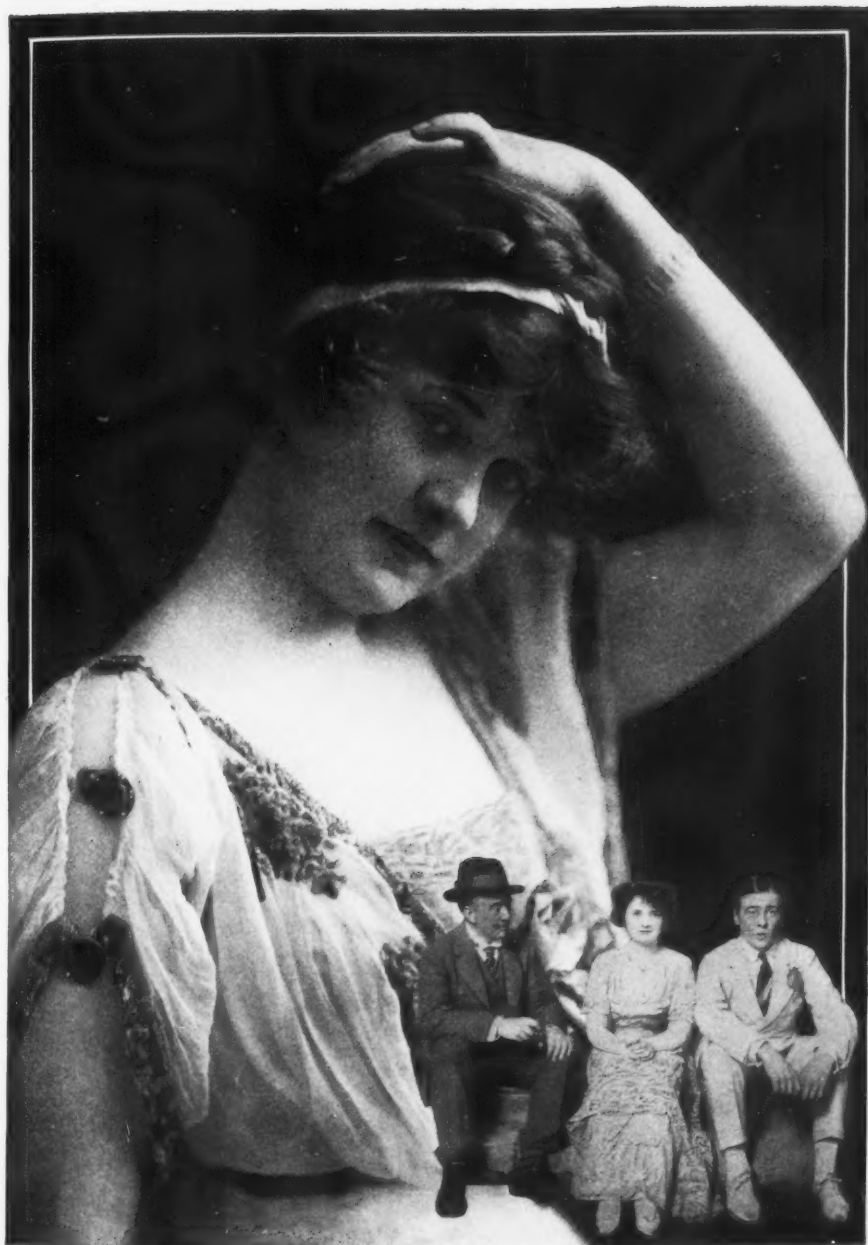
Little Billie Burke (she isn't really little, but it sounds nice) tried

to do in "Mrs. Dot" what Marie Tempest did. Of course she couldn't. Nobody could. But she played a pretty little widow, in this most inconsequential of plays, very attractively indeed. She is a nice girl, much too nice to be a widow or a Marie Tempest "left-off." But new garments are not to be had for the asking.

Willie Collier is again the funniest thing on the stage, in "A Lucky Star," which is "The Motor Chaperon" dramatized; Mary Mannering has redeemed herself in a good play by Rachel Crothers, called "A Man's World"; and Charlotte Walker, in a new play by her own lawfully wedded husband, Eugene Walter, has proved that good dramatic "fits" are not necessarily made at home. "Just a Wife" proves that, if it proves nothing else.



CHARLOTTE WALKER IN "JUST A WIFE,"
BY EUGENE WALTER



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BILLIE BURKE, WHO PLAYS THE TITLE ROLE IN "MRS. DOT." BY W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM,
AND SCENE WITH FRED KERR AND BASIL HALLAM



MAXINE ELLIOTT AND SCENE WITH ARTHUR BYRON IN THE THREE-ACT COMEDY,
"THE INFERIOR SEX"



DOROTHY DONNELLY AND SCENE FROM "MADAME X." IN WHICH SHE
PLAYS THE TITLE PART



VALESKA SURATT, IN VAUDEVILLE, AND SCENE FROM
"THE BELLE OF THE BOULEVARD"



JULIA SANDERSON AND SCENE WITH PERCIVAL KNIGHT
IN "THE ARCADIANS"

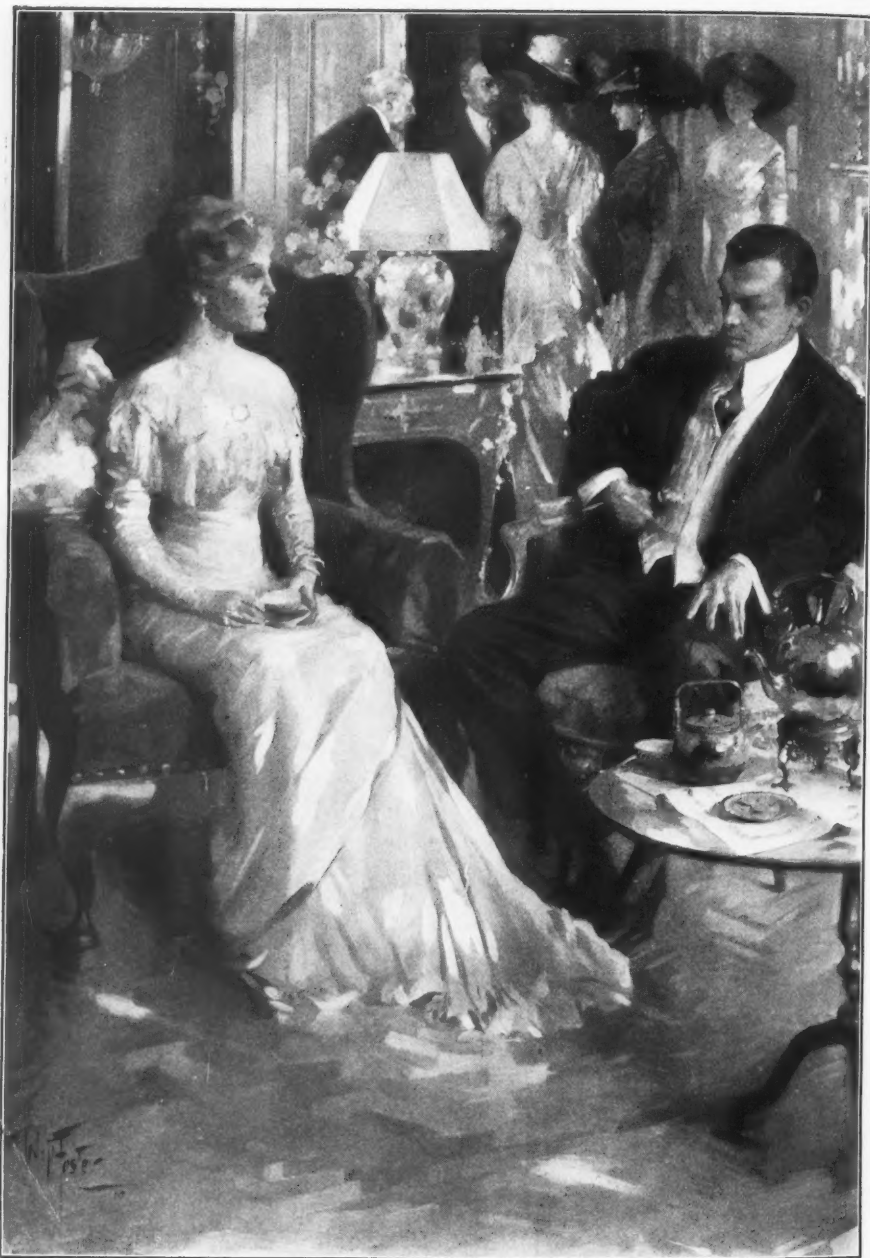
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LAURETTE TAYLOR, AND HAROLD HARTSELL AND H. B. WARNER IN A SCENE FROM
"ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE"



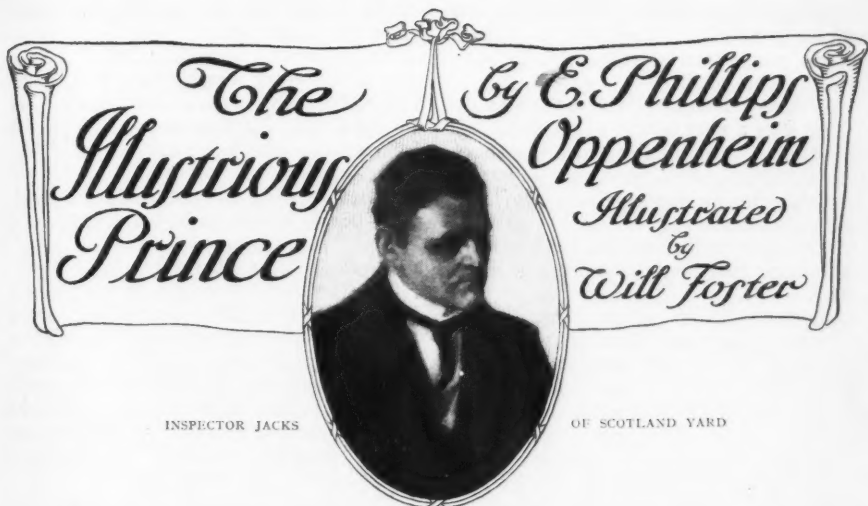
MARY MANNERING AND SCENE WITH JOHN SAINPOLIS IN "A MAN'S WORLD,"
BY RACHEL CROTHERS



Drawn by Will Foster

LADY GRACE DREW A LITTLE SIGH. "SO YOU ARE GOING BACK, PRINCE," SHE SAID SOFTLY.
"MANY PEOPLE SEEM TO HAVE TAKEN IT FOR GRANTED THAT YOU WOULD
SETTLE DOWN HERE. EVEN I HAD BEGUN TO HOPE SO"

("The Illustrious Prince")



SYNOPSIS: Two Americans—Hamilton Fynes, traveling to London in a special train, and "Dicky" Vanderpole, secretary to the American ambassador there—are murdered within a period of twenty-four hours and without apparent motive. Scotland Yard can find no clue, and its inspector, a Mr. Jacks, is baffled in all his questionings by Miss Penelope Morse, an American girl who had known Fynes, and by Mr. Coulson, a fellow passenger from New York with him. Penelope, however, following the murder of Fynes, intimates to Vanderpole that the former had been a despatch-bearer for his government. The same evening, while carrying a letter from Mr. Coulson to his chief, Dicky himself is murdered. This complicates the case for the detective, and among those informed leads to surmises as to who could be interested in the despatches. Suspicion soon fastens upon a Japanese prince who is in London as a special representative of his government, and the American ambassador commissions Penelope to find out whether he got them. The prince, a favorite in society, is already well known to Penelope, but he calmly outwits her at every attempt to gain an admission from him. Finally, however, she finds tangible evidence that leads her to tell the ambassador that she believes the prince or somebody connected with his household committed both murders.

The British government soon becomes interested in unraveling the mystery and offers a large reward for that purpose. Inspector Jacks works assiduously but to little apparent purpose, though it is evident that he strongly suspects the prince, who remains imperturbable, courteous, interested in the murders with no more than the Oriental's ordinary interest in death. He is about to return to Japan; society sighs and urges him to stay, but Inspector Jacks follows the closer on his clues.

XXIV

THE PRINCE OFFERS A BRIBE

INSPECTOR JACKS was in luck at last. Eleven times he had called at St. Thomas's Hospital and received the same reply. To-day he was asked to wait. The patient was better—would be able to see him. Soon a nurse in neat uniform came quietly down the corridor and took charge of him.

"Ten minutes, no more," she insisted good-humoredly.

The inspector nodded. "One question, if you please, nurse," he said. "Is the man going to live?"

"Not a doubt about it," she declared. "Why?"

"A matter of depositions," the inspector explained. "I'd rather let it go, though, if he's sure to recover."

"It's a simple case," she answered, "and his constitution is excellent. There isn't the least need for you to think about depositions. Here he is. Don't talk too long."

The inspector sat down by the bedside. The patient, a young man, welcomed him a little shyly.

"You have come to ask me about what I saw in Pall Mall and opposite the Hyde Park Hotel?" he said, speaking slowly, and in a voice scarcely raised above a whisper. "I told them all before the operation, but they couldn't send for you then. There wasn't time."

The Illustrious Prince

The inspector nodded. "Tell me in your own way," he said. "Don't hurry. We can get the particulars later on. Glad you're going to be mended."

"It was touch and go," the young man declared, with a note of awe in his tone. "If the omnibus wheel had turned a foot more, I should have lost both my legs. It was all through watching that chap hop out of the taxicab, too."

The inspector inclined his head gravely. "You saw him get in, didn't you?" he asked.

"That's so," the patient admitted. "I was on my way from Charing-Cross to the Kensington Palace Hotel on a bicycle. There was a block—corner of Pall Mall and Haymarket. I caught hold—taxi in front—to steady me."

The nurse bent over him with a glass in her hand. She raised him a little with the other arm. "Not too much of this, you know, young man," she said, with a pleasant smile. "Here's something to make you strong."

"Right-o!" He drained the contents of the glass and smacked his lips. "Jolly good stuff," he declared. "Where was I, Mr. Inspector?"

"Holding the back of a taxicab, corner of Pall Mall and Haymarket," Inspector Jacks reminded him.

"There was an electric brougham," the patient continued, "drawn up alongside the taxi. While we were there waiting, I saw a chap get out, speak to some one through the window of the taxi, open the door, and step in. When we moved on, he stayed in the taxi. Dark, slim chap he was, a regular howling swell—silk hat, white muffler, white kid gloves, all the rest of it."

"And afterward?" the inspector asked.

"I kept behind the taxi," the youth continued. "We got blocked again at Hyde Park Corner. I saw him step out of the taxi and disappear among the vehicles. A moment or two later I passed the taxi and looked in—saw something had happened—the fellow was lying sideways. It gave me a bit of a start. I skidded, and over I went. Sort of had an idea that everyone in the world had started shouting at me, and felt that I was half underneath an omnibus. Woke up to find myself here."

"Would you know the man again?" the inspector asked—"I mean the man whom you saw enter and leave the taxi?"

"I think so—pretty sure!" he replied.

The nurse came up, shaking her head. Inspector Jacks rose.

"Right, nurse," he said. "I'm off. Take care of our young friend. He is going to be very useful to us as soon as he can use his feet and get about. I'll come and sit with you for half an hour next visiting day, if I may?" he added, turning to the patient.

"Glad to see you," the youth answered. "My people live down in the country, and I haven't many pals."

Inspector Jacks left the hospital thoughtfully. The smell of anesthetics somehow reminded him of the library in the house at the corner of St. James's Square. It was not altogether by chance, perhaps, that he found himself walking in that direction. He was in Pall Mall, in fact, before he realized where he was, and at the corner of St. James's Square and Pall Mall he came face to face with Prince Maiyo, walking slowly westward.

The meeting between the two men was a characteristic one. The inspector suffered no signs of surprise or even interest to creep into his expressionless face. The prince, on the other hand, did not attempt to conceal his pleasure at this unexpected encounter. His lips parted in a delightful smile. He ignored the inspector's somewhat stiff salute, and insisted upon shaking him cordially by the hand.

"Mr. Inspector Jacks," he said, "you are the one person whom I desired to see. You are not busy, I hope? You can talk with me for five minutes?"

The inspector hesitated for a moment. He was versed in every form of duplicity, and yet he felt that in the presence of this young aristocrat who was smiling upon him so delightfully he was little more than a babe in wisdom, an amateur pure and simple. He was conscious, too, of a sentiment which rarely intruded itself into his affairs. He was conscious of a strong liking for this debonair, pleasant-faced young man, who treated him not only as an equal, but as an equal in whose society he found an especial pleasure.

"I have the time to spare, sir, certainly," he admitted.

The prince smiled gaily. "Inspector Jacks," he said, "you are a wonderful man. Even now you are asking yourself: 'What does he want to say to me—Prince Maiyo? Is he going to ask me questions, or will he tell me things which I should like to hear?' You know, Mr. Inspector Jacks, between ourselves, you are just a little interested in me, is it not so?"

The detective was dumb. He stood there patiently waiting. He had the air of a man who declines to commit himself.

"Just a little interested in me, I think," the prince murmured, smiling at his companion. "Ah, well, many of the things I do over here, perhaps, must seem very strange. And that reminds me. Only a short time ago you were asking questions about the man who traveled from Liverpool to London and reached his destination with a dagger through his heart. Tell me, Mr. Inspector Jacks, have you discovered the murderer yet?"

"Not yet," the detective answered.

"I have heard you speak of this affair," the prince continued, "and before now I expected to read in the papers that you had put your hand upon the guilty one. If you have not done so, I am very sure that there is some explanation."

"It is better, sometimes, to wait," the detective said quietly.

The prince bowed as one who understands. "I think so," he assented. "I think I follow you. On the very next day there was another tragedy, which seemed to me even more terrible. I mean the murder of that young fellow Vanderpole, of the American embassy. Mr. Inspector Jacks, has it ever occurred to you, I wonder, that it might be as well to let the solution of one await the solution of the other?"

Inspector Jacks shrugged his shoulders. "Occasionally," he admitted reluctantly, "when one is following up a clue, one discovers things."

"You are wonderful!" the prince declared.

"You are, indeed! I know what is in your mind. You have said to yourself: 'Between these two murders there is some connection. They were both done by the hand of a master criminal. The victims, in both cases, were Americans.' You said to yourself, 'First of all, I will discover the motive; then, perhaps, a clue which seems to belong to the one will lead me to the other, or both.' You are not sure which way to turn. There is nothing there upon which you can lay your hand. You say to yourself, 'I will make a bluff.' That is the word, is it not? You come to me. You tell me gravely that you have reason to suspect some one in my household. That is because you believe that the crimes were perpetrated by some one of my country. You do not ask for information. You think, perhaps, that I would not give it. You confront me with a statement. It was very clever of you, Mr. Inspector Jacks."

"I had reason for what I did, sir," the detective said.

"No doubt," the prince agreed. "And now, tell me, when are you going to electrify us all? When is the great arrest to take place?"

The detective coughed discreetly. "I am not yet in a position, sir," he said, "to make any definite announcement."

"Cautious, Mr. Jacks, cautious!" the prince remarked smilingly. "It is a great quality—a quality which I, too, have learned how to appreciate. And now for our five minutes' talk. If I say to you, 'Return home with me,' I think you will remember that unpleasant room of mine, and you will recollect an important engagement at Scotland Yard. In the clubs, one is always overheard. Walk with me a little way, Mr. Jacks, in St. James's Park. We can speak there without fear of interruption. Come!"

He thrust his arm through the detective's and led him across the street. Mr. Inspector Jacks was only human, and he yielded without protest. They passed St. James's Palace and on to the broad promenade, where there were few passers-by and no listeners.

"You see, my dear Inspector," the prince said, "I am really a sojourner in your marvelous city not altogether for pleasure. My stay over here is more in the light of a mission. I have certain arrangements which I wish to effect for the good of my country. Among them is one concerning which I should like to speak to you."

"To me, sir?" Inspector Jacks asked.

The prince twirled his cane. "It is a very important matter, Mr. Jacks," he said. "It is nothing less than a desire on the part of the city government of Tokio to perfect their police system on the model of yours over here. We are a progressive nation, you know, Mr. Jacks, but we are also a young nation, and though I think we are advancing all the time, we are still, in many respects, a long way behind you. We have no Scotland Yard in Tokio. To be frank with you, the necessity for such an institution has only become a real thing with us during the last few years. Do you read history, Mr. Jacks?"

The inspector was doubtful. "I can't say, sir," he admitted, "that I have done much reading since I left school, and that was many years ago."

"Well," the prince said, "it is one of the axioms of history, Mr. Jacks, that as a country becomes civilized, and, consequently, more

prosperous, there is a corresponding growth in her criminal classes, a corresponding need for a different state of laws by which to judge them, a different machinery for checking their growth. We have arrived at that position in Japan, and in my latest despatches from home comes to me a request that I send them out a man who shall reorganize our entire police system. I am a judge of character, Mr. Jacks, and if I can get the man I want, I do not need to ask my friends at Downing Street to help me. I should like you to accept that post."

The inspector was scarcely prepared for this. He allowed himself to show some surprise. "I am very much obliged to you, Prince, for the offer," he said. "I am afraid, however, that I should not be competent."

"That," the prince reminded him, "is a risk which we are willing to take."

"I do not think, either," the detective continued, "that at my time of life I should care to go so far from home to settle down in an altogether strange country."

"It must be as you will, of course," the prince declared. "Only remember, Mr. Jacks, that a great nation like mine, if it wants a particular man for a particular purpose, is not afraid to pay for him. Your work out there would certainly take you no more than three years. For that three years' work you would receive the sum of thirty thousand pounds."

The detective gasped. "It is a great sum," he said.

The prince shrugged his shoulders. "You could hardly call it that," he said. "Still, it would enable you to live in comfort for the rest of your life."

"And when should I be required to start, sir?" the inspector asked.

"That, perhaps," the prince replied, "would seem the hardest part of all. You would be required to start to-morrow afternoon at four o'clock from Southampton."

The inspector started. Then a new light dawned suddenly in his face. "To-morrow afternoon," he murmured.

The prince assented. "So far as regards your position at Scotland Yard," he said, "I have influential friends in your government who will put that right for you. You need not be afraid of any unpleasantness in that direction. Remember, Mr. Inspector, thirty thousand pounds, and a free hand while you are in my country. You are a man, I should judge, of fifty-two or fifty-three years of age.

You can spend your fifty-sixth birthday in England, then, and be a man of means for the remainder of your days."

"And this sum of money," the detective said, "is for my services in building up the police force of Tokio?"

"Broadly speaking, yes," the prince answered.

"And, incidentally," the detective continued, glancing cautiously at his companion, "it is the price of my leaving undetected the murderer of two innocent men!"

The prince walked on in silence. Every line in his face seemed slowly to have hardened. His brows had contracted. He was looking steadfastly forward at the great front of Buckingham Palace. "I am disappointed in you, Mr. Jacks," he said, a little stiffly. "I do not understand your allusion. The money I have mentioned is to be paid to you for certain well-defined services. The other matter you speak of does not interest me. It is no concern of mine whether this man of whom you are in search is brought to justice or not. All that I wish to hear from you is whether or no you accept my offer."

The inspector shook his head. "Prince," he said, "there can be no question about that. I thank you very much for it, but I must decline."

"Your mind is quite made up?" the prince asked regretfully.

"Quite," the inspector said firmly.

"Japan," the prince said thoughtfully, "is a pleasant country."

"London suits me moderately well," Inspector Jacks declared.

"Under certain conditions," the prince continued, "I should have imagined that the climate here might prove most unhealthy for you. You must remember that I was a witness of your slight indisposition the other day."

"In my profession, sir," the detective said, "we must take our risks."

The prince came to a standstill. They were at the parting of the ways. "I am sorry," he said simply. "It was a great post, and it was one which you would have filled well. It is not for me, however, to press the matter."

"It would make no difference, sir," the detective answered.

The prince was on the point of moving away. "I shall not seek, in any case, to persuade you," he said. "My offer remains open if you should change your mind. Good-day, Mr. Jacks!"

The prince turned toward Buckingham Palace, and the inspector slowly retraced his steps.

"It is a bribe!" he muttered to himself slowly, "a cleverly offered bribe! Thirty thousand pounds to forget the little I have learned! Thirty thousand pounds for silence!"

XXV

A PHYSICIAN TO THE PRINCE

THERE were some days when the absence of patients seemed to Dr. Spencer Whiles almost insupportable. Too late, he began to realize that he had set up in the wrong neighborhood. In years to come, he reflected gloomily, when the great building estate which was to have been developed more than a year ago was really opened up, there might be an opportunity where he was, a very excellent opportunity, too, for a young doctor of ability. Just now, however, the outlook was almost hopeless. He found himself, even, looking eagerly forward every day for another visit from Mr. Inspector Jacks. Another trip to town would mean a peep into the world of luxury, whose doors were so closely barred against him, and, what was more important still, it would mean a fee which would keep the wolf from the door for another week. It had come to that with Dr. Whiles. His little stock of savings was exhausted. Unless something turned up within the course of the next few weeks he knew very well that there was nothing left for him to do but to slip away quietly into the embrace of the more shady parts of the great city, to find a situation somewhere, somehow, beyond the ken of the disappointed creditors whom he should leave behind.

Mr. Inspector Jacks, however, had apparently no further use for his medical friend. On the other hand, Dr. Whiles was not left wholly to himself. On the fourth day after his visit to London, a motor-car drew up outside his modest surgery door, and with an excitement which he found it almost impossible to conceal he saw a plainly dressed young man, evidently a foreigner and, he believed, a Japanese, descend and ring the patients' bell. The doctor had dismissed his boy a week ago, from sheer inability to pay his modest wages, and he did not hesitate for a moment about opening the door himself. The man outside raised his hat and made him a sweeping bow.

"It is Dr. Spencer Whiles?" he asked.

The doctor admitted the fact and invited his visitor to enter.

"It is here, was it not," the latter continued, "that a gentleman who was riding a bicycle and was run into by a motor-car was brought after the accident and treated so skilfully?"

"That is so," Dr. Whiles admitted. "There was nothing much the matter with him, though he had rather a narrow escape."

"I am that gentleman's servant," the visitor continued, with a bland smile. "He has sent me down here to see you. The leg which was injured is perfectly well, but there was a pain in the side, of which he spoke to you, which has not disappeared. This morning, in fact, it is worse, much worse. My master, therefore, has sent me to you. He begs that if it is not inconvenient you will return with me at once and examine him."

The doctor drew a little breath. This might mean another week or so of respite! "Where does your master live?" he asked.

"In the West End of London, sir," was the reply. "The Square of St. James, it is called."

Dr. Whiles glanced at his watch. "It will take me some time to go there with you," he said, "and I shall have to arrange with a friend to treat my other patients. Do you think your master will understand that I shall need an increased fee?"

"My master desired me to say," the other answered, "that he would be prepared to pay any fee you cared to mention. Money is not of account with him. He has not had occasion to seek medical advice in London, and as he is leaving very soon, he did not wish to send for a strange physician. He remembered, with gratitude, your care of him, and he sends for you."

"That's all right," Dr. Whiles declared, "so long as it's understood. You'll excuse me, for a moment, while I write a note, and I'll come along."

Dr. Whiles had no note to write, but he made a few changes in his toilet which somewhat improved his appearance. In due course he reappeared, and was rapidly whirled up to London, the sole passenger in the magnificent car. The man who had brought him the message from his quondam patient was sitting in front, next the chauffeur, so Dr. Whiles had no opportunity of asking him for any information concerning his master. Nor did the car itself slacken speed until

it drew up before the door of the large corner house in St. James's Square. A footman in dark livery came running out; a butler bowed upon the steps. Dr. Spencer Whiles was immensely impressed. The servants were all Japanese, but their livery and manners were faultless. He made his way into the hall and followed the butler up the broad stairs.

"My master," the latter explained, "will receive you very shortly. He is but partly dressed, at present."

Dr. Spencer Whiles came of a family of successful trades people, and he was not used to such quiet magnificence as was everywhere displayed. Yet, with it all, there seemed to him to be an air of gloom about the place, something almost mysterious in the silence of the thick carpets, the subdued voices, and the absence of maid servants. The house itself was, apparently, an old one. He noticed that the doors were very heavy and thick, the corridors roomy, the absence of light almost remarkable. The apartment into which he was shown, however, came as a pleasant surprise. It was small, but delightfully furnished in the most modern fashion. Its only drawback was that it looked out upon a blank wall.

"My master will come to you in a few minutes," the butler announced. "What refreshments may I have the honor of serving?"

Dr. Whiles waved aside the invitation; he would, at any rate, remain professional. The man withdrew, and almost immediately Prince Maiyo entered the room. The doctor rose to his feet with a little thrill of excitement. The prince held out his hand.

"I am very pleased to see you again, Doctor," he said. "You looked after me so well last time that I was afraid I should have no excuse for sending for you."

"I am glad to find that you are not suffering," the doctor answered. "I understood from your servant that you were feeling a good deal of pain in the side."

"It troubles me at times," the prince admitted, drawing a chair up toward his visitor—"just sufficiently, perhaps, to give me the excuse of seeking a little conversation with you. You must let me offer you something after your ride."

"You are very good," the doctor answered. "Perhaps I had better examine you first."

The prince rang the bell and waved aside the suggestion. "That," he said, "can wait. In my country, you know, we do not consider

that a guest is properly treated unless he partakes of our hospitality the moment he crosses the threshold. The whiskey and soda-water," he ordered of the butler who appeared at the door. "We will talk of my ailments," the prince continued, "in a moment or two. Tell me what you thought of that marvelous restaurant where I saw you the other morning."

The doctor drew a little breath. "It was you, then!" he exclaimed.

"But naturally," the prince murmured, "I took it for granted that you would recognize me."

The doctor found some difficulty in proceeding. He was trying to imagine the cousin of an emperor riding a bicycle along a country road, staggering into his surgery at midnight, covered with dust, inarticulate, pointing only to the wounds beneath his cheap clothes!

"Nothing," the prince continued easily, "has impressed me more in your country than the splendor of your restaurants. You see, that side of your life represents something of which we are altogether ignorant in Japan."

"It is a very wonderful place," the doctor admitted. "We had luncheon, my friend and I, in the grill room, but we came for a few minutes into the foyer to watch the people from the restaurant."

The prince nodded genially. "By the bye," he remarked, "it is strange that my very good friend—Mr. Inspector Jacks—should also be a friend of yours."

"He is scarcely that," the doctor objected. "I have known him for a very short time."

The prince raised his eyebrows. How curiously deficient these Westerners were in every instinct of duplicity! As clearly as possible the doctor had revealed the fact that his acquaintance with Inspector Jacks was of precisely that nature which might have been expected.

The prince sighed. There was but one course open to him. "Now, Dr. Whiles," he said, "I will tell you something. You must listen to me very carefully, please. I sent for you not so much on account of any immediate pain, but because my general health has been giving me a little trouble lately. I have come to the conclusion that I require the service of a medical attendant always at hand."

The doctor looked at his prospective patient skeptically. "You have not the



"I SAW A CHAP SPEAK TO SOME ONE THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE TAXI, OPEN THE DOOR, AND STEP IN," SAID THE PATIENT. "DARK, SLIM CHAP HE WAS, A REGULAR HOWLING SWELL"

appearance," he remarked, "of being in ill health."

"Perhaps not," the prince answered. "Perhaps, even, there is not, for the moment, very much the matter with me. One has humors, you know, my dear Doctor. I have a somewhat large suite here with me in England, but I do not number among them a physician. I wanted to ask you to accept that position in my household for two months."

"Do you mean come and live here?" the doctor asked.

"That is exactly what I do mean," the

prince answered. "I am thankful to observe that your apprehensions are so acute. I warn you that I am going to make some very curious conditions. I do not know whether money is an object to you. If not, I am powerless. If it is, I propose to make it worth your while."

The doctor did not hesitate. "Money," he said, "is the greatest object in life to me. I have none, and I want some very badly."

The prince smiled. "I find your candor delightful," he declared. "Now tell me, Dr. Whiles, how many patients have you in your

neighborhood, absolutely dependent upon your services?"

The doctor hesitated only a moment. "Not one!" he declared.

Once more the prince's lips parted. His smile this time was definite—transfiguring. "I find you, Dr. Whiles," he announced, "a most charmingly reasonable person. I make you my offer, then, with every confidence, although I warn you that there will be some strange conditions attached to it. I ask you to accept the post of private physician to this household for the space of one, it may be two months, and I offer you, also, as an honorarium, the fee of one thousand guineas."

The doctor sat quite still for a moment. Then, "A thousand guineas!" he repeated hoarsely.

"I trust that you will find the sum attractive," the prince said smoothly, "because, as I have warned you before, there are one or two curious conditions coupled with the post."

"I don't care what the conditions are," the doctor said slowly. "I accept!"

The prince nodded. "You are the man I thought you were, Doctor," he said. "The first condition, then, is this: you see the sitting-room we are now in—a pleasant little apartment, I think—books, you see, papers, a smoking-cabinet in which I can assure you that you will find the finest cigars and the best cigarettes to be procured in London. Through here"—the prince threw open an inner door—"is a small sleeping-apartment. It has, as you see, the same outlook. It is comfortable if not luxurious."

The doctor sighed. "I am not used to luxury," he said.

"These two rooms will be yours," the prince announced, "and the first condition of our arrangement is that until two months are up, or our engagement is finished, you do not leave them."

The doctor stared at him blankly. "Are you in earnest, sir?" he asked.

"In absolute earnest," the prince assured him. "Not only that, but I require you to keep your whereabouts, until after the period of time I have mentioned, an entire secret from everyone. I gather that you are not married, and that there is no one living in your house to whom it would seem necessary to disclose your movements. In any case, this is another of my conditions. You are neither to write nor receive any letters while here. You are to figure in the neighborhood from which you came as a man who has dis-

appeared—as a man, in short, who has found it impossible to pay his way, and who has preferred simply to slip out of his place. At the end of two months you can reappear or not, as you choose. That rests with yourself."

The doctor smiled faintly. To make some sort of disappearance had been his precise intention, but to disappear in this fashion, and make his return to the world with a thousand guineas in his pocket, had not exactly come within the scope of his imagination. It was a situation full of allurements. Nevertheless, he was bewildered.

"I am to live in these two rooms?" he demanded. "I am to let no one know where I am, to write no letters, to receive none? My duties are to be simply to treat you?"

"When required," the prince remarked dryly.

"I suppose," the doctor asked, "my friend Mr. Jacks was speaking the truth when he told me your name?"

"My name is Prince Maiyo," the prince said.

Mechanically the doctor helped himself to another whiskey and soda. "You are to be my only patient," he said thoughtfully. "May I take the liberty of feeling your pulse, Prince?"

The prince extended his hand. The doctor felt it and resumed his seat.

"There is, of course, nothing whatever the matter with you," he declared. "You are, I should say, in absolutely perfect health. You have no need of a physician."

"On the contrary," the prince protested, smiling, "I need you, Dr. Whiles, so much that I am paying you a thousand guineas—"

"To remain in these two rooms," the doctor remarked quietly.

"It is not your business to think that or to know that," the prince said. "Do you accept my offer?"

"If I should refuse?" the doctor asked.

The prince hesitated. "Do not let us suppose that," he said. "It is not a pleasant suggestion. I do not think that you mean to refuse."

"Frankly, I do not," the doctor answered. "And yet, treat it as a whim of mine, and answer my question. Supposing I should?"

"The matter would arrange itself in precisely the same way," the prince answered. "You would not leave these rooms for two months."

The doctor leaned back in his chair and

laughed shortly. "This is rather hard luck on Inspector Jacks," he said. "He paid me ten guineas, the other day, to lunch with him."

"Mr. Inspector Jacks," the prince remarked, "is scarcely in a position to bid you an adequate sum for your services."

"It appears to me," the doctor continued, "that I am kidnaped."

"An admirable word," the prince declared. "At what time do you usually lunch?"

The doctor smiled. "I am not used to motoring," he said, "or interviews of this exciting character. I lunch, as a rule, when I can get anything to eat. The present seems to me to be a most suitable hour."

The prince nodded, and rose to his feet. "I will send my servant," he said, "to take your orders. My cook is very highly esteemed here, and I can assure you that you will not be starved. Please, also, make out a list of the newspapers, magazines, and books with which you would like to be supplied. I fear that, for obvious reasons, my people would hardly be able to anticipate your wants."

"And about that examination?"

"I shall do myself the pleasure of seeing you every day," the prince answered. "There will be time enough for that."

With an amiable word of farewell the prince departed. The doctor threw himself into an easy chair. His single exclamation was laconic but forcible.

XXVI

"THE SUN RISES IN THE EAST"

NEVER did Prince Maiyo show fewer signs of his Japanese origin than when in the company of other men of his own race. Side by side with his excellency, Baron Hesho, the contrasts in feature and expression were so marked as to make it hard to believe that these two men could belong to the same nation. Baron Hesho had high cheek-bones, a yellow skin, close-cropped black hair, and wore gold-rimmed spectacles through which he beamed upon the whole world. The prince, as he lounged in his wicker chair and watched the blue smoke of his cigarette curl upward, looked more like an Italian—perhaps a Spaniard. The shape of his head was perfectly Western, perfectly and typically Romanesque. The carriage of his body must have been inherited from his mother, of whom it was said that no more graceful woman ever walked. Yet between these two men, so dif-

ferent in all externals, there was the strongest sympathy, although they met but seldom.

"So we are to lose you soon, Prince," the baron was saying.

"Very soon indeed," Prince Maiyo answered. "Next week I go down to Devenham. I understand that the Prime Minister and Sir Edward Bransome will be there. If so, that, I think, will be practically my leave-taking. There is no object in my staying over here any longer."

The baron blinked his eyes meditatively. "I have seen very little of you, Maiyo," he said, "since your last visit to the Continent. I take it that your views are unchanged?"

The prince assented. "Unchanged indeed," he answered—"unchangeable, I think I might almost say. They have been wonderful months, these last months, Baron," he continued. "I have seen some of those things which we in Japan have heard about and wondered about all our lives. I have seen the German army at maneuvers. I have talked to their officers. Where I could I have talked to the men. I have been to some of their great socialist meetings. I have heard them talk about their country and their Emperor, and what would happen to their officers if war should come. I have seen the French artillery. I have been the guest of the President. I have tried to understand the peculiar attitude which that country has always adopted toward us. I have been, unrecognized, into St. Petersburg. I have tried to understand a little the resources of that great country. I came back here in time for the great review in the Solent. I have seen the most magnificent ships and the most splendid naval discipline the world has ever known. Then I have explored the interior of this island as few of our race have explored it, not for the purpose of studying the manufactures, the trades, the immense shipbuilding industries—simply to study the people themselves."

The baron nodded gravely. "I ask no questions," he said. "It is the Emperor's desire, I know, that you go straight to him. I take it that your mind is made up—you have arrived at definite conclusions?"

"Absolutely," Prince Maiyo answered. "I shall make no great secret of them. You already, my dear Baron, know, I think, whither they lead. I shall be unpopular for a time, I suppose, and your own position may be made a little difficult. After that, things will go on pretty much the same. Of one

thing, though, I am assured: I see it as clearly as the shepherd who has lain the night upon the hillside sees the coming day. It may be twelve months, it may be two years, it may even be three, but before that time has passed the clouds will have gathered, the storm will have burst. Then, I think, Hesho, our master will be glad that we are free."

The baron agreed. "Only a few nights ago," he said, "Captain Koki and the other attachés spent an evening with me. We have charts and pieces, and with locked doors we played a war game of our own invention. It should be all over in three weeks."

Prince Maiyo laughed softly. "You are right," he said. "I have gone over the ground myself. It could be done in even less time. You should ask a few of our friends to that war game, Baron. How they would smile! Do you read the newspapers of this country?"

"Invariably," the ambassador answered.

"There is an undercurrent of feeling somewhere," the prince continued; "one of the cheaper organs is shrieking all the time a brazen warning. Patriotism, as you and I understand it, is long since dead, but if one strikes hard enough at the flint some fire may come. Hesho, how short our life is! How little we can understand! We have only the written words of those who have gone before to show us the cities and the empires that have been, to teach us the reasons why they decayed and crumbled away. We have only our own imagination to help us to look forward into the future and see the empires that shall rise, the kingdoms that shall stand, the kingdoms that shall fall. Among them all, Hesho, there is but this much of truth: it is our own dear country and our one great rival across the Pacific who, in the years to come, must fight for the supremacy of the world."

"It will be no fight, that," the ambassador answered, "no fight unless a new prophet is born to them. The money-poison is sucking the very blood from their body. The country is slowly but surely becoming honeycombed with corruption. The voices of its children are like the voices from the tower of Babel. If their strong man should arise, then the fight will be the fiercest the world has ever known. Even then the end is not doubtful. The victory will be ours. When the universe is left for them and for us, it will be our sons who shall rule. Listen, Maiyo."

"I listen," the prince answered.

Baron Hesho's voice had fallen to a whisper.

"I would speak of something else," he continued. "Soon you go to the duke's house. You will meet there the people who are in authority over this country. When you leave it, everything is finished. Tell me, is the way homeward safe for you?"

"Wonderful person!" Prince Maiyo said, smiling.

"No, I am not wonderful," the ambassador declared. "All the time I have had my fears. Why not? A month ago I sought your aid. I knew from our friends in New York that a man was on his way to England with letters which made clear, beyond a doubt, the purpose of the world-journey of the American fleet. I sent for you. We both agreed that it was an absolute necessity for us to know the contents of those letters."

"We discovered them," the prince answered. "It was well that we did."

"You discovered them," the ambassador interrupted. "I have taken no credit for it. The credit is yours. But in this land there are so many things which one may not do. The bowstring and the knife are unrecognized. Civilization has set an unwholesome value upon human life. It is the maudlin sentiment which creeps like corruption through the body of a dying country."

"I know it," the prince declared, sighing. "I know it very well indeed."

"Dear Maiyo," the ambassador asked, "how well do you know it?"

"My friend," the prince answered, "it were better for you not to ask that question."

"Here under this roof," the baron continued, "is sanctuary, but in the streets and squares beyond, it seems to me—and I have thought this over many times—it seems to me that even the person of the great prince, cousin of the Emperor, holy son of Japan, would not be safe."

Prince Maiyo shrugged his shoulders. There was gravity in his face, but it was the gravity of a man who has learned to look upon serious things with a light heart.

"I, also," he said, "have weighed this matter very carefully in my mind. What I did was well done, and if the bill is thrust into my face, I must pay. First of all, Baron, I promise you that I shall finish my work. After that, what does it matter? You and I know better than this nation of life-loving shopkeepers. A week, a year, a span of years—of what account are they to us who have sipped ever so lightly at the great cup? If we died to-morrow for the glory of our country,

should we not say to one another, you and I, that it was well?"

The baron rose to his feet and bowed. Into his voice there had crept a note almost of reverence. "Prince," he said, "almost you take me back to the one mother-country. Almost your words persuade me that the strangeness of these Western lands is a passing thing. We wonder, and as we wonder they shall crumble away. The sun rises in the East."

The prince also rose. Servants came silently forward, bearing his hat and gloves.

"Perhaps," the prince smiled, as he made his adieu.

"Perhaps," the ambassador echoed. "Who can tell?"

The prince sent away his carriage and walked homeward, every now and then greeting an acquaintance. He walked cheerfully, and with a smile upon his face. There was nothing in his appearance which could possibly have indicated to the closest observer that this was a man who had taken death by the hand. At the corner of Regent Street and Pall Mall he overtook Inspector Jacks.

"Mr. Jacks," he said, "it is pleasant to see you once more. I was afraid that I should have to leave without bidding you farewell."

The inspector started. The prince laughed to himself as he watched that gesture. Indeed, a man who showed his feelings so easily would be very much at a loss in Tokio!

"You are going away, Prince?" the inspector asked quickly. "When?"

"The exact day is not fixed," the prince replied, "but it is true that I am going home. I have finished my work, and, you see, there is nothing to keep me over here any longer. Tell me, have you had any fortune yet? I read the papers every day, hoping to see that you have cleared up those two terrible affairs."

Inspector Jacks shook his head. "Not yet, Prince," he said.

"Not yet," the prince echoed. "Dear me, that is very unfortunate!"

"I am afraid," said Inspector Jacks, "that we must seem to you very slow and very stupid. Very likely we are. And yet, in time, we generally reach our goal. Sometimes we go a long way around. Sometimes we wait almost overlong, but sooner or later we strike."

The prince nodded sympathetically. "The best of fortune to you, Mr. Jacks!" he said. "I wish you could have cleared these matters

up before I left for home. It is pure selfishness, of course, but I have always felt a great interest in your work."

"If we do not clear them up before you leave the country, Prince," the inspector answered, "I fear that we shall never clear them up at all."

The prince passed on, smiling. A conversation with Inspector Jacks always seemed to inspire him. It was a fine afternoon, and Pall Mall was crowded. In a few moments he came face to face with Somerfield, who greeted him a little gloomily.

"Sir Charles," the prince said, "I hope that I shall have the pleasure of meeting you at Devenham?"

"I am not sure," Somerfield answered. "I have been asked, but I promised some time ago to go up to Scotland. I have a third share in a river there, and the season for salmon is getting on."

"I am sorry," the prince declared. "I have no doubt, however, that Miss Morse will induce you to change your mind. I should regret your absence the more," he continued, "because this, I fear, is the last visit which I shall be paying in this country."

Somerfield was genuinely interested. "You are really going home?" he asked eagerly.

"Almost at once," the prince answered.

"Only for a time, I suppose?" Somerfield continued.

The prince shook his head. "On the contrary," he said, "I imagine that this will be a long good-by. I think I can promise you that if ever I reach Japan I shall remain there. My work in this hemisphere will be accomplished."

Somerfield looked at him with the puzzled air of a man who is face to face with a problem which he cannot solve. "You'll forgive my putting it so plainly, Prince," he remarked, "but do you mean to say that after having lived over here you could possibly settle down again in Japan?"

The prince returned, for a moment, his companion's perplexed gaze. Then his lips parted, his eyes shone. He laughed softly, gracefully, with genuine mirth. "Sir Charles," he said, "I shall not forget that question. I think that of all the Englishmen I have met you are the most English. When I think of your great country, as I often shall do, of her sons and her daughters, I promise you that to me you shall always represent the typical man of your race and fortune."

The Illustrious Prince

The prince left his companion loitering along Pall Mall, still a little puzzled. He called a taxi and drove to Devenham House. The great drawing-rooms were almost empty. Lady Grace was just saying good-by to some parting guests. She welcomed the prince with a little flush of pleasure.

"I find you alone?" he remarked.

"My mother is opening a bazaar somewhere," Lady Grace said. "She will be home very soon. Do let me give you some tea."

"It is my excuse for coming," the prince admitted.

She called back the footman who had shown him in. "China tea, very weak, in a china teapot, with lemon and no sugar. Isn't that it?" she asked, smiling.

"Lady Grace," he declared, "you spoil me. Perhaps it is because I am going away. Everyone is kind to the people who go away."

She looked at him anxiously. "Going away!" she exclaimed. "When? Do you mean back to Japan?"

"Back to my own country," he answered. "Perhaps in two weeks, perhaps three—who can tell?"

"But you are coming to Devenham first?" she asked eagerly.

"I am coming to Devenham first," he assented. "I called this afternoon to let your father know the date on which I could come. I promised that he should hear from me to-day. He was good enough to say either Thursday or Friday. Thursday, I find, will suit me admirably."

She drew a little sigh. "So you are going back," she said softly. "I wonder why so many people seem to have taken it for granted that you would settle down here? Even I had begun to hope so."

He smiled. "Lady Grace," he said, "I am not what you call a cosmopolitan. To live over here in any of these Western countries would seem to denote that one may change one's dwelling-place as easily as one changes one's clothes. The farther east you go, the more reluctant one is, I think, to leave the shadow of one's own trees. The man who leaves my country leaves it to go into exile. The man who returns, returns home."

She was a little perplexed. "I should have imagined," she said, "that the people who leave your country as emigrants, to settle in

America or even over here, might have felt like that. But you of the educated classes, I should have thought, would have found more over here to attract you, more to induce you to choose a new home."

He shook his head. "Lady Grace," he said, "believe me that it is not so. The traditions of our race, the call of the blood, as you put it over here, is as powerful a thing with our aristocrats as with our peasants. We find much here to wonder at and admire, much that, however unwillingly, we are forced to take back and adopt in our own country, but it is a strange atmosphere for us, this. For my countrymen there is but one real home, but one mother-land."

"Yet you have seemed so contented over here," she remarked. "You have entered so easily into all our ways."

"I came with a purpose," he said gravely. "I came in order to observe and to study certain features of your life, but, believe me, I have felt the strain—I have felt it sometimes very badly. These countries, yours especially, are like what one of your great poets called the lotus-lands for us. Much of your life here is given to pursuits which we do not understand, to sports and games, to various forms of what we should call idleness. In my country we know little of that. In one way or another, from the Emperor to the poor runner in the streets, we work."

"Is there nothing which you will regret?" she asked.

"I shall regret the friends I have made, the very dear friends who have been so very much kinder to me than I have deserved. Life is a sad pilgrimage sometimes, because one may not linger for a moment at any one spot, nor may one ever look back. But I know quite well that when I leave here there will be many whom I would gladly see again."

"There will be many, Prince," she said softly, "who will be sorry to see you go."

The prince rose to his feet. Another little stream of callers had come into the room. Presently he drank his tea and departed. When he reached St. James's Square his majordomo came hurrying up and whispered something in his own language.

The prince smiled. "I go to see him," he said. "I will go at once."



CHARLES THE GREAT

The Story of Charlemagne

by
*Charles Edward
Russell*

XII

HALCYON DAYS IN THE COURT AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY AT AACHEN



VERY remarkable play went on for years in the royal palace at Aachen, staged, one may say, under the immediate direction of the king himself. It was, in fact, an expression of two of his most notable traits, his love of learning and his democracy; for it was a school in which all the members of the court, including the king himself, were patient, industrious pupils, and it was also a kind of temple of equality where every distinction of rank was obliterated. Here the king and his cellarer sat side by side attacking together the philosophical problems of the fathers of the Church and brought for the time being to one equal station by knowledge, the great leveler, the inevitable destroyer of rank and caste. There is no more wonderful picture in history, nor one in stronger contrast with the spirit of the times, nor one that shows more clearly the essential and dominating purposes of the mind that founded and maintained the Court School of Aachen and thrust education into the brain of Europe.

Other rulers and potentates did not so; before Charles we have no record of any of his strain that had higher intellectual tastes than were expressed in a fondness for roast hare

and the exploits of a juggler that could balance three swords on end. Fat feasts, fat women, and vast draughts of wine were the typical features of court life, at great courts and small; for the merest baron that kept his nest of robbers by the highway of the Rhone or the Adige had his little imitation court and his imitation joys in fat things. The best of these lived in a way cruder, fouler, and more bestial than now the poorest peasants know—in most countries. Dirt was everywhere; even in the palaces the conveniences of life were primitive and scanty; diners fished their food from a common dish with their fingers or daggers, ate from their hands, and threw the bones and remnants on the floor. Smoke from the kitchen filled the dining-room; soap and cleanliness and gentle ways were as unknown as the rights of the common people. While the great man sat and gorged and gnawed bones and growled and filled himself from huge tankards of wine, the tricksters stood on their heads and tied themselves into knots until he slept from weariness of the labors of the trencher, or else was too drunk to keep awake. They were like children in those days, primitive, unreasoning, impulsive, sensual, gorging on all manners of bad food, satisfying their appetites at whatever cost, dying young, incapable, for the most part, of moral reflection and introspection, playing like unrestrained children at costly games, living for the hour, utterly careless about the morrow, given over to unprofitable amusements. The best of them were of this order;

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the shrewdest leaders were continually impelled by childish spleen or resentment or perversity to the most foolish acts.

Not Charles, whose mind ran a thousand years before his age, whose mental processes were broad and always deliberate and sober. He comes to his dinner simply clad and surrounded not by jugglers, but by his teachers, Alcuin and Diaconus and the learned monks that he had drawn from the cloisters of Ireland and Scotland, then and long afterward foremost in the pursuit of knowledge. He eats of a few simple dishes, usually including game of some kind, which he prefers to all other meat. He allows himself but three glasses of wine. He listens while the court reader reads Plutarch or Livy from a manuscript, and at intervals interrupts the reading to discuss with Alcuin or one of the Irish monks some point that the historian has made. When the repast is ended he rises and goes at once to an adjoining room where the court school holds its sessions, and he becomes the pupil, the friend and comrade of the other pupils. Alcuin, the king's lifelong confidant and guide, presides. He reads a passage from Vergil. Then he expounds it, considering it from various points of view as a poet, a rhetorician, a grammarian, a linguist. The pupils ask questions as he proceeds. Charles wishes to know about a point in grammar that has puzzled him; Alcuin makes it clear. He gives a kind of lecture on Latin poetry; he considers other poets; he shows wherein the art of Vergil differs from the art of Horace; he deals with the manners and the essential spirit of the Augustan age. One of the learned Irish monks takes up the thread of the subject and carries it on through all the ways of cloister-lore, quoting passages from Ovid and Horace as illustrations.

The pupils recite; also they produce the compositions on which they have been busy since the last session. Some one has a copy of verses of a heroic nature; he reads them, and the others criticize and make suggestions. Then Sir Angilbert, the knightly darling of the court, the brave soldier and brilliant scholar, the handsome and daring, about whom is always a flavor of the romantic because of his love story with the Princess Bertha—this Sir Angilbert recites passages from the Latin epic that is the labor of his life. Then Theodulf, the gray-haired Abbot of Fleury, feared in the court for his bitter tongue and his ready wit, reads some satirical verses that the Irish monks attack and others

defend. Once he amuses himself by ridiculing in a set of clever verses the fat-paunched and dull-witted soldier of his day. One of the brotherhood of arms is present when this is read. Slowly he begins to perceive that he is mocked. Upon the poet he glares with rising wrath. Unable longer to contain himself, he strikes his great head with his hand and gets him to his feet to suppress the audacious poet; but the king bends upon him a look of fierce displeasure for his interruption, and the cowed warrior slinks out of the chamber.

So go the daily sessions in the court school, where Charles leads the flock into extremely unusual regions. Many contribute their compositions in prose instead of verse, among them Einhard, who reads many excellent treatises, for he is the best prose stylist of his times. One of these Lentulus, the king's steward, is sure to discuss; Lentulus that to the unthinking about the palace has always seemed ludicrous because of his slow speech and deliberate motions. But here in the academy of Charlemagne he is highly esteemed, for he has a clear understanding and an excellent judgment.

The women have their share in the school; Princess Bertha composes verses, sings the verses of others, and is learned in antiquities; Gundrada of the court ladies, who is the most beautiful woman of her day, is famed through Europe as much for her attainments as for her beauty; Gisela, the king's sister who so narrowly escaped a wedding with Adalghis, is an able person; in her cloister she has studied much.

The sessions last several hours a day. With unflagging zeal the king pursues each subject considered. If, as often happens, there are learned strangers in Aachen (for Charles tries to attract such from all parts of Europe), it is the part of Meginfrid, the chief chamberlain, to search these out and introduce them to the sessions of the academy. They bring with them their specialties in knowledge—rhetoric, grammar, mathematics, prosody, for these are the branches of learning most esteemed in the day; or theology, whereof Charles is an insatiable student; or music, which is but new-born. Afterward Charles discusses with Alcuin, his trusty companion and counselor, what these men have said.

His fame as a friend of learning and patron of letters goes from monastery to monastery, like a bird in the desert flying from oasis to oasis. It draws to Aachen strange men from

strange places, and once at least is the means of singular good fortune for the king. One day in the market-place there appear two unknown monks described for us as Scotch monks from Ireland, who stand day after day as if they were merchants and cry aloud:

"Knowledge! Knowledge! Who will have knowledge? For we sell it."

When this is told to Charles he sends in haste for these unusual tradesmen, and when they are brought before him he asks them if it be true that they have been hawking knowledge in the market-place as one would hawk pigeons, and they say, "Yea, we have knowledge to sell to whomsoever will buy of it for the glory of God."

This answer so pleases Charles that he employs them both as teachers, and one of them becomes a chief agent of his in establishing new schools.

Into the peace of the academy Charles would allow no politics or rancor to enter. Among his guests and teachers was Paulus Diaconus, a learned Lombard historian and poet, who is said to have taught Greek to the Northern monks. Paulus had long been a dependent at the court of Didier, the banished king of the Lombards, to whom he was deeply attached. At the court of Charles he made no secret of his loyalty to his fallen

friend. At this some of the superserviceable courtiers always ready for such service ran to Charles, accusing Paulus of treason and demanding for him the penalty, which in that happy age consisted of blinding the traitor and cutting off his hands. Charles was hor-

rified at the suggestion.

"What!" he cried. "Shall I thus treat an excellent poet and historian? God forbid!"

His reverence for religion seems not to have been in any degree a matter of policy, as it was with Napoleon, but born of a deep-seated and fervent faith. Had he not been a king he would have been a great priest; he loved to preach, loved to expound the Scriptures, and dearly loved to linger over points of theological subtlety. He was deeply impressed with the wisdom



From a water-color drawing by Johannes Gehrts

A VIKING OF THE EIGHTH CENTURY. THESE FIERCE WARRIORS HARASSED CHARLEMAGNE'S COASTS AND FOR CENTURIES TOOK TOLL OF FEAR FROM EVERY COMMUNITY THAT COULD BE REACHED FROM THE SEA

of the fathers of the Church; he was reverent toward all the martyrs and heroes of the propaganda; in his own school he was the most enthusiastic and eager pupil. Once when Alcuin had been revealing to him the exceeding wisdom of some of the saints, Charles sighed and compared the state of learning in his own country, which he knew to be, in spite of all his efforts and interest, merely rudimentary and barbarous, with the condition at which he aimed.

"Alas!" he said, "had I in all my kingdom

twelve such learned ministers of the gospel as were Hieronymus and Augustine!"

"What!" said Alcuin. "The Creator of heaven and earth had only two of that kind, and will you have twelve?"

He was nearing middle life when in his academy at Aachen he learned the elements of arithmetic, a fact from which may be gathered the actual state of education in his day, since he was accounted a cultured person. He pursued with energy the study of dialectics and of astronomy, philosophy, and rhetoric. His efforts to master the art of the professional penman seem pathetic. He earnestly desired to leave to posterity books copied with his own hand; therefore he was wont to carry with him at all times and wherever he went his tablet, pen, and inkhorn, putting them under his pillow at night that he might practise in his hours of wakefulness, which were many. But he was never able to make of himself a good copyist.

From his academy he labored to spread the love of learning throughout his kingdom, sending learned men from city to city to establish centers of thought like that at Aachen. He seldom allowed even war to interfere with his own regularly prosecuted studies. When he went upon the march his reader, his books, and even the greater part of the academy went with him, and he continued to contemplate the works of the holy fathers while he advanced toward savage hosts or led his troops through Alpine passes. All this was perfectly consistent with his character, for his industry, patience, and persistence were amazing always. He formed his purposes, but slowly; when they were once settled upon he allowed nothing in the world to divert him from his object. The physical empire he created was of but few days; the foundations of popular education that he laid were imperishable. Long after his death the records continued to enroll the deeds of men that had been trained at the schools for boys that Charlemagne had founded and with anxious care had supervised and directed; and these men in turn spread about Europe a steadily increasing purpose to add to the number of such beneficent institutions.

XIII

THE MEDIEVAL CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY AND HOW HIS HAND WAS STAYED

THE dominions that Charles had inherited he had now more than quadrupled; he was

already the head of one of the greatest empires that had ever acknowledged a single ruler; from the north shore of the Adriatic, southern Italy, the Mediterranean, the river Ebro in Spain, to the North Sea and the edge of the Baltic, all was Frankish territory, and east and west his kingdom stretched from the Bay of Biscay and the English Channel to Vienna.

To govern peoples so diverse and widely separated and particularly to govern them according to the ideals of Charles, with justice and moderation, was a far more difficult task than to conquer them. The old tribal system that the barbarians had brought with them from the woods broke down whenever it was applied to more than a small number of men. There was another method in use that consisted in making the king the sole and absolute dictator about everything and having no laws but his wild will; and on some such system all the small kingdoms about Europe, the Lombards, Aquitanians, and the rest, had risen and fallen. The peasant instinct in Charles revolted at such an absolutism, which would probably have been impracticable, anyway, in a nation so complex. But the man's ready talent for organization, which was never less than his military gifts, provided the means for holding together this vast aggregation, and the system that resulted was, after the decline of Rome, the first instance of government projected upon competent models.

First, he gave to each nation comprised in his union a count or governor, whose function was to supervise the administration of justice, to hear complaints, and to correct abuses. To him in the first instance came the petitioners, who thus had a magistrate of their own race, speaking their own tongue, and were not obliged to travel long distances to secure a hearing. The law department was controlled by a chancellor at the central capital; the affairs of the church by an arch-chaplain. Charles himself remained in each instance the final arbiter and authority, looking to his subordinates for the details of the management.

As to the legislative department, there were two annual assemblies of delegates from all parts of the nation, one in the fall to propose measures of national importance, and one in the spring to adopt them. If these had been elected by the people they would have constituted an innovation one thousand years ahead of the normal state of the times; even the measure of representation that they embodied was a notable advance. But the idea



From the painting by Ferdinand Pauwels

THE COURT SCHOOL AT AACHEN. THIS SCHOOL, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE KING HIMSELF, WAS ATTENDED BY ALL THE MEMBERS OF THE COURT

of elective representation did not until a much later time fix itself upon remade Europe. The assemblies of Charles were composed of the dignitaries of church and state, the counts, dukes, and other nobles, and of persons appointed by Charles. Moreover, they had no power to adopt any measure of which the king disapproved nor to decline to adopt any measure that he desired to have enacted. They did not represent the common people; on the contrary, after the manner of their order, they hated the common people, so that often the democratic king was obliged to interfere to protect the common people against his delegates. They were not deliberative nor legislative assemblies, and yet they had in them the germ of the true legislative assembly, the germ of the thing that long afterward did so much for France.

But the real democracy of Charles was not manifested through his assemblies of nobles, which he habitually disregarded and must have heartily despised, but through his system of personal messengers or traveling inspectors, whom he kept incessantly moving about the great kingdom, observing the work of the courts, watching the administration of justice, listening to complaints, reporting upon all conditions, even the condition of the Things. As a rule and unavoidably the counts were fierce half-savages whose normal occupation was to fight and plunder and to whom men of the inferior orders were utterly contemptible. They had never been taught any other view; they had imbibed to the utmost of the aristocratic prejudice; they were full of the consciousness of class. The heaviest business of Charles's life was to restrain the cruel impulses of these tyrants and compel them to be decent. For this he labored with a toilsome industry that seems now the final illumination of the real spirit of the times. There has survived to us a vast mass of the letters that Charles directed to the counts on the reports of his inspectors, letters in which he complains bitterly of the oppression of the common people and commands, entreats, and threatens that he may secure an amelioration of the burdens. He desires that the taxes may be levied justly, that extortion shall cease, that men shall not be robbed by the counts' vassals, that the tillers of the soil shall be left in peace, that agriculture and industry shall be encouraged, that life and property shall be protected, that the Church shall be extended, that his decrees covering these matters shall be respected. The greater part

of the correspondence is taken up with these deliverances. If there had been no Charles, if no ruler had ever intimated to the people at the bottom that they were other than mere blocks or beasts, there would still have been, in the course of time, a deliverance of the common people; but he was the sower of the seed; he first implanted the idea of a hope or dream of equality and justice, and no tyrant was ever able to trample out that growth.

A very good illustration of the practical operation of his system of inspectors and of his iron determination that there should be justice for all is contained in the recorded story of the Istrians, a case doubtless typical of many if we had adequate accounts of the reign. Istria in Italy had been conquered and annexed in 789 and put in charge of a duke as governor for the king. After a few years the inspector that Charles sent down there reported very unfavorably about the doings of this duke. He was, it appears, the perfect prototype of the modern business "grafter." Having the opportunity to augment his private fortune at the public's expense, he used that opportunity to the full. Charles sent his inspector to make a thorough investigation; a court was summoned, a jury was impaneled, the duke was brought before it to be tried. The very language of some of the testimony has been preserved. It showed that the duke regarded the people as slaves; that he bestowed them in squads upon his sons, his daughters, and his favorites; that they were driven to labor like cattle. With their enforced toil he had built his palaces and constructed his pleasure-grounds. He was accustomed to take from them anything of theirs that pleased his fancy and without payment—cattle, horses, tithe, wives, lives, anything. He had dispossessed the small landowners, taken their lands for himself, and rented such lands to imported Slavs. "If we say anything," said the witnesses, "he swears that he will kill us." He was wont to drive them into his ships and make of them galley-slaves; he impressed them into his army; he even stole the clothes from their backs and the fish from their nets. In short, a perfect picture of the true feudal conditions; it wonderfully illumines the real state of society at that time and the task that Charles had undertaken.

The jury found the duke guilty of the offenses charged against him, and Charles immediately took action. He made the duke restore all his thievings, compensating every

poor man that had suffered, giving back lands, cattle, horses, or the value thereof to the last penny. He made him acknowledge that he had transgressed and give securities that thereafter he and his household and his dependents would deal justly with all the people under his rule. But he did not hang the thieving duke or even displace him; and no doubt the reason was that he knew the noble orders, against whom he contended, to be too powerful and too closely united. He must govern as he could and not as he would. Even then the predatory classes stood together; any attempt to curb one of them was resented by all of them. An overt act against a noble in the position of Duke of Istria might have precipitated civil war. If the nobles were to be restrained, it must be done by policy and not by force; and it were better to let one noble bandit like the Duke of Istria go unhanged than to put fifty noble bandits like the Duke of Istria in a position where they could rob, murder, and maltreat at will. The mind of Charles was wholly practical; all he cared about was results; and he had no thought of being poignarded for the sake of an ideal that his death would in no wise further.

Like Napoleon and like Augustus, he was a great projector of public works; but his best

ideas were usually hampered by the incapacity of his engineers and artisans. He planned a great canal to unite the Main and the Danube, a work that would have been of inestimable benefit to medieval commerce; but when the construction had proceeded some miles swampy ground was encountered, and the engineers could devise no means by which the banks could be retained. He planned and built at Mainz a bridge across the Rhine that was for the time being one of the wonders of the world. "All mankind," says one enthusiastic chronicler, "was engaged in building it." But some time after its completion a burning ship drifted against the bridge and fired it, and it was entirely destroyed. He also did much to improve the harbors at Boulogne and elsewhere, and devoted much attention to the development of his fleets as a protection against the Norsemen that continually threatened or harassed his coasts. But he was never able to order these matters as he desired, for the significant reason that there was a shortage of money wherewith to pay workmen. In the case of the Mainz bridge, indeed, the nobles brought up Things to labor upon it, taking advantage of an old custom by which every man was obliged to work upon bridges and roads as well as



From the painting by Otto Fritzsche

THE SAXON FURY. OF ALL THE PEOPLES CONQUERED BY CHARLEMAGNE NONE RESISTED MORE DESPERATELY THAN DID THE SAXONS, WHO WERE ALMOST ANNIHILATED BEFORE THEY ACCEPTED PEACE

to do military service. But the provision did not cover the dredging of harbors, there was no available coin with which to hire the labor, and the improvements were postponed to a later age. Yet here, as in so many other instances, Charles clearly foresaw the needs and the opportunities of future generations.

XIV

THE MIDNIGHT PLOTTERS IN THE CHURCH

It was in 792 that the Danube-Main canal project failed; but in that same year befell so many other disasters and misfortunes that the bad work of the canal engineers is inconspicuous. A strange and infectious restlessness seemed to seize the spirits of men; regions in the kingdom that had never before shown the slightest disposition to revolt suddenly began to reveal symptoms of unrest; without the kingdom the Avar war was raging, Beneventum in Italy revolted, the Saxons broke into one of their fiercest rebellions, the Saracens suddenly revived and again sought to spread their empire northward; there was trouble in the Church; the cruelty and violence of Queen Fastrada gave Charles many anxious hours, and to crown all there broke around him in his very palace a dangerous conspiracy against his life.

For this, in the ultimate view, the laxity of his own private morals was to blame; a little more and we should have had all the materials for a Greek tragedy of fate and the due reaping of sin's sowing. The eldest son of Charles was illegitimate, being the offspring of the Himiltrude that Charles put away when he married Desiderata. Himiltrude seems to have become at one time the legal wife of Charles, but she was certainly not such when this Pepin was born. His wrong was the greater because it would have been easy in those times to legitimize him and make him the royal heir; for it is not to be forgotten that Charles Martel was born of a similarly irregular union, and over the birth of Charlemagne himself hang certain clouds of doubt. But the king would not legitimize Pepin and for a reason that cast upon the unfortunate youth an intolerable sense of injustice. The reason was that Pepin was a hunchback. Yet he was a singularly handsome youth, able and, in spite of his misfortune, pleasing. In the dearth of definite information we may suspect from certain events that this would have been a much more promising heir to the

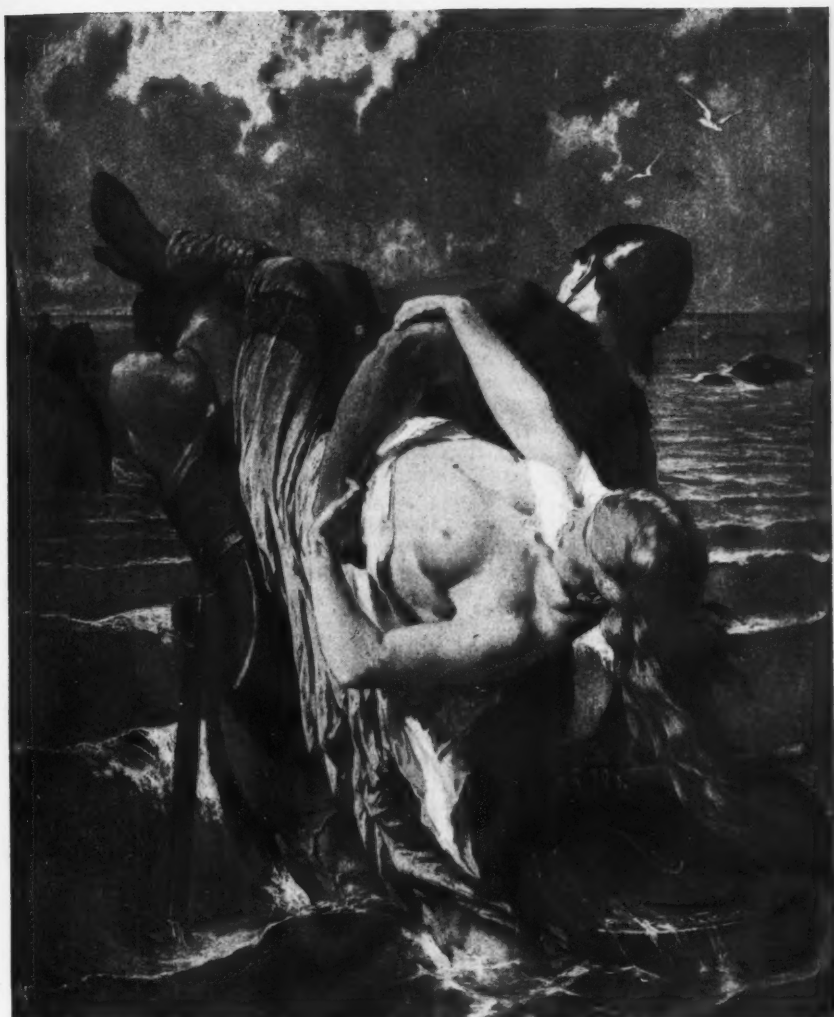
throne than he into whose possession it finally passed. But according to the prejudices of the age the deformity of poor Pepin was an insuperable barrier. He could not wield a sword, nor brain a foeman, nor make upon horseback a figure to awe the groundlings. Against these defects of what avail was the mind that was his?

He seems to have dwelt about the court, in comfort and honor, recognized as one of the princes of the blood, but not as that prince he desired to be. What other plans and projects he might have considered we know not; but in 792 his troubles were brought to a head because upon his half-brother Carloman was conferred the significant addition of Pepin, his own name. Evidently, therefore, no attention was to be paid to his claim. His half-brother Louis had been made king of Italy, his half-brother Carloman had been made king of Aquitaine. He himself was nothing, and it was evident should be nothing but an idle and illegitimate hunchback dawdling about an empty court.

The wrath that burned in him might have smoldered indefinitely if the unlucky Queen Fastrada had not interfered to make it a consuming flame. Ever a person of meddling impulses, fate was continually thrusting into her hands the tools wherewith to do mischief. Indeed few things seem stranger than that Charles, who habitually chose his men assistants with unfailing judgment, should have taken as his consort a woman unable to do anything but to make trouble.

In the organized government that Charles instituted the queen had very important parts to play. She was the ruler, clothed with all his powers, whenever he was absent from the capital. At all times, and wherever he might be, certain departments of his establishment were under her jurisdiction; for the treasurer, the constable, and the marshal received their instructions from her and looked upon her as their executive officer. At all times, too, the king was subject to the influence of his queen; he was accustomed to consult her about many affairs of state; and he had always a profound respect for the intuitive wisdom of women, so that he seems sometimes to have followed a woman's advice when it conflicted with his own deliberate judgment.

The long absences from Aachen that the troubles with the Saxons and Avars imposed upon Charles gave her ample opportunity to indulge her propensities. Wherever her influence was felt there went up a grumbling



From the painting by E. F. Luminais

SOME OF THE NOBLES WHOM CHARLEMAGNE PLACED IN CHARGE OF DISTANT CONQUERED PROVINCES USED TO THE FULL THEIR OPPORTUNITIES TO OPPRESS THE PEOPLE, TAKING FROM THEM ANYTHING THAT PLEASED THEIR FANCY—CATTLE, HORSES, WIVES, ANYTHING

protest, and by great ill luck the infectional spirit of revolt that so strangely passed through the kingdom in 792 came at a time when complaint of her methods was loudest. About the court were many nobles that cherished a resentment against Charles for his democratic ways and were now bitterly incensed by the arrogance of Fastrada. These formed a conspiracy and took Pepin, the hunchback, as their ostensible head and claimant to the throne.

But the still more formidable part of these plottings was in Bavaria, where both Bavarian and Frankish nobles were exceedingly restless under the increasing restrictions that Charles placed upon their license to rob and oppress. Some such result was to be expected; in all the world it has never been found possible to restrain the excessive privileges of a powerful and greedy class without encountering the danger of reprisals or

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revolt. This inevitable result is one of the penalties of privilege; for every unfair advantage and every oppression there must be some day an accounting. To the class that Charles strove to keep within bounds had been awarded for centuries a privilege of rapine to which he objected; the privilege was therefore firmly entrenched by precedent and the more likely to be guarded and maintained with jealous care. Those of the Bavarian and Frankish nobles that clearly perceived the real tendency of the favorite ideas of Charles had made shift by some excuse or other to remain behind while he was pushing forward against the Avars, and they now gathered about the hunchback as their chief hope. Their plot was to assassinate Charles and proclaim Pepin as their king.

The center of the conspiracy was at Regensburg. The members of the band met by night in the great church. There was then in Regensburg a pious monk from the conquered Lombards, one Fardulf, who went often to that church to meditate and pray and be alone. On a certain evening he was at his devotions in one of the chapels when he heard the church door open and footsteps approaching. Confident from their stealthy movements that the visitors were not bent upon worship, he stole silently after them. He could see by the torches they carried that they were armed men. They took their places at one side of a monument. He crept to the other side and wormed his way until he was close enough to hear what the men said. There he listened while they discussed and settled upon the final details of the murder of the king and the seizure of the government. At last the plans of the conspirators were fully arranged, and their meeting broke up. The monk crept into a corner until they should have gone. On the way to the door an unwonted suspicion seemed to seize one of the plotters. He suggested that some one in the darkness might have overheard them and that before they departed the church should be searched. With torches and their swords drawn they poked hither and thither, and soon dragged forth the trembling monk.

They set him in the midst of them, with daggers at his throat. He admitted that he had heard all. Then most of the knights were for killing him on the spot and so put an end to all danger of betrayal; but the others said that to shed blood in the holy church

would certainly ruin their enterprise; no good could befall it after such a beginning, nor could they bring themselves to take such a crime upon their souls. To carry him hence and murder him elsewhere was hardly less repugnant; they would still be violating sanctuary and laying murderous hands upon a man of God. Therefore they decided to let him live if he would swear solemnly to eternal secrecy. Forthwith, upon the relics of the saints and by his faith, and with all the most sacred formalities of an oath, the monk was duly sworn that never, no matter what might befall, would he reveal to any human being an inkling of what he had heard. And so sworn many times and most ingeniously they left him and went their ways.

Their footsteps had hardly passed before Fardulf was flying down the street to the palace gates. He reached them in safety, aroused the warders, and was brought before the governor, to whom he told his story. Before morning all the conspirators were under lock and key, and all the threads of their weaving were uncovered. Pepin, the hunchback, was taken and imprisoned; his agents in various cities were arrested; and Charles, at the head of his army on the Danube, was notified of the danger that he had so narrowly escaped. He took no action until his return from the field. Then the conspirators were put on trial, unanimously found guilty, and sentenced by the court (not by Charles) to immediate death. Contrary to his usual custom, Charles did not on this occasion intervene for mercy; the danger had been too imminent and too real. He did interest himself in behalf of his son, and secured a mitigation of his sentence to imprisonment in a monastery. The rest of the chief plotters were hanged or beheaded. Pepin, the hunchback, lived twenty years. Fardulf, the Lombard, who had at such a risk saved the life of the destroyer of the Lombard monarchy, was well rewarded. He had acted upon the principle that an enforced obligation is not binding, and although that view of an oath was not general in his times, mankind united in absolving him from this particular perjury.

Queen Fastrada, the real cause of the conspiracy, was to play but little longer upon the stage she had darkened with her sinister presence. She died two years afterward, and all the realm seems to have been lighter of heart for her passing.

The last instalment of "*The Story of Charlemagne*" will appear in the June issue.

Letters to my Son

Illustrations by
Hermann C. Wall



VI



WONDER, if all the little honeys and belovedests that get born into the world and grow up to look upon their fathers and mothers as people to whom they go for their pocket-money and their wiggings were suddenly to see into the hearts of those fathers and mothers, whether they would ride rough-shod over them, forever and ever and ever, or whether they would draw a long breath of relief, and be very, very glad.

I know it is in the minds of children to believe that fathers and mothers are *born* fathers and mothers, and never could have been young or stupid or regenerate like themselves; that is one of the reasons why they so often go to anyone rather than to their parents with whatever scrapes they may be in. And it's true, honey, that the parents have themselves to blame for such neglect. They are so anxious to set a good example that they deliberately forget their own experiences and seem to think that they can keep *you* from having measles by pretending that they never had them themselves.

Now it is very highly probable that every parent worth his salt has had pretty nearly every measles that is likely to dog the footsteps of his graceless offspring (when you are old enough you will appreciate the beauty of that phrasing), and it is his duty—and ought to be his pleasure—to admit it, not with vain boasting, but simply in order that, if the need arises, he with his experience may show the way through; for there is a way through, my son, even though it is nothing

better than sitting down at the foot of the blank wall and waiting. I who speak to you have waited, and I know.

I want you once and for always to get it out of your dear little head that Oliver and I are grown-ups with a capital G, and therefore incapable of understanding the joys and pleasures and pains that belong to you as a child and a boy. Oh, beloved, we aren't really *old*, although Oliver rides a horse without a groom at his bridle, and I haven't worn pinafores for quite a long time. But our hearts ride their ponies and tear their pinafores just the same as ever, believe that.

And I'll tell you a secret. It's a shameful secret for a woman with a gray hair (I got it when I was twenty—the hair, beloved), and although Oliver knows it—and I dare say one or two others do, as well—I try to keep it from spreading any further than I can help. Still, if we ever meet, you are bound to find it out; and if we don't, perhaps it will help you to overcome your own weaknesses to know that your own grown-up mummy was every bit as bad as you and badder.

It's this—come very close and bend down while I tell you. *Nothing ever really teaches me, and I've never really grown up.* To-day, with that gray hair in my head that I got at twenty, and a man-child of my own to be thinking of, I'm just as much in the school-room as I was at ten. Perhaps, from it all, I have got this one bit of knowledge, that when I can see no way out I can sit down at the foot of the wall and wait. But for the rest my lessons are just as hard to learn and give me just as much pain and tribulation as they did when I was doing nine-times-seven, and thirteen—goes-into—a-hundred-and-four—I don't-know-how-many-times-or-what-over.

So, you see, with a record like that, it wouldn't be the least bit of use me climbing onto a pedestal and trying to play the oracle, because I have no capacity for giddy heights at all. Give me the ground under my feet, and the top of the mountain is mine for the climbing, but stand me on a rampart, and I shut my eyes and clutch till somebody comes and takes me off. But if you don't mind I'll give you the benefit of my experience (you'll let me do that, please, beloved), and then we'll take hands and climb the mountain together.

And I want to tell you a little about this father of yours. He's down in the garden tying up carnations at this minute, and I can see his broad shoulders bent over the flowers and his nice brown hands twisting the twine. A little while ago he looked up and saw me in the window, and he called out:

"What are you doing up there? Come down."

"I can't," I said, "I'm writing."

"Who to?"

"To a young man in whom I take a great deal of interest. I'm sorry I can't tell you more."

"All right. I'll come up and see if it ought to go." He was filling his pipe very carefully.

"Indeed you'll stay where you are, and I'll come down when I'm ready." I blew him a kiss and came back to you.

Oh, beloved, I think you *will* like him most awfully.

Now, if you're in a tangle over anything to do with dogmas and doxies (I won't give you the dictionary meaning of these words, because it would be a waste of labor; when the time comes for you to know, you will find out quickly enough), I'm afraid it won't be much use going to Oliver for an explanation, because the darling doesn't know anything about them. But if you want to know what it is to live finely, cleanly, courageously, watch him, my son, and see him do it. When I think of him and his way, it puts me in mind of an algebra mistress I had when I was a child. She could do algebra and Euclid standing on her head and with her hands tied behind her back, so to speak, but she hadn't an idea of telling *you* how to do it. I couldn't do it anyhow. I used to say despairingly, "How do I do it?" and quite simply she would say, "This way," and it would be done in a twinkling. Then I would say, "Yes, but how did you do that?" and she would say again, this time with bewilderment, "This way!" and

pff! there it was like a magic-lantern slide, and you as far off as ever.

This Oliver of ours, beloved, is just as good at his job as she was at hers, and just as unable to tell you how he does it. But you needn't get the idea into your head that there is any icy perfection about him. He doesn't *know* he's good, and if I were openly to accuse him of the things I have been telling you, he would be as uncomfortable as a cannibal in a court suit. I can imagine him now, listening, first in astonishment, then embarrassment, and at last very red, getting up and feeling in his pockets for his pipe and saying with an uneasy laugh:

"Don't rot so, Margie. Where are the matches?"

But that unconsciousness does not mean that he cannot feel things. I know how deeply he feels, and how much easier it might have been sometimes if he had been able to express with his lips what was stirring and agitating in his heart. There are people who cannot speak because they have nothing to say, and there are others who cannot speak because they have too much, and often one sees people being credited with a reserve which is really no reserve at all, but a lack of feeling, while others are called shallow because their feelings are greater than their power of concealment. One learns all that in time. With Oliver it is an inability to formulate, to express. When he is happy one feels the sunshine radiating from him; when he is unhappy his eyes tell you, but he himself is dumb.

At first I used to feel "held off" by his silence. I didn't understand, and it seemed as if he were deliberately closing a door upon me; but once, in a moment of perhaps more than ordinary clear-sightedness, I said something that caused him to turn to me with a look of sharp relief upon his face. Afterward he said, with admiration lighting his eyes: "You're a wonderful thing, Margie. You always say what everyone else only seems to be able to *think*," and I was glad, because it made him come to me instinctively as to one who would understand his unspoken thoughts. But it made me feel humble enough, beloved. He in his strong, simple inarticulateness seemed like a huge hill upon which I, a little conning-tower, stood perched in my glibness. I have laughed, oh, so many times, at his pride in my wonderfulness, for he seemed like a giant setting a child upon his shoulders and calling the child greater

than himself. And the thing that always makes me laugh with a lump in my throat is that this giant really believes it.

So, you see, if you listen to your mummy and watch your father you stand a very good chance of being all that a perfect creature ought to be, but being the son of your father and mother I'm thinking you'll have to find your own way your own self, and you won't reach perfection through merely seeing it and hearing about it. Still, you won't despise a lantern on a dark night, will you?

And let me tell you, for the breaking down of that barrier which rises up so often between parents and children—who, in spite of it, love each other very truly—that parents are often as shy of their children as their children are of them, often as diffident in asking their confidence as they are of tendering it, often as longing to receive it as they are to give it. It is too much and not too little feeling that has built up that barrier, but I believe, honey, that as the world grows older we will grow wiser and less self-conscious about the things that matter. Science is helping toward that, by finding simple, natural reasons for things that were at one time regarded as visitations of God or the devil. We do not so often confuse innocence with ignorance and call it beauty as we once used to do. We are learning to look at life more truly, and although it means the sweeping away of a great many things that were once thought to be beautiful, it means that we are find-

ing that there is nothing really beautiful that is not built upon truth, and that the plainest truth is beautiful because it is a truth.

It is true that parents, who are but children of a larger growth, must, for the benefit of the young thing, exact obedience till the time for explanation comes. But they have no right to retard the moment of explanation beyond its appointed time. It is a beautiful desire to want to shield and protect the thing one loves, but it ceases to be beautiful and becomes untrue when, instead of protecting, one would wilfully blind, wilfully keep in the dark.

When you are in swaddling clothes and cry for the candle-flame your little hands will not be allowed to grasp it; later on, when you are able to understand what is being said to you, you will be told that the flame will burn and

hurt you; but later still, if nothing has convinced you and you still weep for it, you shall be allowed to touch it and find out for yourself. I myself have cried for the candle-flame, and when the time came I burnt my fingers. If I had been given it too early I should probably have blamed some one else for the pain I got; when it was kept from me longer than it should have been I broke guard to get to it and blamed no one, not even myself. So it will be for you, little son. The candle will be placed high on the shelf till the time comes for you to choose whether you will burn yourself or keep away. And with everything freely explained you shall



THIS FATHER OF YOURS IS DOWN IN THE GARDEN TYING UP CARNATIONS AT THIS MINUTE

take your chance. But we would be untrue to you and to life and to everything if we tried to bring you up in a dark room without any knowledge of candles at all and then suddenly fling you out into a world that was dotted all over with them. Remembering that, will you come to either Oliver or me if you want to know anything? Whatever it is, however evil or dark or wrong it may seem to your understanding, it won't matter, because at the back of the darkest difficulty there generally lies a reasonable explanation, and one doesn't live a very long time in this world with one's eyes open without coming across most of what there is to be seen in it. And remember, too, little man, that Oliver was at school and at college just as you will be, and he was confronted with just the same problems that are confronting you and assailed with just the same temptations that assail you. And he is so wise and so kind, this Oliver who can build bridges to carry people over but cannot tell you how he built them, that you need never fear rebuff or misunderstanding from him. Even if one yielded time and again to the temptation he had resisted he would have no thought of judgment in his heart. His only care would be to find something in his understanding that would be of use; just as a man may search his pockets to find the sum your necessity demands, and look concerned for fear he may not have enough.

And some day, honey, when you have a troop of little honeys all your own, the thought of what your father was to you will help you to be all that to them. We can pass on a lot in this world if we only think a bit.

I do love you very much, my little thing.

VII

SOMETIMES, knowing what the dangers are that beset a child from the moment when his brain begins to work and his mind to observe, I have suffered very great fear for you. I have thought of you as you lay, a little unconscious nursling in your cradle, and then as an eager stumbling baby whose steps I followed while you staggered haltingly from chair to chair. I was there to save you, to stretch out my hand and preserve you from the sharp corners of the chairs that would have bruised you if you had fallen against them. I knew where the danger lay, and I saw when the insecurity threatened, and was ready.

And I pictured you in later years going to

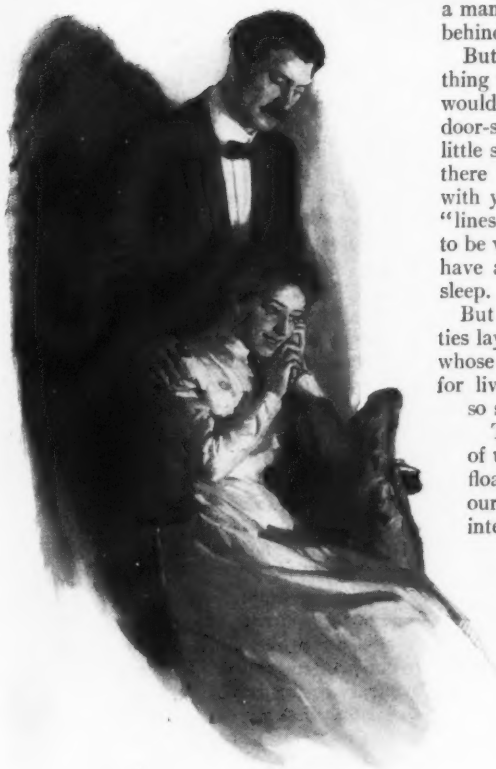
school, full of the wonder of the unknown, sitting bolt upright, with shining eyes, beside your father, who was carrying you off to that new world through the gates of which you saw your manhood beckoning.

And as you drove away I watched you far down the road till the bend carried you out of sight. Just before the carriage disappeared you stood up and waved your little cap high over your head, and I waved back, standing quite, quite still. But my heart was running, beloved, running fast and breathless and sobbing after the wheels that were carrying the baby from me forever. I knew you had to grow into a man, and I would not keep you back; but the moment of renouncement was like a million years of pain. You would come back to me, but the baby that used to bring his broken knees to be kissed and who crooned his drowsy little self to sleep upon my neck would be gone, and I could but fill my arms with dreams of him.

And during the days that followed, when I was teaching myself not to listen for your footsteps in the house or your impetuous knock upon my door, the vision of your life at school was always with me. In my longing to protect you, my mind flew to the unsuspected dangers that might be upon you before you understood their significance or their consequence. I knew how other lives as splendid and as well begun as yours had been wrecked through lack of knowledge and wise guidance in their growing time, and the fear that you might suffer so was such an anguish to me that I wanted to run to you there and then and snatch you from the very chance of it.

But, oh, honey, what a silly old mummy it was, wasn't it? Fancy if I had burst into the master's study and demanded you from him because I was afraid you were going to know things that wouldn't be good for you and I wasn't sure whether you'd have the courage or the sense or the will to overcome! He would have been astonished and you would have been cross and I would have got into trouble!

So, as that was no use, I just sat down quietly to think it all out, to find a way. My first instinct was to keep you ignorant at any cost, but my second told me that there could be no growth or development in a life lived in a glass case, and I knew that I would rather have you suffer a thousand times than reach the end of your life untried, unproved, and undeveloped.



"YOU'RE A WONDERFUL THING, MARGIE," HE SAID. "YOU
ALWAYS SAY WHAT EVERYONE ELSE ONLY SEEMS
TO BE ABLE TO THINK"

But there is one thing I am going to ask of you and it is this: be content to believe implicitly what I tell you with regard to the preservation of your body until the time comes when you can understand the truth of things and choose for yourself. This will perhaps carry you up to the time of going to college and even after, but remember that from the moment your mind intelligently asks the reason why, I want no unquestioning obedience. Come to me or to Oliver, and we will talk it over. There are some who may not understand. So many people seem to think that refusing to see life as it is is a mark of spirituality and that wanting to know is merely an improper curiosity. That may be so for them, but it is not so for the surgeon, the scientist, the philosopher, and it will not be so for you, beloved, for you are going to be

a man and a fine splendid man; not a sulker behind the skirts of Inexperience.

But while I would not have you shirk anything that would go to your making, yet I would not have you hanging about on the door-step of life waiting to dart out at every little sensation that flitted by. I don't think there will be much fear of that, for, what with your games and your lessons and your "lines" and the thought of what you're going to be when you've got a mustache, you won't have a great deal of time for anything but sleep. And such a division of time is good.

But if you should be a child whose activities lay equally in the brain and in the body, whose imagination was as keen as his capacity for living, then the situation might not be so simple.

There are thoughts which come to most of us in the unconscious years of our life, floating nebulously for a while through our understanding and disappearing in the interest of outside environment. But sometimes a chance happening will cause them to take shape and to crystallize, and the result of such thoughts may, through ignorance, in later years cloud and hamper a lifetime.

Now I am not going to talk any pretty talk about ideals, because you'd immediately get a vision of long-haired poets and stained-glass saints, and you wouldn't listen any more. But let me put it this way: If it were said to you by some one who knew all about it, "You certainly can't row if you eat jam tart at that rate," you would let the jam tart go, I think. You would do that because you wouldn't want to be kept out of your race. And I would tell you that there are great things coming to you with your manhood and that you must keep your body clean and wholesome for them. Any act or thought that is secret and carries with it fear of detection is not good, and for that reason I want you always to go out when your mind is perturbed or your imagination is stirring. It is not that I want to talk morality—no man can make morality for another; it is just that I want you to have your chance to be whole and perfect when you come intelligently to choose your good and evil. If, when you were too small to understand, you had grasped the candle-flame and your little fingers had blistered and grown together so that you were

unable ever afterward to spread your hand out or grasp anything properly, the moment of anticipation would not pay for the pain and the perpetual handicap that indulgence had imposed upon you. And there are acts committed just as heedlessly and with no more wilful thought of evil which do not inflict the immediate pain of the candle-flame, but which might suddenly and in your prime disqualify you from all splendid activities in the race that is not finished till our very last breath is drawn.

I, who in my selfishness would keep you always the little baby who looked to me for everything and who knew no greater wickedness than lying open eyed when he should be sleeping, I would tell you of these things not to force them upon you, but that you should have a guard in your hand in case you need one. Danger-signals are not hoisted that people should run *into* risk, but that they should avoid it, and wise people use them so.

And I am sure you will be wise enough for that, won't you, beloved?

VIII

TO-DAY when Oliver came back from town he brought a little hair-brush for you, from Tiffany's. "There was one I hesitated about, wondering if you would like it better," he said, "a jolly, little silver thing enameled all over with roses; then I thought it was scarcely up to a man to have roses on his hair-brush, so I took this. Is it right?"

"It's lovely," I said, turning it over and brushing the back of my hand with it, "but you didn't get his name put on it."

"What *is* his name?" asked Oliver, as if he didn't know all the time.

I hesitated a moment, and he waited expectantly.

"I was thinking of calling him Horace or Reginald," I said. "What do you think?"

He caught hold of my wrists. "I think," he said, "that you don't speak the truth, and I shall have to punish you."

"How?"

"I shall not kiss you till you do." (Just what I'll have to say to you, honey.)

"Horace or Reginald," I said, looking up at him deliberately—"perhaps both."

A pause. "That means you don't *want* me to kiss you."

I didn't answer. He looked such a darling that I was wondering how long I could go on. It was like holding your breath.

"I must try it another way," he said as if to himself; then he looked at me gravely. "Margie," he said, "if you won't speak the truth I'll kiss you till you do."

"His name's Oliver, of course," I said, in a terrific hurry.

Oliver looked at me. For one part of a moment he seemed as if he were going to do what I expected; then he dropped my wrists and turned away.

"You've just saved yourself," he said blandly.

"Oh!" I nipped it off my tongue in time. He took his everlasting pipe out of his pocket and began wriggling a hairpin up the stem of it. I went on watching his calm, unconscious back with indignation. I wish *we* had pipes to play with at psychological moments.

"Oliver!"

"Margie." He said it politely, but he didn't turn round. I threw up the sponge.

"Oh, I don't want to be saved!" I said exasperatedly.

Indeed, the very nicest of you men are trying at times.

Concerning that hair-brush, beloved. It was bought for you with great love and thoughtfulness, and while I, believing in the absolute freedom of the individual, would hate to be arbitrary or dogmatic, I cannot refrain from suggesting that you should meet us half-way in the matter. It is the custom of a great many babies to go through the earliest stages of their existence with their heads in a state of disconcerting nudity, and you must know, if you have any intuitive feeling at all, how disheartening such a condition is to those who are doing all in their power to provide for your needs and to make you welcome. I feel that anyhow you will be rather a shock to Oliver, because I'm afraid he has got it into his head that you are going to be born with long curls and a blue sash; so, although I won't try to bias or restrict you, beloved, I must ask you, if you are going to be bald, not to be *spitefully* bald.

IX

THERE are times when I get horribly afraid, afraid that I may not live to hold you in my arms and watch you grow to be a man. Oh, I'm not afraid of death and what comes after! I'm only afraid of leaving you and Oliver. I want to stay with you both, to live with you and laugh with you and weep with you, to share your pleasures and your pains, to take



Drawn by Hermann C. Wall

"IT'S LOVELY," I SAID, TURNING IT OVER AND BRUSHING THE BACK OF MY HAND
WITH IT, "BUT YOU DIDN'T GET HIS NAME PUT ON IT"

care of you and to be taken care of by you. I know that the world wouldn't stop revolving if I dropped out—I know my gap would very quickly be filled by a hundred greater, better, wiser than I; but I want to stay! It comes over me so desperately sometimes, and it is the ridiculous little nothings of life that bring it.

This morning I was looking through a basket of mending. I picked up one of Oliver's socks and drew it over my hand; there was the same little hole in the same place that is there every week in every pair. I remembered how, once, I had not found it in one sock and how absurdly cheated I had felt. Probing right to the heart of the matter, I discovered the reason why. He had put on a pair and then changed them for another without wearing them. I could not have rested till I got to the truth.

As I looked at the sock upon my hand I smiled, and then, being quite alone, I kissed it. It did so belong to Oliver that it was almost like his being in the room. Why should a great big man patiently go on wearing the same silly little hole in his socks week after week, month after month, year after year, unless it was meant to be his as much as his hair and his teeth and his eyes were his? I kissed it again.

Then, suddenly, it came over me that in a few more weeks I might know nothing about either Oliver or you or the lovely, ordinary things that go to make up warm, heart-breaking, human, throbbing life. Oliver would wear the holes and have them mended every week, you would cry and be comforted, go to sleep and be dressed, be dosed with dill water and decked with laces, be changed from long to short clothes, from short clothes to jumpers, to knickerbockers and glory. And I—I would be somewhere outside, with never a sight or a sound of all the things that I loved.

In the extreme moment I forgot you. Sometimes when I have been hunting about for the best way of helping you to be a man it has seemed as if perhaps I might be more useful as a memory than as a mother, because, as you know already, beloved, I am so full of stupidities and evilnesses and disappointments that you might find it difficult to take in what I said while you were watching what I did. Looking at it that way I began to wonder whether I didn't owe it to you to retire.

But this morning I had no such selfless thoughts; only a great overwhelming fear that

filled the listening silences and held me still while I waited for that which was going to take me away from you and Oliver and the flowers and the sun and the dear, muddy streets and the dull winter days with the firelight to make them beautiful and tender and intimate.

Then I forgot you, and only Oliver remained. He was my man, and I could not leave him. We had lived together, loved together, and shared together for seven splendid years, and we were part of each other. He would not let me go. If I went to him now he would take me in his arms and hold me safe from all fear and all harm. Love would make me invulnerable; I would not die. Oliver would not let me die.

But all the time a dear relentless voice kept saying inside my head: "Love has not held others; why should it hold you? It has not made exceptions for others; why should it make exceptions for you? There are no exceptions. When your moment comes you go just as surely and certainly as the sun sets and the moon wanes."

In a terror I jumped up to run to him, then suddenly I remembered something and stopped. A while ago I had tried to talk with him about the bringing up of you in case I did not get through. The things I spoke of were just ordinary things like sleeping with your window open and wearing light, warm clothing. Then I went on to say that first and foremost, and last and always, I wanted you to be an honest person whatever else you were, when I looked up and saw Oliver's face. There was such hurt in it that I stopped short. I had forgotten everything but you and your needs till then. I got up and went over to him.

"Stupid," I said, putting my arm around his neck and rubbing my cheek against his own. "I am not really going to die. It was only *in case*." I laughed ever such a little bit. He pulled me down onto his knee and held me close, but he didn't speak.

"It would be a very careless thing to do," I went on, smoothing the lines out of his forehead with my thumb and finger; "a very careless thing, with two men to be looked after and one not yet used to the pernickety ways of the other! Smile at me, grumpy." He went on staring at me miserably.

"Margie," he said at last, almost in a whisper, "you won't leave me? You'll stay with me always?"

"Always and always and always," I said,



OH, TO GET TO OLIVER BEFORE THIS THING TOOK ME! . . . BEFORE I KNEW WHAT I WAS DOING,
I WAS TEARING ALONG THE HALL TO HIS STUDY

taking his face between my hands and kissing it over and over again.

So whenever I have been afraid since, I have kept it to myself, but this morning the fear was so horrible that I would have rushed to him in the mad terror of it if I had not remembered just in time. I dropped back into the chair and held on to the arms of it, trying to pull myself together, but it was no use. Something was coming steadily, slowly, inevitably, to take me away from Oliver. My mind was like a great fear-swept space. The Thing came with a muffled tramp, nearer, nearer, nearer, like the steady advance of an invisible army.

The room was very quiet. Through the open window came the whir of a reaping-machine in a distant field; it sounded a long way off, almost as if it were in another world. A little clock on the mantelpiece was ticking the time away.

I put up my hand and caught at my throat. I was choking. Oh, to get to Oliver before this Thing took me, to be able to hear the sound of his voice, to feel the roughness of his coat sleeve! Before I knew what I was

doing, I was tearing along the hall to his study.

It was empty. I turned and ran toward the gun-room, pushing open the door and almost falling through it. He was there with a gun in pieces on the table, examining it.

"What is it?" He spoke sharply, imperatively.

I pulled myself up. "It's nothing," I gasped. "I only wondered where you were." But I dropped my eyes because I could feel that all the horror that was in my mind was in them, too. And I tried to keep my fingers off his coat, but I couldn't, beloved.

He didn't say a word. He went over and locked the door, then he picked me up as if I were no weight at all, and carried me to the big chair by the fireplace, and together we stayed so for a long, beautiful time, he holding me close in his arms, I lying there still and quiet. And every now and then he would lay his cheek to mine and I would put my hand up and touch his face, and gradually all the fear went and it seemed as if I could have died then, easily, for very happiness.

All the day, till now, he has not left me and only now because I have made him. I said

I had something important to do and that I would never do it unless he went right away; for truly, beloved, I have felt restless when he has gone even as far as the next room. But I knew he was wanted in one of the fields, so I made a mighty effort, and he has gone off with Trixie at his heels, and I, little son, am telling you all about it, perhaps because I want to ease my mind and perhaps because you will have a woman of your own some day, and it will not be bad for her that you should know.

Your father has given me very much joy always, little son.

Such a man may you be, my beloved. Live as greatly with your heart as with your brain, that you may grow kind, and as perfectly with your body as with your spirit, that you may keep sane. Mortify nothing for the sheer sake of mortifying, for that is mutilation, but find out for yourself the difference between that and restraint. And above many things be tender and careful of all women, good or bad, beloved, for indeed they need it. Your mother will expect this of you.

I think of you as a man, honey, with my head held high.

THE LAST

LITTLE ONE, the time has come quite close when I shall have you for my own; so close that this is the last letter I shall be able to write. Now that it has come I don't seem to be afraid any more. Perhaps it will take me away from you and Oliver altogether, but I have asked that, if I am not to be allowed to stay, I may not go until I have felt your lips upon my breast and your head in the hollow of my arm. That will be, I know. For the rest, I can think of nothing but that I shall at last, after all the years of longing, see your face and feel your little body in my arms. My heart seems to be a great white flame, because of the love that is in it, and my body is full of gladness because it is giving you to Oliver.

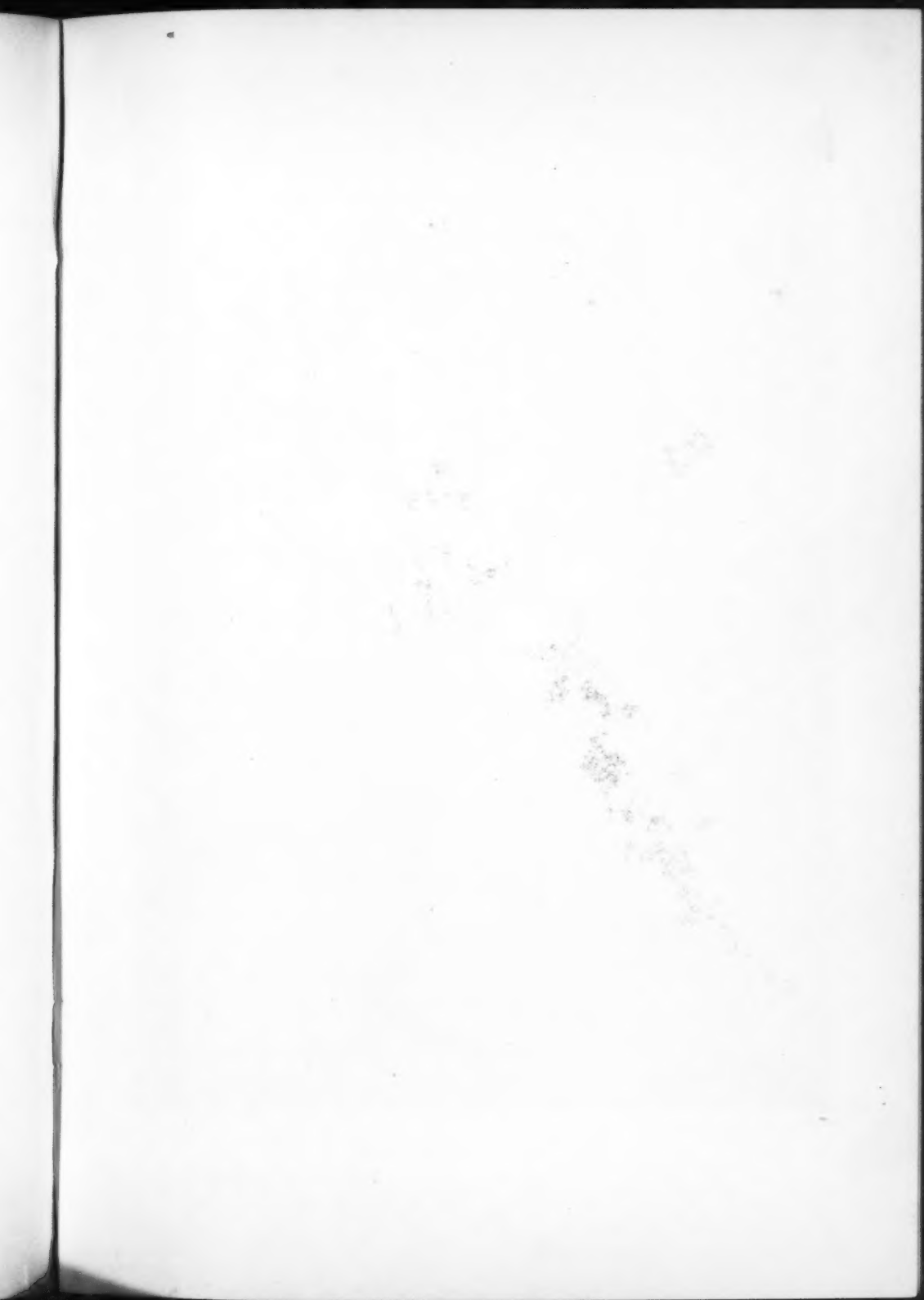
Are you going to be a great little gift, beloved? Indeed I think so. Be true, and whatever else your life is, it will be that much finer for it, because there is nothing really great that is not built on truth. Love Oliver without fear and give him your whole confidence, for he will never abuse it. Little son, you do not know how much I want you to believe that! And if I am not there, you will love him for me; too, won't you? I am afraid he will be very lonely sometimes, because we have been a great deal to each other, but if he has you it will not hurt quite so much. Oh, my darling, I am not afraid any more, yet, as I write my heart goes out in a great longing to live. There are so many things I could do for you both that you cannot do for yourselves; so many ways in which I could be of use to you, for men, in spite of their man-ness, are in some ways only babies to the very end. That is one of the things that keeps us women loving you; not your greatness, but your need, holds us, and as I see myself going out I wonder anxiously who will watch for Oliver's lumbago, and do exactly what is needed without bothering him

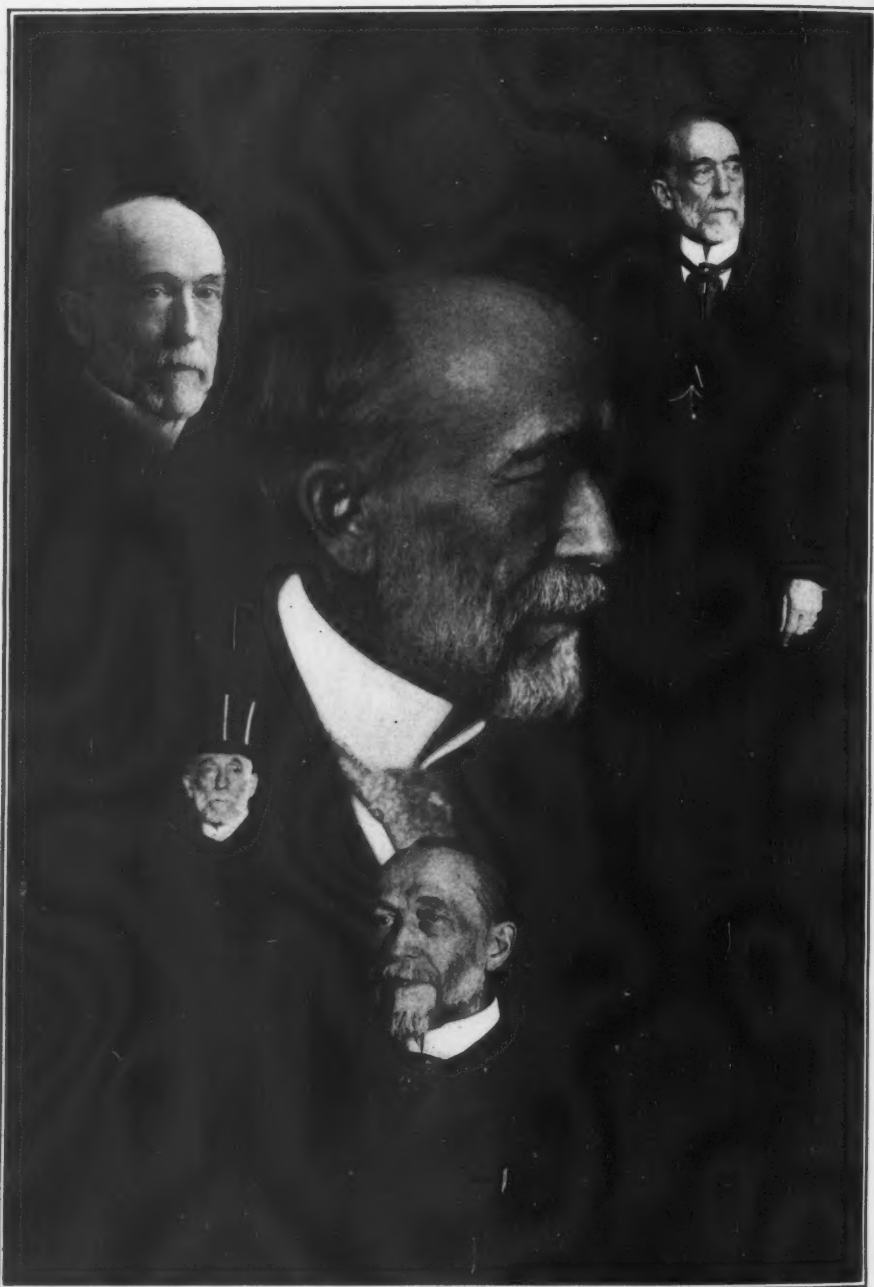
too much. He hates too much, but he would be uncomfortable with too little. And you, if they should send you out without enough warm clothes, or put you into vests that were not properly aired—indeed I think it would be better if I could stay.

I cannot write more, or else they will come and take the paper away from me. Oh, my little thing, God bless you always and help you to grow a man! You will never forget that your mummy is loving you without ceasing, no matter how far away she may seem to be. Good-by, my darling, good-by. Perhaps it will be for only a little while.



TOGETHER WE STAYED SO FOR A LONG, BEAUTIFUL TIME, HE HOLDING ME CLOSE IN HIS ARMS, I LYING THERE STILL AND QUIET





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THOMAS COLLIER PLATT

For more than fifty years Mr. Platt played an active part in American politics. A factor in both the New York State and national machinery of the Republican party, he chose to be the "power behind the throne," making and unmaking men, and always without public assertion. His death has revived interest in the great political fights of his party, some of which are described in the chapters of his memoirs here published.

Senator Platt's Memoirs

Some National Secrets Revealed By a High Priest of Politics

Unpublished Chapters from the Candid Autobiography
of the "Easy Boss"

BY THE LATE SENATOR THOMAS COLLIER PLATT

Editor's Note.—When he died on the sixth of March last, Senator Thomas Collier Platt, one of the most picturesque and influential figures in American politics, left behind him as a legacy to his party's friends and foes what has proved to be a unique and astonishingly frank autobiography. In it he has sought to pay back some old scores and told some hitherto unknown and, doubtless, unpalatable facts about his political opponents and the notable intriguers of his own organization. He has laid bare the inner workings of the state and national Republican machines, with which he was conspicuously identified for nearly fifty years. More than any other man of his period Senator Platt was the "power behind the throne," with a finger in every party pie and never a trumpet blasting for himself. For the first time in any publication the more intimate and interesting chapters of Senator Platt's extraordinary memoirs are here given. They are a human document the counterpart of which has not been printed since Talleyrand's famous recollections.

MEN I HAVE MADE AND UNMADE



HAVE been accused of making some men and unmaking others. That is an offense frequently brought to the door of one who has possessed political power. No man can put forward or put back another in politics unless he has behind him the sentiment and co-operation of an organization. In the army or the navy, an officer who proves faithful is promoted. Little mercy is shown him if he proves a traitor. My title of "Easy Boss" came to me, I am told, because I was always ready to reward for devoted service and hesitated to condemn and disrate unless the most positive evidence of unworthiness, even treachery, were produced.

A political organization that has given to the nation two such presidents as Chester A. Arthur and Theodore Roosevelt cannot be warrantably accused of lack of discrimination in the selection of fit men to man the federal government. An organization that selected men of the caliber and attainments of Edwin D. Morgan, Roscoe Conkling, Frank His-

cock, Chauncey M. Depew, and Elihu Root for the United States Senate has no apology to make. An organization that has given to New York State Governors Alonzo B. Cornell, Levi P. Morton, Frank S. Black, Theodore Roosevelt, Benjamin B. Odell, Jr., and Frank W. Higgins, and such lieutenant-governors as Charles T. Saxton, Timothy L. Woodruff, M. Linn Bruce, and Horace White does not need to make excuses. An organization that elevated to the Court of Appeals such able jurists as Charles J. Folger, Charles Andrews, Benjamin F. Tracy, Edward T. Bartlett, Albert Haight, Celora E. Martin, Irving G. Vann, Emory A. Chase, and Frank H. Hiscock is certainly entitled to public commendation. An organization that sends to Washington such members of the House of Representatives as James S. Sherman, now Vice-President; Sereno E. Payne, Republican floor-leader; Lemuel E. Quigg, J. Sloat Fassett, William M. Calder, Hamilton Fish, J. Van Vechten Olcott, Edward B. Vreeland, Michael E. Driscoll, George N. Southwick, John W. Dwight, and George R. Malby has reason to be proud of its selections. I have had a little something to do with the putting forward of nearly all

the men I have named, and I am not ashamed to confess it. They have honored the nation and the state, and adorned the bench.

MAJORITY, NOT MINORITY RULE

It has always been a basic principle with me that a majority and not a minority of an organization should control the party. Whenever I have been of the minority, I have acquiesced cheerfully in the decrees of the majority. When of the majority, I have insisted that the minority should yield.

George William Curtis was one of those who stood for a minority clique in the party. It was at one time controlled by Rutherford B. Hayes. During the eight years that the Democrats had possession of the national government Grover Cleveland was the idol of the Curtis faction. Now and then the Curtis men participated in the Republican primaries. They were invariably at conventions threatening to cut the ticket if their particular choices were not nominated. Warner Miller was most arbitrary when in power. When in the minority he fought against the leaders in power, but seemed to prefer that the Democrats should win rather than that the faction he headed should lose.

LEADERS WHO WERE DISCIPLINED

Henry G. Burleigh, popularly known as the "Bouncing Burleigh," was still another who, while his faction was in the ascendancy, was as loyal to Republican candidates as any man could ask. But when the New York state organization was officered by other than his friends, somehow the Republican vote in the Washington district dwindled immeasurably. So we supplanted him with Isaac V. Baker. After that the Washington vote grew until it placed the county among the banner Republican counties. Jacob Worth, who for years was one of the ablest leaders in Kings County, suddenly imagined that he was bigger than the state organization. He was discovered cementing a movement to undo Republicans responsible for his elevation. The state organization put him out and Timothy L. Woodruff in. The change eventually transformed Kings County from a Democratic into a Republican stronghold. Many others were disciplined in like manner.

Right here it may be appropriate to say that I have had more or less to do with the organization of the New York legislatures since 1873. Then Alonzo B. Cornell was made Speaker. Husted succeeded him and

served in that capacity in 1874, 1876, 1878, 1886, 1887, and 1890. George H. Sharpe was the first Speaker actually elected by myself and my friends. He served in 1880 and 1881. Titus Sheard was presiding officer in 1884; George Z. Erwin in 1885; Fremont Cole in 1888 and 1889; George R. Malby in 1894; Hamilton Fish in 1895 and 1896; James M. E. O'Grady in 1897 and 1898. S. Fred Nixon was the last Speaker with whose election I had to do. He held the place continuously from 1899 to and including 1905, when he died. With Nixon's death, I ceased to interest myself actively in officering the Assembly, preferring to let that task be performed by younger and wiser men.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM BEING A REAL BIG BOSS IN A HURRY

It was in 1873 that I experienced my first narrow escape from being precipitately propelled into the party leadership, a full decade before it was actually awarded to me. Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Salmon P. Chase, died in May of that year. Senator Conkling was besought by President Grant, his brother Republicans and lawyers, and our party newspapers to become Chase's successor. Conkling, Chester A. Arthur, Alonzo B. Cornell, and myself, as well as others influential in the organization, had many consultations about this. Conkling, while considering the tender of the chief-justiceship nearly a fortnight, often assured me that, should he accept, he would employ his authority and good wishes to place his mantle upon my shoulders. Finally, however, the senator concluded to decline to go upon the bench. In a letter to President Grant, November 20, 1873, Conkling wrote, "I ask you to let your choice fall upon another who, however else qualified, believes as man and lawyer as I believe in the measures you have upheld in war and peace."

In explaining to me and other friends why he was loath to ascend the loftiest bench in the land, Conkling said, "I could not take the place, for I would be forever gnawing my chains."

GRANT'S VETO OF THE INFLATION ACT

The financial panic of 1873 produced every conceivable kind of crazy legislation, which its promoters promised would prove a panacea for ills from which the business world was suffering. One of the most iniquitous plans presented was the "inflation" act. It pro-

vided for the redemption and reissue of U. S. notes and for free banking. I was among the foremost of its opponents in the House. I regarded it as most vicious, contended that the country had been suffering too much already from an excess of paper money, and urged that the government at once resume specie payments. Conkling and Eastern Republicans generally made a fight against the legislation in both Senate and House, but senators and representatives from the South and West combined to put the bill through both branches of Congress.

I joined the opponents of the bill in imploring President Grant to veto the act. He answered our prayers. That veto was the forerunner of the legislation that ultimately enabled us to return to a specie basis. Let it be said to the credit of every succeeding national administration that that policy has never been abandoned, though it has been under fire from theorists and repudiationists. That the President, long before the resumption of the specie payment was finally enacted into law, had made up his mind that repudiation of honest debts and the establishment of greenbackism as a national policy should not be tolerated was made manifest when, after a White House conference, a memorandum in Grant's handwriting was circulated. It read:

"I believe it a high and plain duty to return to a specie basis at the earliest practicable day, and not only in compliance with legislative and party pledges, but as a step indispensable to lasting prosperity.

"I would like to see a provision that at a fixed day, say July 1, 1876, the currency issued by the U. S. should be redeemed in coin on presentation to any assistant treasurer, and that all currency so redeemed should be cancelled, and never reissued. To effect this it would be necessary to authorize the issue of bonds, payable in gold, bearing such interest as would command par in gold, to be put out by the Treasurer only in such sums as should from time to time be needed for the purpose of redemption."

Gross injustice has been done to President Grant in ascribing to Rutherford B. Hayes and John Sherman all the credit for the inception and enactment of the law which did so much to restore commercial confidence. While not disposed to rob either Hayes or Sherman of his share, I desire to accord to Grant the greatest measure of approbation for his conception of a policy which has endured to the present hour.

"THE JANUS-LIKE TILDEN" DEFEATS DIX

A prohibition wave, coupled with popular resentment against a Republican and Democratic Congressional attempt to repeal the Reconstruction act, one of the monuments of the Grant administration, contributed toward giving New York State to the Democrats in 1874 by 50,000 majority.

Governor Dix had proved a most admirable executive, but he had refused to be bulldozed by advocates of an absolute confiscation of breweries and other establishments in which intoxicants were made or sold. The result was that thousands of so-called Republicans either voted the straight Prohibition or the Democratic ticket. The campaign developed a new and sagacious politician in Samuel J. Tilden, the Democratic candidate for governor. He originated and inaugurated a canvass by school-districts. To each voter he addressed an autograph letter soliciting his personal support. Tilden's "gilded pills" and promises of "reform" of everything conceivable, sent straight to the individual suffragists, flattered them much. Many thousands of votes did he secure by this unctious method of campaigning. After he had taken the oath of office Governor Tilden "opened the books." They showed that Dix and his associates had fulfilled their pledges to the people.

Though Tilden proclaimed during his canvass that he had discovered a corrupt Republican canal ring, which he purposed to destroy, at no time did he bring to the door of any Republican state official evidence of the indiscriminate accusations uttered by him upon the stump. The failure of Tilden to make good his charges, and the offensive partisanship of his administration, enabled us to restore our party in control of the legislature in 1875. This served as a curb upon the Janus-like Tilden, and very little of his proposed revolutionary and partisan legislation became law.

CONKLING ENDORSED FOR PRESIDENT

During the latter part of 1875 Conkling had become so pronounced in the leadership of the U. S. Senate, and so universally recognized as the spokesman for President Grant, that friends of the national executive in New York rallied to put him in the White House. My intimate association with the Oneida statesman had taught me not only to admire, but to love him. I made it my pleasure and

task so to help to organize the Empire State Republicans that we might have a solid delegation for Conkling to the National Convention of 1876. That solid delegation was chosen at Syracuse March 22d of that year. Unanimously were resolutions approved, declaring that: "We present Roscoe Conkling to the National Republican Convention as our choice for President. We give assurance that the nomination of our candidate will secure beyond question the thirty-five electoral votes of New York for the Republican electoral ticket."

The balloting began on the morning of the 17th inst. Blaine led on the first, with 285; Morton had 124, Bristow 113, Conkling 99, Hayes 61, Hartranf 58, Jewell 2, and Wheeler 3. All the New-Yorkers except George William Curtis stood firm for Conkling. He also received one vote from California, three from Florida, eight from Georgia, one each from Iowa, Michigan, Mississippi, Missouri, and Nevada; seven from North Carolina, and three each from Texas and Virginia. After the second ballot, in which Blaine gained eleven and Hayes three, the convention was thrown into a turmoil because of an attempt to enforce a rule by which every delegation must vote as a unit. Permanent Chairman Edward McPherson, of Pennsylvania, ruled that "every individual member has a right to vote according to his individual sentiments." There was a prolonged and acrimonious debate. Appeal after appeal was taken, but Chairman McPherson's rulings were invariably sustained. The third and fourth ballots resulted in Conkling's losing six votes from the South. New York stood pat for him, except that A. A. Low, of Brooklyn, deserted to Bristow.

HOW HAYES WAS NOMINATED

On the seventh ballot the Indiana delegation deserted Morton, and went almost in a solid bunch for Hayes. Conkling, who had not been at any time confident of securing the nomination, knew it was all up with him then. A quick consultation between him and Cornell, Pomeroy, Arthur, and myself brought about an agreement that we should follow Indiana and flock to the Ohio candidate. When New York was called, we threw 61 votes for Hayes. This made his total 384, or six more than were needed to nominate him. The final ballot gave Hayes 384; Blaine 351; Bristow 21. Hayes's nomination, amid triumphant yells from the Ohioans,

was made unanimous. New York was given a consolation prize in William A. Wheeler, who was named for Vice-President.

There was no joy in New York over the Hayes nomination. Empire State Republicans had been a practical unit for Conkling. They were sorely disappointed. Conkling himself took his defeat much to heart. I am inclined to agree with the statements of several delegates to the national convention, that had Conkling mixed more with people outside the state he would have won at Cincinnati. Up to the hour he became a candidate for the presidential nomination he had shown himself in but two states beyond his own—Pennsylvania and New Jersey. The masses did not know him. They seemed to regard him as frigid, repellent, and exclusive, and this was, except to his intimates, true of him.

Disheartened, but determined to do all we could for the ticket, we came home. We did our level best to hold the state for Hayes. The Democrats, however, had been shrewd enough to adopt the policy our New York delegation had contended for at Cincinnati—that of naming a New-Yorker for President. They chose Governor Tilden. Then they selected Thomas A. Hendricks for Vice-President, from the doubtful state of Indiana. Desperately as we labored, we could not arouse the voters for Hayes. Conkling, though fully intending to comply with Hayes's written request that he stump the West, was unable to deliver more than two speeches, and those in his own state. For seven weeks, owing to an affection of the eyes and a malarial malady, he was forced to remain in a dark room. This, happening during the heat of the campaign, deprived Hayes and us of his invaluable services in the council-chamber and on the field. That Tilden should defeat Hayes by 33,000 plurality in New York did not surprise me. That Tilden had carried the country seemed all but certain election night.

TILDEN MEN CRY WAR

But on that night evidence of the grossest frauds in Louisiana, South Carolina, Florida, and other Southern states was secured by Chairman Zachariah Chandler, of the Republican National Committee. So glaring was the testimony of crookedness practised in behalf of the Democratic nominee that the Republican leaders determined to place it before the House of Representatives and ascertain who had been honestly elected.

The Democrats, led by Chairman Abram S. Hewitt of the National Committee, threatened civil war if such a course were resorted to. Former Confederate army officers announced their purpose of heading their old commands, marching on Washington, and seating Tilden at the point of the bayonet. Panic seized the country. An invasion of the national capital would probably have been ordered had any other man than Gen. Ulysses S. Grant been President. When the Tilden men had been apprised that the chief of the Union armies during the War of Secession was quite as prepared to put down this as he had the previous rebellion, they calmed down somewhat. Early in January of 1877, Senator George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, presented the initial act intended to provide for an inquiry as to who had been legally elected President and Vice-President. It called for the appointment of a committee, afterward known as the Electoral Commission. The men who actually prepared this measure were Senators Edmunds, Freylinghuysen, and Conkling, Republicans, and Senators Bayard and Gordon and Representatives Randall and Hewitt, Democrats.

The bill provided that the Senate and House should each appoint five members and that these, with five Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, should constitute a commission to decide concerning the certificates of electoral votes. President Grant gave his most cordial endorsement, believing it to be the fairest and most practicable method of ascertaining how the people had really cast their ballots. The House, though Democratic by a large majority, passed the Electoral Commission bill by a vote of 191 to 86. The Senate approved it by 47 to 17. Twenty-six Democrats joined with twenty-one Republicans in putting it through.

After a prolonged and bitter partisan quarrel, the report of the inquiry substantiated the allegations of astounding Democratic ballot-box stuffing, disfranchisement, and crooked returns. The Electoral Commission, by a vote of 8 to 7, declared Hayes and Wheeler to have secured 185 electoral votes, as against 184 for Tilden and Hendricks. Therefore, they were declared elected. Frenzied Tilden devotees renewed their threats of using artillery if necessary to blow their favorite into the White House. But Grant had artillery and soldiers, too, at Washington. Hayes and Wheeler were sworn in, and the much-dreaded revolution gradually vanished.

THE REVOLT AGAINST HAYES

The revolt came because it was inevitable. Leaders and members of the rank and file, who had followed the fortunes of the party since its birth, raged at the President for awarding the most desirable federal places not only to men who had been disloyal to him and the party, but to men who had been lifelong Democrats. Not content with insulting the organization by the appointment of its arch-enemy, Evarts, to the most distinguished seat in his cabinet, Hayes sought to oust Chester A. Arthur, collector, and Alonzo B. Cornell, naval officer, of the Port of New York. Both had been placed in office by President Grant. The President tried to supplant these excellent officials with Theodore Roosevelt, father of the former President, and L. Bradford Prince, both of whom were bitter opponents of the organization. We saw to it that the President's plan was foiled. The Senate refused to confirm the nomination of either Roosevelt or Prince by such a large majority that Hayes was forced to temporarily quit this method of lopping off the heads of faithful Republican soldiers. But he called into consultation George William Curtis and others of our foes. Between them there was evolved the impossible civil service "reform" system, which we at once accepted as inaugurated for the sole purpose of disrupting the party in our state. Organization Republicans voiced their resentment at the Rochester Convention in 1877. I was chairman of the state committee, and was assigned by that committee to act as temporary convention chairman. It was at this convention that the original "Big Four" was established. It consisted of Roscoe Conkling, Chester A. Arthur, Alonzo B. Cornell, and myself.

The convention scorched Hayes unmercifully. By resolution and speech it avowed that there was no reason for maintaining the Republican party unless it could be assured of sympathy and cooperation from the Republican administration at Washington. Conkling was rarely in more superb form than at Rochester. I can see him now, pacing up and down the aisle, hurling barbed epithets at Hayes, and clothing Curtis with sobriquets like the "Man Milliner," which stuck to Hayes's advisor to his dying day. I delivered myself of a few pertinent remarks which I was informed did not add to the President's affection for me.

HAYES A PROTOTYPE OF GOVERNOR HUGHES

Hayes was quite a prototype of Governor Hughes, though his flowing whiskers were of a more blond hue. He was a good deal of the same physical build and mental temperament. Though nominated and elected as a Republican, he sought to forget it in office. He had strong convictions but narrow views, on a narrow basis. He was not enough of a politician to swim out when he found himself in deep water. He was the first President to claim that he was better than his party. And yet no man was ever so much indebted to a party as he. He was made President because of the great fight conducted by his party managers to secure the electoral votes of Louisiana, Florida, and South Carolina, after they had been stolen for Tilden. After he got in by the votes of these states, he betrayed the Republican state governments to the Democrats by undoing the Reconstruction acts of President Grant and the federal government. I have said that temperamentally he reminded me of Hughes. But he did not possess the intellectuality of the present governor of New York. He had a habit of receiving you courteously, doing all the talking, and then telling people that you agreed with everything he said. Some Republican leaders have regretted very much that they ever fought to seat Hayes. I should have regretted my part in this but for the fact that I ever desired that the Republican party should win, even if a representative of that party chose to prove recreant and ungrateful.

Like Hughes, Hayes accepted the bounty of his party, and then refused to recognize any obligations to that party. George William Curtis was his guiding star. Hayes retired with the friendship of few except those who had fought the party inside and outside. He was rarely heard of after he turned the presidency over to Garfield, except when the newspapers printed stories about his chicken-farm. In 1879, despite continued attacks of the Hayes administration upon the state organization and with the help of the John Kelly-Tammany Hall bolt against the renomination of Gov. Lucius Robinson, we succeeded in making Alonzo B. Cornell governor. The entire Republican state ticket was elected, and the party held a majority in the Legislature for the first period since war times.

I had become meantime secretary and director and then president of the U. S. Ex-

press Company, and had practically made up my mind never again to hold public office, when Governor Cornell insisted that I become president of the Board of Quarantine Commissioners. As then constituted, it was a powerful body, and I unwillingly accepted a place on it, with the understanding that I should go on with my private business.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S PERSONALITY

Arthur in his personality was the beau ideal of the American citizen. Six feet two in height, symmetrically built, a head adorned with silken, wavy hair always carefully combed, whiskers of the Burnside variety invariably trimmed to the perfection point, blue, kindly eyes, straight nose, ruddy cheeks—these and his polished manners gave him the address of a veritable Chesterfield. Unlike Grant, Arthur was scrupulously careful about his attire. He spent a fortune upon it. He affected the choicest tweeds for business hours. In the afternoon, he put on a black frock coat, white or gray waist-coat, gray trousers, black tie, and shiny silk hat. For dinner he donned the Tuxedo. He rarely went to the theater, opera, or to a night reception except in full evening habiliments.

Though "one of the boys" when with "the boys," he never lost his poise. He possessed the rare faculty of adapting himself to conditions that made him a good "mixer." In that he was the antithesis of Conkling, Arthur was a diplomat. He would have proved a most excellent secretary of state or ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Few regarded him as a great President. He was handicapped, of course, by entering upon duties bequeathed him by a murdered President, who was ever at odds with his party in Arthur's own state. The mistake he made was in doing nothing to rectify the wrongs the New York organization suffered through Garfield.

I offered my services to the State Committee and did my utmost to induce Senator Conkling to take the stump for Blaine. Conkling emphatically declined. The dominant organization was then under the control of Warner Miller, William H. Robertson, George William Curtis, Theodore Roosevelt, and others, who either openly or secretly opposed every political project I might suggest. Nevertheless I assisted them in every way I could to secure the electoral vote of New York for the "Plumed Knight." Blaine lost New York to Cleveland by a plurality of about

eleven hundred. Blaine's managers charged that his failure to carry New York was due to fraudulent methods like the counting of votes cast for Benjamin F. Butler, the labor candidate, and for Grover Cleveland, in Long Island City. The Half Breeds charged the Stalwarts with knifing Blaine. The Stalwarts made similar charges against the Half Breeds. The Stalwarts I could control, however, were true to Blaine and every other Republican candidate.

"RUM, ROMANISM, AND REBELLION"

That many votes were undoubtedly driven away from Blaine by the "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" attack uttered by the Rev. Dr. Burchard, a few days before election, no one can question. Blaine committed a serious error in not repudiating the fanatical outbreak of this injudicious clergyman immediately upon his perpetration of it. He either did not hear it, as it was said amid the cheering of a delegation of Methodist ministers for Mrs. Blaine, or he did not actually gage the resentment among those who were only too willing to ascribe to him intolerance of any but the Protestant religion. That the Cleveland managers were keen enough to seize upon and use the Burchardism as the final blow with which to defeat Blaine was disclosed when, the Sunday following its delivery, Arthur Pue Gorman and Calvin S. Brice had every Roman Catholic church placarded with the three R's. Blaine was assailed by the Catholic clergy for either silently approving the insult, or delaying a minute in rebuking its author.

Just how numerous were the votes changed, no one could ever correctly calculate. That enough deserted Blaine and went to Cleveland to give the latter his meager plurality in New York seems a reasonable conclusion. Burchard had rarely been heard of prior to his *jaux pas*. He died detested by many and mourned by few.

BLAINE, THE AMERICAN

Serious as were my political differences with Blaine in the tempestuous days of 1881, I never hesitated to express my admiration for his charming personality and the dashing, chivalric spirit that caused the people to bestow upon him the title of "Henry of Navarre," the "Plumed Knight" of American politics. I sat under him when he was Speaker of the House of Representatives during the early seventies. What I liked about

him then, as always, was his frank and persistent contention that the citizen who best loved his party and was loyal to it was loyal to and best loved his country. He was a foe to all Phariseism and cant, recognized no place for guerrillas or Mugwumps. His reply to Italy, "The United States has never yet permitted its policy to be dictated by any foreign power, and it will not begin now," was an exhibition of his exalted Americanism. He was the Clay of the House of Representatives. As in the case of Clay, his words cost him the presidency. But for his passage at arms with Conkling, while both were members of the lower house of Congress, he would have been unquestionably elected President in 1884. His conception of a union in trade with all the nations of the Western Hemisphere has resulted in the magnificent increase in commerce between North and South America. Blaine was the American Bismarck. Ere he passed to the beyond all our quarrels had ceased, and we had become intimate friends.

HOW GOVERNOR HILL REMOVED ME FROM OFFICE

David B. Hill was once sketched as a "Peanut Governor." He did some surprisingly petty things while he was running the Democratic machine. Many times he resorted to the most trivial excuses for displacing an official, merely because he happened to be a Republican. After Hill had succeeded Cleveland in 1885, he adopted the policy of "None But Democrats on Guard." So far as possible, he cleared out every Republican in office, and put a henchman of his own political persuasion in his place. How I happened to escape his ax for nearly three years I never have been able to comprehend.

But in 1888 word reached me from the state executive chamber that my resignation as quarantine commissioner would be gladly accepted. I refused to comply. I was informed that if I did not quit, I would be removed. I challenged Hill to behead me. He waited a while. Then I was notified that my right longer to hold my place would be contested in court, on the ground that I was not a resident of the city of New York. My reply was that for years I had resided at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Hill suddenly haled me into court. He produced the startling evidence that I had my laundry-work done in Owego. That was the diabolical crime that was declared to unfit me to perform my official duties.

Senator Platt's Memoirs

I pleaded guilty to having sent some collars, cuffs, and shirts occasionally to my birthplace to be cleansed, and upon this confession was ordered to surrender my office to a Hill Democrat.

The trial was denounced as a farce by the newspapers. Grover Cleveland was President. The intelligence of the jury and its affection for the Democratic state boss were disclosed when its members were asked who really was President of the U. S. "Oh, that's easy. Dave Hill, of course," answered a number of them.

AM DENIED THE PROMISED SECRETARYSHIP OF THE TREASURY

Immediately after the nomination of Harrison, friends suggested to him that I be given the Secretaryship of the Treasury in case he was elected. Indeed, a promise of this portfolio which I and members of the National Committee regarded as a binding one was made. That promise was either forgotten or ignored. Anyway it never was fulfilled. I am frank to admit that one of the most poignant disappointments of my life was my failure to become at some time Secretary of the Treasury. It was a portfolio for which I believed myself to be better equipped than for any other. I had from my college days made an assiduous study of financial questions. As president of express, railroad, coal and iron, and other corporations, I had learned a great deal about how to manage fiscal affairs. Indeed, I had for many years been very ambitious to conduct the government's finances. When I received what my friends and myself accepted as a positive pledge from President Harrison that he would gratify my aspiration, I felt that I had nothing more in the world to seek. But when, notwithstanding a letter in President Harrison's own handwriting, promising the appointment, I was suddenly informed that William Windom, of Minnesota, had been selected, I felt that there was little use of pinning my faith upon anybody, or training myself for high office. To some it would have been a bit of solace that no other New-Yorker was made Secretary of the Treasury. I had something to do with preventing the selection of one man who had set his heart on the same office; that was Warner Miller.

In June, 1890, Mr. Blaine, secretary of state, apparently deploring the difference between President Harrison and my friends, sought to act as a mediator. He urged the

President to try to square matters by offering me a foreign mission. Harrison, thinking he might heal the wound caused by his refusal to make me a member of his cabinet, authorized Secretary Blaine to offer me the Spanish mission. Secretary Blaine wrote this letter, which has never before been published:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
28 June, '90.

MY DEAR MR. PLATT: By the President's direction, and with great personal pleasure myself, I tender to you the mission to Spain—made vacant by the resignation of Hon. T. W. Palmer of Michigan.

Hoping that your convenience and your desires will combine to persuade you to accept the position, I am,

Your Friend, Sincerely,
JAMES G. BLAINE.

Inclined to suspect that Harrison was trying to get me out of the country, I held the Blaine letter until July 5th, when I declined the portfolio offered in this letter:

NEW YORK, July 5th, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. BLAINE: I am in receipt of your esteemed favor of the 28th ult., conveying to me the President's instructions and your compliments, tendering the mission to Spain made vacant by the resignation of Governor Palmer of Michigan.

While properly esteeming the honor conferred, and duly appreciating this evidence of the President's confidence and your personal regard, I feel constrained to return my declination of the position. Numerous business engagements and obligations preclude the possibility of my accepting the responsibility of office of any name or nature, local or federal, however honorable and alluring it may be. I shall be content to continue to serve in the ranks, asking no other reward than the proud consciousness of possessing the confidence and esteem of those true Republicans who, like yourself, have made the "Grand Old Party" immortal.

Yours faithfully,
T. C. PLATT.

Harrison later recognized the organization of which I had now become everywhere the acknowledged leader by appointing J. Sloat Fassett collector of the Port of New York. Fassett's appointment was about the only other important one made by Harrison for the state organization, though Cornelius Van Cott, named for postmaster of New York, was classed as an organization man.

PRESIDENT HARRISON IGNORES ME

Because of President Harrison's refusal to comply with what were deemed the reasonable requests of my associates and myself, as well as members of the rank and file of the machine, a good deal of discontent was soon exhibited. The Hill Democratic machine ab-

solutely dictated state patronage. And yet a Republican President, who, but for the devoted exertions of the regular party organization of New York, it was maintained, would have been forced to abandon his White House chair to Grover Cleveland, either forgot or ignored the men most responsible for his victory. We were quite as resentful when Harrison turned a frigid, contemptuous shoulder to Chairman Matthew S. Quay of the National Committee. But for Quay's masterful conduct of the campaign in New York State, where he stopped tens of thousands of fraudulent votes, Harrison never would have been President. The skill of the Pennsylvania manager must be apparent when the returns showed a fourteen thousand plurality for Harrison over Cleveland, while Hill defeated Miller for governor by about eighteen thousand.

SPEAKER REED, THE PROFANE

In having our recommendations for office turned down by President Harrison, I had the company, not only of Quay, but of Speaker Thomas B. Reed. The latter, than whom no man ever, up to his day, ran the lower branch of Congress with such an imperial sway, broke with Harrison the moment he learned that the President had refused to consider his recommendation for the collectorship of the Port of Portland, Maine, his own home, but had appointed a son of Neal Dow, Prohibitionist agitator, because Secretary of State Blaine and Senator William P. Frye urged it. Reed denounced this as a gratuitous insult to the third greatest officer in the United States. He fulminated against Harrison in profane language, in which he was as original and adept as anyone I ever have known, declined ever after to enter the White House, and refused to even meet Harrison, I am informed, until the day of his death.

Reed's domineering, revengeful characteristics lost him the only chance he ever had for being named for the presidency. He was in 1896 the choice of a number of New England states, and, after Morton, was the preference of New York. But he had, unwittingly perhaps, antagonized so many states that when Manley, his manager, reached the St. Louis convention, he was satisfied that his nomination was an impossibility. When Manley surrendered to Hanna and McKinley, and withdrew Reed, the Speaker, who had set his heart on heading the ticket, caused the sparks to fly from telegraph wires in registering his

rebukes. Sam Fessenden, of Connecticut, was so infuriated over Manley's capitulation that he dressed him down with, "Joe, God hates a quitter." Reed never condoned Manley's desertion of him.

HARRISON A POUTER PIGEON

Some have been so unkind as to depict Harrison as a bantam rooster, strutting about and challenging all comers, big and little, to fight. He impressed me more as a pouter pigeon, though I have witnessed more than one exhibition of his pugnacity. Outside the White House and at a dinner he could be a courtly gentleman. Inside the Executive Mansion, in his reception of those who solicited official appointments, for themselves or their friends, he was as glacial as a Siberian stripped of his furs. During and after an interview, if one could secure it, one felt even in torrid weather like pulling on his winter flannels, goloshes, overcoat, mitts, and ear-laps. With few exceptions, those who did most to place Harrison, first in the United States Senate and then in the presidency, found him a marble statue when they asked for recognition of their services.

He appeared to assume that all who had been with him would stick, no matter how he ignored or mistreated them.

He lost their sympathy by forgetting his obligations to them and conferring favors on those to whom he owed nothing. That partially explains why Harrison was opposed so strenuously for a renomination and why so many hundreds of thousands of ardent Republicans visited punishment upon him by voting straight against him in 1892.

THE EXPENSIVE RESULT OF WHITELAW REID'S ATTEMPT TO INTIMIDATE ME

The Republican party was, in 1893, at a sad disadvantage in the state and city of New York. The state government was controlled by the Democratic party. Tammany Hall was supreme in the city. David B. Hill, the accepted Democratic "boss," was in the U. S. Senate. Edward Murphy, Jr., his deputy, was also there. The overwhelming pluralities by which Flower whipped Fasset in 1891, and by which Cleveland defeated Harrison in 1892, caused demands again from the Half Breeds that I be knocked in the head, despite the fact that I had forewarned New York Republicans that the renomination of Harrison meant utter rout. In their desperate determination to get rid of me, they

ignored evidence of chicanery that resulted in the stealing of the legislatures of 1892 and 1893, which sent Hill and Murphy to the U. S. Senate. They closed their eyes to frauds, not only in New York City, but in Dutchess, Columbia, and Steuben counties in the interior. They seemed blind to the theft of certificates of election, colonization, repeating and ballot-stuffing, in which Hill, Assistant Attorney-General Isaac N. Maynard, and other Democratic leaders were so implicated that independent social and political associations held indignation meetings and cried out for redress. These assemblies also denounced the Democratic gerrymander, that made it well-nigh impossible, except should a revolution happen, for the Republicans to obtain a majority in the lawmaking body.

In the hope of at last starting me on the political toboggan, my adversaries howled for a reorganization of the party, particularly in the county of New York. Col. George Bliss and others who did not like me formed a Committee of Thirty. They announced their intention of "cleaning the Augean stables, and throwing Platt and his crew out." I fully realized the imperative necessity of a reorganization. But I was not allured by the spectacle of political bushwhackers assuming to take charge of the enterprise. I frankly declared at that time that, as the old machine could not be depended upon to do good and efficient work and get out the Republican vote, a new organization was required. The county committee recognized this by gracefully going off to the funeral prepared for it by the thirty undertakers. (Thirty district leaders.) Conditions became the more embarrassing when, early in 1893, two bitterly hostile factions sprang up to undertake the task of reorganization. One, as I have said, was the Committee of Thirty headed by Col. Bliss. The other was led by John F. Milholland, with Whitelaw Reid as its real underwriter.

Bliss claimed the authority to the old county committee. Milholland asserted that public sentiment was behind him and his men. I questioned whether an authority derived from a body that had practically confessed its own unfitness to live was of any particular value. The county committee had said, "We are somewhat bad, and totally inefficient, and we empower Col. Bliss and his friends to get up something better in our stead." Now it did not seem to me that Republicans were compelled to respect Col. Bliss's credentials. If we were to get rid of

the old machine because it was partially bad, and entirely inefficient, we were certainly justified in looking with some suspicion upon the persons to whom it issued its commission.

I concluded to look at the Bliss and Milholland movements, merely on their respective merits. I found that among those who supported Bliss were a number of aged Republicans of character and wealth, who spent a great deal of their time criticizing us whose interest in the party was such that we gave our days and nights, in season and out of season, to build up the party and make it effective on election day. They undertook to abolish leadership. They might as well have tried to abolish daylight. I urged that it was not so much a new scheme of organization that the party needed, as new blood, earnest, resolute, active, ambitious young men. I therefore did not think Col. Bliss's plan calculated to infuse new life into the party. Nor did I regard the would-be leaders about him, among them Cornelius N. Bliss and Gen. Samuel Thomas, likely to attract gallant, ambitious young men. I maintained that we would be unable to obtain the secret of how to get votes from gentlemen who gave so little time in active work for the party, and suggested that as the Milholland men were young, active, enthusiastic workers, in cosmopolitan districts we had been unable to reach, they, instead of being opposed by Col. Bliss and his friends, ought to receive their active support and financial encouragement.

Though both Bliss and Milholland repeatedly claimed me as sponsor for their respective organizations, I never got behind either. Possibly I would have been tempted to prefer the Milholland movement but for an incident that happened in the winter of 1893. State Chairman Hackett and myself were invited to what we presumed was to be a "harmony" dinner, at the home of Whitelaw Reid. We soon discovered that everybody there was expected to sign a cast-iron pledge to push the Milholland organization. When I protested that my hands were off, and that the state organization would recognize neither the Bliss nor the Milholland faction until one or the other had demonstrated that it represented a majority of the Republican voters of New York County, Mr. Reid became unwarrantably excited. He brandished his fist and exclaimed, "If you refuse to indorse the Milholland movement, I shall be compelled to attack you in the columns of the *New York Tribune*." "Attack me if you will in a thou-

sand newspapers. Never yet have I been bull-dozed into espousing any proposition, political or otherwise. Come on, Hackett. Let's get out of here. It is no place for us," was my answer. Hackett and I called for our coats and hats, and, bidding Reid a frigid farewell, departed.

Reid put his threats into execution. The *Tribune* opened fire on me the next day. It villified me as few newspapers ever villified me. But the abuse made me the more determined that I would not yield. Neither faction was recognized by the state organization. Ultimately my friends obtained complete mastery of the New York county machine, and brought it up to a state of splendid efficiency. I may add that the dinner incident, accentuated by the attacks of Mr. Reid's newspaper, delayed the appointment of that gentlemen as ambassador to the Court of St. James's by a number of years. It had been for a long time his most cherished ambition to pay court to King Edward. It was not until I finally acquiesced in a personal request made by President McKinley and Chairman Mark Hanna of the Republican National Committee, in 1898, that Reid achieved the post he sought.

JOSEPH H. CHOATE PITTED AGAINST ME
BY OLD-TIME ENEMIES

But for attacks upon my private and public character I should never have been a candidate for office again. It so happened, however, that after the presidential and state campaigns of 1896 I was subjected to almost daily cuts and thrusts from enemies of the Republican party and the New York organization. Those who preferred to misunderstand me and my friends saw fit to misconstrue every word and every act.

Almost from the hour that the election returns disclosed the triumph of McKinley and Black, and insured a Republican majority in the Legislature, I was besought by loyal friends to permit my name to go before the Republican caucus for U. S. senator. I had practically made up my mind that I would support almost anybody that had been devoted to the party and the organization, when a campaign was inaugurated to make Joseph H. Choate the successor of David B. Hill. Though Mr. Choate had never been my political friend, I doubt if I should have offered obstinate opposition to his candidacy but for the virulent assaults his backers constantly leveled at me. During December, 1896, I

received many letters, telegrams, and personal visits from those who had fought the battles of the party and the organization, no matter whether lost or won, imploring me to become a candidate for the Senate. My reply was that I had no desire to return to Washington; that I preferred to devote myself to private business.

But friends like Gov. Morton, Postmaster Cornelius Van Cott of New York; Gov.-Elect Black, Lieut.-Gov.-Elect Woodruff, Chairman Hackett of the Republican State Committee, and others kept at me, and I finally agreed that I would permit them to do as they saw fit. Toward the approach of the date for the Republican caucus, my opponents began to hold mass meetings in various parts of the state, principally in Brooklyn and Buffalo. They praised Choate and abused me. Indeed there was no crime, it seemed, with which I was not charged, and no virtue indicated that Choate did not possess. I might have still refused to be a candidate but for inexcusable and unwarranted maledictions upon me delivered by the Rev. Dr. Richards S. Storrs, Former-Mayor Charles A. Schieren, James McKeen, Charles Stewart Smith, and others at a Brooklyn meeting, and Sherman S. Rogers and others at a Buffalo gathering.

MRS. PLATT'S VIEW OF POLITICS

To no one was my return to the Senate more pleasing than to Mrs. Platt, who accompanied me to the national capital and continued to be my companion and counselor. Once during a reception in honor of the wife of a brother U. S. senator, in Washington, each lady was asked to tell how she felt about the prominence that came to her because her husband happened to have been elevated to high office.

When it came Mrs. Platt's turn she modestly testified: "I object to having it said that I am in politics. I frankly confess that I admire Mr. Platt's political acumen and often offer him a few suggestions. But I never take politics seriously. I regard it rather as a recreation and amusement, just as other women enjoy embroidery, riding, or driving."

Mrs. Platt was an excellent musician and was fond of photographing. She had a brief but ultimately successful business career. Mrs. Platt had some pin money. She confided to me that she thought she could double it. She bought an orange-grove, appointed an overseer, and started in. The first year's

crop was a disappointment. Just four oranges were produced. I joked with her and advised her to put her land into potatoes, wheat, oats, or corn.

"Never mind, Tom, I am going to make a fortune out of this yet," she pluckily replied. Mrs. Platt went to Florida and assumed personal management of the grove. Just as she counted on a big yield, a heavy frost killed many of the trees. Undaunted, she kept at it, and next season she reaped enough of a harvest to recoup her losses. For years she realized a good income from the sale of the luscious fruit.

ROUT OF ODELL—HUGHES GOVERNOR

I was a distant spectator rather than a participant in the overthrow of Odell at Saratoga in Sept., 1906. President Roosevelt ran the convention that met there and named Charles E. Hughes for governor in place of Frank W. Higgins, who was so ill at that time that he died the following February. It was Roosevelt who, when it seemed likely that either Root or Black or Bruce would be named, simply spoke the name—"Hughes." Whether by telephone, telegram, or messenger, it does not matter. And Hughes it was. It was Roosevelt who directed that Odell should step out of the state chairmanship and give way to Timothy L. Woodruff. It was Roosevelt who sent Elihu Root into New York State to save Hughes, when it was feared that William R. Hearst, the Democratic candidate for governor, would defeat him.

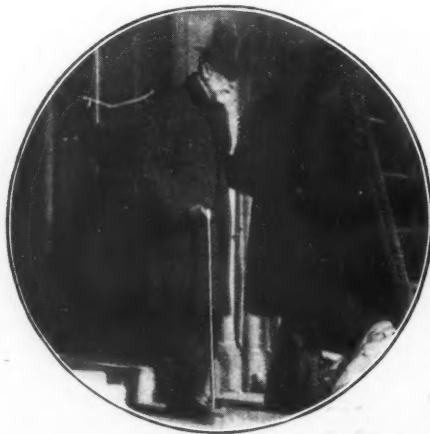
I sorrowed much that every other Republican candidate on the ticket except Hughes

was beaten. Bruce, the candidate for lieutenant-governor, had made a most worthy record in the office. I should like to have seen him promoted to the governorship.

As for Hughes, he is too much of an idealist to suit me. I never have had any use for a man who, after accepting honors from his party, assumes to be bigger and better than his party, and strives to wreck it. I never saw so much tyranny and intolerance exhibited in public office as I have witnessed in Hughes. While pretending to fight bossism, he developed during his first term as the greatest boss that ever sat in the executive chamber.

Unlike any of his predecessors, he spurned suggestions that he ought to consult with legislative leaders about proposed laws. For two years he arrogated to himself both legislative and executive powers. He sought to make two hundred men, elected to represent respective constituencies all over the state, mere rubber stamps. From Jan. 1, 1907, to Jan. 1, 1909, there was no legislature at Albany. I am rejoiced that there was an awakening early in 1909, and that, led by John Raines and James W. Wadsworth, Jr., the lawmakers recalled that they were sent to the Senate and Assembly to speak for their home districts, and not for one man temporarily clothed with executive authority.

If I have been an "Easy Boss," Hughes has tried to be a "Hard Boss." Dictatorship will never long be tolerated in free America. Its exponents may sometimes ride into power. But when they fall, they never can resurrect themselves.



A SNAP-SHOT OF SENATOR PLATT BEING ASSISTED TO HIS CARRIAGE. THIS IS PROBABLY THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH

OF THE FORMER "BOSS," WHO, STRIPPED OF HONORS AND OF POWER, SPENT HIS LAST DAYS, QUIETLY IN NEW YORK

Magazine ShopTalk



A GREAT mass of correspondence has been brought forth by the publication of the first of Otheman Stevens's articles on Mexico and Alfred Henry Lewis's arraignment of the Standard Oil Company as the real instigator of the "Barbarous Mexico" mendacities recently appearing in certain magazines and newspapers. Some of these letters have the ring of sincerity and truth; others condemn the COSMOPOLITAN for praising the progress of Mexico and upholding President Diaz; still others are mere hysterical denunciations of the COSMOPOLITAN and all things Mexican. We give both sides of the controversy in the subjoined letters, which are published for what they may be worth to the unbiased observer. We submit the matter to our readers for their judgment of our honesty of purpose in defending a much-maligned neighborland.

Mexican "Slavery"

BALLINGER, TEXAS, February 15, 1910.

To the Editor of the COSMOPOLITAN:

I was delighted to read the article in the last COSMOPOLITAN, exposing the specious yarns which have appeared concerning Mexican "slavery." Many people from this region go to Mexico, for all purposes, and I have not heard a single person discuss the matter who did not condemn these "slavery" articles as the wildest kind of exaggerations. From what I have seen of Mexico, I regard them as both slanderous and fanatical. Wherever convicts or state criminals are "farmed out," even in our own United States, abuses have crept in occasionally; but he would be a foolish foreigner who judged our country by a visit to its convict-camps or the slums of its cities. Probably, as your writer suggests, the dollar is behind those articles somewhere; but they remind one of the outrageous and erroneous accounts of impossible conditions in the South, published during the wildest anti-slavery agitation. Your contemporary seems to be still in the rabid fifties, mentally. It seems to be a negrophile, South-hating publication also; some articles on the negro question a while back were very weak and misleading, though their author had opportunity to learn the truth from high-class Southerners. A Procrustean bed in his reasoning-apparatus made him distort things, and hunt only for what would bolster up his pre-conceived theories. But this is getting off the subject of Mexico. Please accept the congratulations of a reader upon your exposure of the mendacious vagaries current about Mexican slavery, and pardon the length of this unsought letter. Expressing the high value

I ascribe to the COSMOPOLITAN, and with best wishes, I am

Very truly yours,
S. M. BYRD,
Supt. City Public Schools.

Yes, We Dare Do It

OTTAWA, KANSAS, February 18, 1910.

To the Editor of the COSMOPOLITAN:

While still under the inspiration of the recent article, "Mexico—the Progressive," I beg the privilege of a few remarks. Every system of robbery that evolves into general favor is necessarily accompanied by a system of ethics that conforms to it, and it is painfully evident that the one now in vogue has furnished the coloring and the flavor for the article that bears the seductive title mentioned above. The author found a vast and an inviting field wherein to plant the exploiting dollar, and to him it evidently looked good. He also found a dictator—a tyrant that is willing to share in the harvest and back up the process with the bayonet and the dungeon.

Apparently he has fashioned his plea quite in keeping with the prevailing ideals and prejudices of the day, and I doubt not that it will "take," but nevertheless I deplore the fact that such "dope" is so generally received with relish. I see no justification, on moral grounds at least, for the exploitation of the Mexican people by American profit-mongers unless the principle of human slavery be condoned for the deification of profit.

The article was written from the viewpoint of the investor—the man with "idle" money and an ax to grind—the man who sees no evil in robbery if done in a "respectable" manner through the unseen power of capital, preferably with a proxy to do the dirty work. It is designed to tickle the ears of greed while pandering to the lusts of cupidity.

The author conjures up "necessity" as a healing ointment for the peons' stripes and makes it plain that the ignorance and docility of the Mexican people serve as a great opportunity for him that will apply the lash, if done in a businesslike manner while conditions are ripe and the people can be taken unawares.

Measured by the standard of the slave-driver's ethics his "spiel" must be a most satisfactory one, and for the reader who seeks a balm for his conscience for wishing to perpetrate the reign of capital upon an unsophisticated people, in addition to the tyranny they already have to endure, no doubt "necessity," supplemented by prospective dividends, will prove sufficient.

ROSCOE CONAWAY. (sic)
P. S.—You are at liberty to publish the foregoing if you wish, but it is my humble opinion you wouldn't dare to. (\$ \$ \$) R. C.

The Yaquis and Our Indians

MATTEAWAN, N. Y., February, 1910.

To the Editor of the COSMOPOLITAN:

I have just read with a great deal of interest your answer to "Barbarous Mexico." I am entirely in

sympathy with you in taking the matter up as you have. Justice demands that these cowardly and unscrupulous attacks be handled as they deserve—be exposed as mendacious falsehoods.

Mr. Lewis, however, is in error when he says that Standard Oil has been kicked out of Mexico. Standard Oil controls many hundreds of thousands of acres of Mexican territory—some of it covered with a forest of the prettiest pine timber I have ever seen, and much of it mineralized.

I do not in the least sympathize with the Mexican treatment of the Yaqui Indians. They have followed too closely our inhumanity toward the Indians in the United States. The Yaquis were peacefully inclined enough, desiring to cultivate their lands as good citizens of the Republic should, until they were goaded into fighting for their rights. Much of the bloodshed laid at their door was committed by renegades, a good many of them driven from Texas. I have seen and known Yaqui Indians, and they have my sympathy, just as our United States Indians have my sympathy. No Yaqui began the bloodshed, no American Indian that was honestly dealt with ever began hostilities against the white man. There was never an Indian war on this continent that did not have its inception in the murder of Indians by white men. However, the Yaquis have had better times at the hand of Mexico than our Indians have had at our hands, with our systematic and unscrupulous methods of robbing and killing them. We had better not invite comparisons.

I cannot speak in too unqualified praise of Diaz as a man and an administrator. To my mind he stands first among the great men of to-day. He has been a friend of the United States, and Europeans are very jealous of his attitude toward us. A German official not long ago—within two years—spoke very feelingly to me on this subject and very roundly denounced him, voicing many things that have since appeared in print. I am inclined to believe that German interest, not Standard Oil, is responsible for these attacks, though I am very sure that if Standard Oil believed anything could be gained by it they would do anything, irrespective of right or wrong, to injure Mexico, the United States, or anybody or anything.

Mexico has made great progress under Diaz—more even than the most sanguine could have expected. But there is still a great deal to be done. An innocent man may be imprisoned there indefinitely without an opportunity to communicate with friends or secure a hearing; some judicial officers there are honest—a great many are not. This is the same the world over.

I have had a little experience in Mexico—which I offer as my excuse for addressing you this letter—and naturally take a great deal of interest in the controversy. I have even written what I have endeavored to make an entirely impartial book on conditions in one section of the country. This book is in press and will appear in the course of six weeks. With the exception of one or two minor questions it bears evidence that the COSMOPOLITAN is right.

DILLON WALLACE.

A Man Who Knows

PORTLAND, ORE.

To the Editor of the COSMOPOLITAN:

I have read with much interest and enthusiasm the article entitled "The Maligners of Mexico" in

the COSMOPOLITAN for March. For your information I would say that I have been seven times into tropical Mexico within the past eight years and have kept my eyes and ears open upon all occasions, and I do not hesitate to say that the authors of the articles on "Barbarous Mexico" are slanderers. Those articles have no foundation in fact, and I have long suspected that there was a "power behind the throne" which instigated them. I am strongly under the impression that you have struck the keynote and that the whole thing emanated from 26 Broadway, New York. My belief in the correctness of your suspicion is based on a few facts that have come under my personal observation.

In the first place, I know that the Standard Oil Company is *persona non grata* with the Mexican government, and, although they are doing business in that country under the name of the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, they do not make much of a splash.

Down on the Isthmus of Tehautepec, Pearson & Sons, the large English contracting firm—who, by the way, are in partnership with the Mexican government for ninety-nine years in the building and operation of the Tehautepec National Railway from Coatzacoalcos on the Gulf side to Salina Cruz on the Pacific slope—are heavily interested in oil. There are a number of producing oil-wells along the route of the Isthmus Railway, and their locomotives are operated with oil fuel.

I returned the latter part of last September from Mexico, and I learned that there was quite a fight on between the Waters-Pierce Oil Company and Pearson & Sons, and that the price of kerosene oil had been materially reduced, so much so that one of the plantation managers had suggested the advisability of buying several hundred cases and keeping it in storage until such time as he could use it, thus taking advantage of the cut in price.

Further than this, I am fairly well acquainted with a Mr. Morrison, whose initials I do not know, but who is a representative of the Standard Oil Company with headquarters in Frontera, which is the port of export and import for the states of Tabasco and Chiapas. This man Morrison has been boring for oil for several years in the state of Tabasco, and while they are keeping their affairs quiet, I have understood from reliable authority that they have been quite successful in their efforts. These oil-wells have been bored in the very sparsely settled country, and as soon as the oil was obtained have been capped for future use. Pearson & Sons, who have, as you will doubtless realize, a great deal of influence with the Mexican government, naturally object to the encroachment of the Standard people, and while I know nothing of the inside facts, it is natural to presume that they use their influence with the government to handicap the Standard Oil people as much as possible. Now, by placing the ends of these threads together we have the cause for the effect. I would never have thought of this if it had not been for your article in the COSMOPOLITAN.

I have read with much interest the article by Mr. Otheman Stevens, and while my experiences agree with his in the main the slight difference is accounted for by the fact that the labor in and around Mexico City is entirely different from the innocent Indian that is employed in the extreme southern part of the Republic.

Yours very truly,
C. V. COOPER.

A Grass Valley Objection

GRASS VALLEY, CAL., February 18, 1910.

To the Editor of the COSMOPOLITAN:

The March COSMOPOLITAN is before me. I am sorry this edition was ever published, for we have always esteemed the COSMOPOLITAN as a correct leader of American thought and a journal of high integrity, and we now find some of its beautiful pages blackened in the defense of the cruel and savage barbarities of Mexican slavery of to-day. If the authors of these strange articles, "The Maligners of Mexico" and "Mexico—the Progressive," had denied the existence of slavery in Mexico as portrayed in "Barbarous Mexico" and other well-authenticated accounts, and traveled over the same ground and produced photos of the "slaves" in comfort, health, and happiness, that would be quite another thing. But these writers do nothing of the kind. Lewis opens by stating that "To villify one's neighbors is never graceful as an exercise" and then devotes two pages to calling the corporations of the United States bad names.

Pray tell us what that has to do with the fact of brutal slavery in the Mexican tropics. That is the old trick of answering a question by talking much about an irrelevant subject. As an attempt to answer statements of fact in "Barbarous Mexico" it is a fizzle and a failure. And Stevens does even worse than his colleague; he actually defends the system and scheme and power that make slavery possible in Mexico to-day, and the COSMOPOLITAN heads this Sunday-school-personally-conducted excursion-trip to Mexico with a picture of a laughing Mexican laborer. But what has that to do with the real slaves of tropical Mexico? And then Stevens, with a low, soft, musical voice and well-rounded sentences and a silk-gloved hand, leads the reader along the pretty paths in the pretty parts of Mexico, selecting some comfortable people as samples, and says, "Behold the happy people of 'Mexico—the Progressive.'" But what has that to do with the slaves of tropical Mexico? It is the same fallacious reasoning perpetrated by priest and tyrant to soothe the conscience and allay the rising indignation at human wrong. The tiger's claws are masked, and Satan is painted a saint. All for the protection and multiplication of the American capital invested in Mexico.

C. RICHARD KNAPP.

A Priest's Views of Mexico

JACKSON, MO., February 16, 1910.

To the Editor of the COSMOPOLITAN:

I want to congratulate you and Alfred Henry Lewis for printing the article, "The Maligners of Mexico." I have traveled extensively through that earthly paradise—three different times in the last twenty years; once as a railroad man and twice as a priest.

As a priest I regret to say that I observed some disabilities suffered there by our church, from a political standpoint, but, on the whole, I found Mexico a land whose people, whether rich or poor, felt life's necessities so lightly that they dreamed in the daylight and sang in the moonlight, while we materialists farther north panted on in our soul-straining race for the capture of the almighty dollar. It is the land of the true Socialist, where the breakfast, dinner, and supper of the people, rich or poor,

are growing either in or on the ground. It is a land where, if the ground fail for a season, which is seldom, there is the richer brother with great resources and generous hand to relieve his poet-peasant brother in his time of necessity.

Mexico's children may be mostly peasant and poor, as we consider their humble lot, but peasant and patron are happy poets, and neither of them is anything but a chevalier, so innate is the courtesy they manifest to friend or foe.

Diaz is truly the father of his country: it is the Catholic and the priest within me that brings the protest against his imperfection in allowing disabilities that will make the record of history describe him as a man loving his country and acting unfairly to his church. However, I am glad you are giving the other side and hope that this manifestation of one reader's appreciation may be some little compensation for the justice you are doing to sunny, happy Mexico.

REV. M. D. COLLINS.

"Away from Ancient Altars"

The articles by Harold Bolce, dealing with the college education of women, reveal, in the letters they evoke from readers, a profound American interest in things spiritual. There is the widest possible variety of opinions expressed by readers. Miss Katherine Edwards, writing to Mr. Bolce from Ada, Ohio, says: "I have just gotten halfway through your article, 'Away from Ancient Altars.' I had to stop at this place and have a cry, and before I go any farther I want to give myself the satisfaction of telling you I *never* disliked a man more in my life than I do you. Oh, Mr. Bolce, why do you say such things? Have you never loved anyone so much that to have anything said against them hurt worse—far worse—than a physical wound to yourself? That's just the way I felt when I read what you had said. God has been so good, so wonderfully near, to me these few years I've been in this beautiful world of his and loved me so much that I want to scream out when I hear of anyone's disbelieving for one minute, in their heart of hearts, that God sent his only begotten Son.

"When I came to the place where you said the story of the Manger was probably only a sacred myth, I simply collapsed. How are you going to believe in a God at all if you can't believe his very own word to us? I believe *every single word* of it (the Bible), and I'd be ashamed if I were only a mere man whom he had created to say that I didn't. It seems to me that now, after God has managed the world since the beginning of time, is a bad time to turn it over to a few measley college graduates to manage. I am a girl my-

self—only eighteen—and I realize how flighty we are, and what a sad mess most of us would make of our lives if it weren't for God's wise and loving care.

"You probably think this note sounds rattle-brained, if you read it at all, of which I have my doubts, but if you only could realize what a *lot* I have seen God do for people, and what a little science, you'd understand."

Diametrically opposed to the foregoing comment is a letter from R. W. Snow, of Rawhide, Nevada, who says, "I have just had a splendid hour with your 'Away from Ancient Altars,' and I want to thank you for it."

Emily R. Browne, of Cincinnati, writes: "Allow me to tell you how very much I, as well as numerous friends of mine, enjoy this series of articles appearing in the COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE. We are of the older generation and so cannot take advantage of the opportunities open to women for higher education, and are glad to have the new ideas brought home to us in concrete form, as Mr. Bolce has done. It gives us an idea of what is going on in the world, and makes us feel less out of it—where up-to-date ideas are concerned."

Ruth Daniels French, B. A., of New York City, writes the following strong letter:

"I have read your article in the February COSMOPOLITAN with much amazement, and not a little sense of injustice. I am not at all sure of your point of view, nor do I know your purpose. But surely you know that no college turns out students of one opinion. You imply that what one instructor says the whole college assents to and every student accepts—a state of affairs not existent in the narrowest spirited institution.

"You are entirely ignoring one great side of American college life to-day. A month ago 3000 students met at Rochester to consider methods of foreign missions. At the same convention 700 professors and instructors from colleges all over the country met to plan definitely to further missionary interest among students. Every summer hundreds of students—to the number of perhaps 7000 women and at least as many men—meet at different centers for Bible conferences. Mr. John R. Mott states that the spiritual life of the college was never stronger and more widespread. I myself was three years ago president of the Christian Association of one of the largest women's colleges, and I *know* what I say is true of the Eastern colleges. The associations are *not* composed of agnos-

tics, and they contain on an average four-fifths of the student body.

"I can see where you get your material for your statements. Anyone can pick out chance statements and draw startling conclusions. Whether consciously or not, I charge you with misrepresenting, gravely misrepresenting, the position of the average college graduate. I am writing most sincerely, and hoping that you do the same."

Mr. Bolce has undertaken to answer his correspondents. To Miss French he wrote: "I wish that you would send me some of your own writing and cite to me recent articles by others illustrating the point of view represented in your letter of February 14th. Or if you prefer, I will be pleased to send you a list of questions. As I understand it, the college spirit is beautifully spiritual, but not pledged to religious traditions. I have letters from clergymen, located in various parts of the United States, stating that they rejoice that the new college teaching stands for the emancipation of the mind from the tyranny of fear.

"One of these clergymen, who is located at the site of one of the largest colleges for women in the United States, and who, for a number of years, has come into personal association with the progressive students there, has written to me inviting me to look into his labors, saying that my articles prove that the truth regarding the divinity of man is making our race free—free from authority.

"If you will specify wherein any statement of mine is wrong, I shall be very much pleased to quote you or to make a thorough investigation of the various shades of belief connected with the thought pointed out."

To Miss Katherine Edwards, who stated that now, in her judgment, "after God has managed the world since the beginning of time, is a bad time to turn it over to a few measley college graduates to manage," Mr. Bolce wrote: "I have enjoyed your letter. The new college teaching, as I interpret it, does not banish the Infinite from the universe, but does exalt the spirit of man. Divinity, in the newer gospel, is not remote from earth, but is the vital element in human life. What happened in Bethlehem, in the new doctrine, is indeed sacred, but not more so than the birth of every babe. My province is to report the teaching as I find it, and I have stated what I found. I confess that it is startling, but there is not in any of the philosophy expounded in American colleges the slightest conscious irreverence."

From a Naturalist's Diary

By E. W. Kemble



The closer one gets to nature the more he is impressed with a feeling of insecurity.



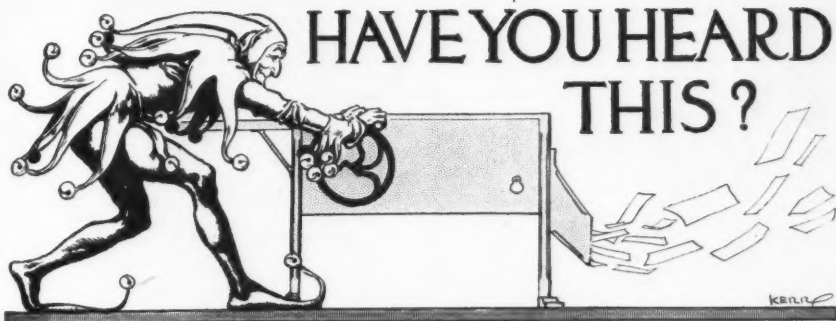
Yet, just when his judgment seems reversed,



there will come some uplifting power that places him



on a higher plane.



Editor's Note.—Old anecdotes, like old friends, are more often than not the best, and believing this to be so we pass on to you some that we have recently chosen in the hope that they will give you as hearty a moment of merriment as they have given us. We shall pay liberally for similar available bits of humor, should you know of any that are provocative of mirth. Brevity and crispness of dialogue are important considerations. To those whose contributions have been returned as unavailable we say, "try again."

THE Duke of Norfolk was once making a long journey by rail. At each station he would get out to stretch his legs, and on several of these occasions other passengers stopped him and asked questions, which the duke courteously answered.



When the destination was reached a tired old lady who had noticed this, but who didn't know the duke from Keir Hardie or Jack Burns, caught him by his ducal sleeve and said:

"Now, my good man, I've noticed you at all the stations loafing about. Just make yourself useful for once in your life. Pick up these bags and rugs,

please, and hurry out and get me a cab."

The duke mildly shouldered the bags and rugs, and after the old lady had got safely in her cab with them she gave him sixpence. He bowed and said:

"Thank you, madam. I shall never part with this coin. It is the first money I ever earned in my life."

A negro preacher in a Southern town was edified on one occasion by the recital of a dream had by a member of the church.

"I was a-dreamin' all dis time," said the narrator, "dat I was in ole Satan's dominions. I tell you, pahson, dat was shore a bad dream!"

"Was dere any white men dere?" asked the dusky divine.

"Shore dere was—plenty of 'em," the other hastened to assure his minister.

"What was dey a-doin'?"

"Ebry one of 'em," was the answer, "was a-holdin' a cullud pusson between him an' de fire!"

Speaking to a party of visitors to Rome, our ambassador there praised the well-known American veneration for antiquity. "It is seldom enough," he said, "that we find an American phlegmatic before the treasures of Rome's past. I have found, only one such person. He is a Southerner, and I gave a day to showing him about. The first church we visited was, I think, the Ara Coeli, on the Capitoline Hill. 'This church,' I told him, 'is eight hundred years old.' 'Humph,' said he, 'it smells a lot older.'"



A young woman of a Western town desired to show some kindness to a young officer of the militia to whom she had taken a fancy. She therefore despatched this note,

"Mrs. Smythe requests the pleasure of Captain White's company at a reception on Friday evening."

A prompt reply came which read,

"With the exception of three men who are sick, Captain White's company accept your kind invitation and will come with pleasure to your reception Friday evening."



A class of boys in composition were given the following sentence to punctuate, "Mary Ann wearing a new pair of shoes crossed the street and displayed a pretty ankle."



The first boy said he would put a comma after Mary Ann and one after street. The second boy said he would put a comma after street and a period at the end. The third boy, after a little hesitation, said he would make a dash after Mary Ann.

Have You Heard This?



An engineer from the north of England was spending a few days in London with a friend.

After a busy morning sightseeing, the Londoner took his guest to a large restaurant for lunch, thinking it would be a novel experience for one from a small city. The visitor appeared to enjoy his lunch, but kept turning and

looking in the direction of the door.

"What are you watching?" asked his friend, rather annoyed.

"Well," was the quiet reply, "A's keepin' an eye on ma top-coat!"

"Oh, don't bother about that!" replied the other. "You don't see me watching mine."

"No," observed the guileless engineer; "thoo has no call to—it's ten minutes sin' thine went!"



She was from New York, he from Oklahoma. They scraped an acquaintance on the train.

"You have traveled a good deal in the West, you say?" he asked politely.

"Oh, yes, indeed—in California and Arizona, and even in New Mexico."

"Did you ever see the Cherokee Strip?"

"N-no," she answered, her face reddening, "t-they nearly always are—almost."



The mother of three fine and healthy youngsters was in despair over her inability to control them, so she invited her friend, Miss Brown, to spend a few weeks at her home and act as a sort of governess to the children. Miss Brown, already known to the children, assumed her new duties with fear and trembling. She tried to win their respect and love by sympathetic kindness and influence, but soon discovered that the judicious use of the rod was more effective, though not lasting. Finally, thoroughly discouraged, she called the children to her and said:

"Children, I guess I may as well go home. I don't seem to be able to do anything with you or for you. I have tried being kind to you, and I have gone to the other extreme and whipped you as hard as I could. I'm tired of whipping you; I can't whip you any harder. Supposing I get one of the men from the Correction Home to come and whip you—how would you like that?"

All was silence for a moment. Then four-year-old Dorothy sweetly asked, "Miss Brown, tan't you whip us just a little harder, and stay?"



Two Irishmen about to engage in a boxing-match agreed that whoever should want to stop first should say, "Sufficiency."

The encounter was a lively one, and both men were about winded when one of them called out, "Sufficiency!"

"Begorry," said the other, "that's the word I've been trying to think of for ten minutes."



"Suppose," asked the professor in chemistry, "that you were summoned to the side of a patient who had accidentally swallowed a heavy dose of oxalic acid, what would you administer?"

The student who, studying for the ministry, took chemistry because it was obligatory in the course replied, "I would administer the sacrament."



They say in New York that some sour specimen of the genus Candid Friend recently undertook to address Robert W. Chambers upon what the aforesaid C. F. considered the "too popular note" in Mr. Chambers's style.

"A man with your talents," said the friend, "ought to address himself less to the passing fashion and more to posterity."

There is more than one hour in the twenty-four when Mr. Chambers is good-natured. He smiled. "But, my dear sir," he sufficiently replied, "posterity isn't editing any magazines."



The descendants of Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart., who, in 1826, founded a school at Nantucket, are so numerous on the island that the name is well known there.

A story is told of a large party of summer visitors applying to a Nantucket Quakeress for accommodation. The old lady at first was at her wits' end to know where to put them all. Finally her perplexity vanished. "I tell thee," she said, "I will board thee, if some of thee will sleep in Coffin's."

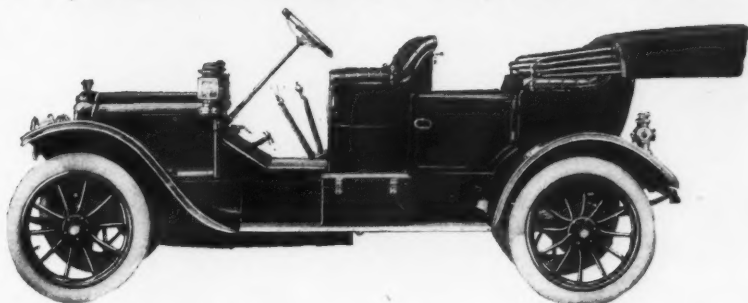
The would-be guests turned to flee, when the old lady's explanation that Coffin was a neighbor who took "roomers" pacified them.



The two sat side by side in Battery Park one night. "I wonder," said he, as he glanced out across the beautiful bay and saw the Statue of Liberty in the shadowy gloom, "I wonder why they have its light so small?"

"Perhaps," answered the girl, as she blushed and tried to slip from his arm, "the smaller the light the greater the liberty."

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“But what painter? The one who bids lowest. What do you expect the cheapest man in the bunch will do to you when you leave it all to him? Of course you get stung sometimes.

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Heater and Cooker or Heating Exclusively.

Air now burned in this wonderful Stove is free to rich and poor alike. No trust in control. This VALVELESS, WICKLESS, AUTOMATIC OIL-GAS and AIR-BURNER STOVE, automatically generates gas from kerosene oil, mixing it with air. CHEAPEST FUEL, INTENSE HEAT. Heat concentrated under cooking vessels and absorbed by articles being cooked or concentrated under Radiator and distributed throughout room.

NOT LIKE THOSE SOLD IN STORES.

Ideal for roasting, cooking, baking, ironing, canning fruit, etc. In Winter use Radiator for heating houses, stores, rooms, etc.—always ready. No more carrying coal, kindling, ashes, soot and dirt. To operate—turn knob—oil runs into burner—touch a match; it generates gas, which passes through air mixer, drawing in about a barrel of air to every large spoonful of oil consumed. That's all. It is self-regulating, no more attention.

Same heat all day or all night. For more or less heat, simply turn the knob. There it remains until you come again. To put fire out, turn knob, raising burner—oil runs back into can, fire's out. As near perfection as anything in the world. Not dangerous like gasoline. No dirt, soot or ashes. No leaks, nothing to clog or close up. No wick—not even a valve yet heat is under perfect control.

"D. CARN, IND., writes: 'It costs only 1-2 cents a day for fuel.'" L. NORRIS, VT., writes: "The Harrison Oil-Gas Generators are wonderful savers of fuel, at least 50 to 75 per cent over wood and coal." E. ARNOLD, NEB., writes: "Saved \$1.25 a month for fuel by using the Harrison Oil-Gas Stove. My range costs me \$5.50 per month, the Harrison \$1.25 per month." WM. BAERING, IND., writes: "We warmed a room when it was 10 below zero with one Radiator." Rev. WM. TEARN, ME., writes: "This morning 16 below zero—soon after lighting Harrison Oil-Gas Stove temperature rose to summer heat."

Absolutely safe from explosion. Not dangerous like gasoline. Simple, durable—lasts for years. Saves expense, drudgery and fuel bills. Give this Stove a trial. Send no money—only send your name and address. Write to-day for full description, thousands of testimonials. Our 1910 Proposition. Circulars FREE.

All Sizes. Prices Low, \$3.25 and up. Sent to Any Address.

THE WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 214 World Bldg., CINCINNATI, O.



Sectional Cut of Generator

Exciting Business for Agents

Salesmen, Managers—Men or Women, at home or traveling, all or part time—showing—taking orders—a appointing agents, etc. Messrs. Head & Grazer, Texas, write: "Enclosed find order for \$81. Rush. Sell like hot cakes. Sold 50 stoves in our town." B. L. Heusted, Mich., writes: "Been out 1 day and sold 11 stoves." This patent new. Nothing like it. Demand enormous. Agents reaping great harvest. Where operated people stop, look, get interested, want to buy at once. Show dozen, sell ten. Write to-day for special Agents' new plan. Send no money. World unsupplied. Get in early for territory.



UNION METAL COLUMNS

Most Durable Columns for Porches and Pergolas

Made in all required sizes, from the smallest up to 40 inches in diameter and as high as 35 ft., following Classic designs. They support far more weight than the best wood columns of same diameter, last much longer, cost no more.

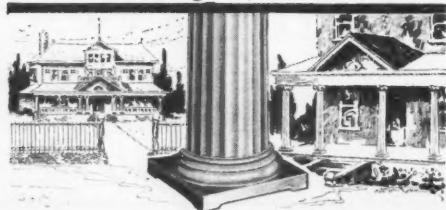
Splitting, warping and rotting are impossible.

Made with fluted and tapered steel shafts and best grey cast iron bases and capitals. Broadly protected by patents allowed and pending.

In use on homes of every type and size from mansion to cottage, with absolute satisfaction to every owner.

Everyone intending to build or remodel should send today for catalog and prices.

The Union Metal Mfg. Co., 521 Clifton St., Canton, O.





I MADE \$3,000 AND BUILT THIS HOME IN ONE YEAR

MRS. J. LEE, OKLAHOMA



Selling Improved IDEAL Steam Cookers

J. C. Poling, O., made \$44 first 8 hours. Easiest, fastest seller. W. F. Corey, Ind., sold 148 in 4 weeks. Cooks meal for 8 to 15 on 1 burner; cooks tough meat tender. Saves half fuel bill and labor. Holds 16 one-qt. jars in canning fruit. Recommended by thousands.

State and District Mngs. and Agents

wanted to sell this and 200 household articles. Write quick for new sales plan.

TOLEDO COOKER CO., BOX 79, TOLEDO, O.

Which Price Do You Pay?

Any dealer will charge you \$40 for this Flanders China Cabinet. Our price without glass, \$18.75 in Quartered White Oak. You put the completed sections together and apply stain we send free. You save over half on



\$18.75

"COME-PACKT" FURNITURE

Superb new Flanders designs now ready. Fifty original pieces and over 100 handsome Mission pieces in our new catalog now ready. Write for it today.

Come-Packet Furniture Co.
907 Edwin St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

TIFFANY & Co.

Intending purchasers are invited to compare the prices of Tiffany & Co.'s Jewelry and Silverware with those of similar articles sold elsewhere

The Tiffany Blue Book is especially intended for persons who find it inconvenient to visit New York. A copy will be sent upon request

Fifth Avenue & 37th Street New York



Mother's Day

is every day while the mother lives, and as long afterwards as her children survive her.

For over one hundred years, we have endeavored to help the mother inculcate cleanly habits to produce a healthy skin.

The use of Pears' Soap prevents the irritability, redness and blotchy appearance from which many children suffer, and prevents unsightly disease which so baffles dermatologists, and hinders the proper physical and moral development of the child.

Pears' Soap produces a matchless complexion which not only gives natural beauty but a matchless comfort to the body.

Health, beauty and happiness follow the use of Pears' Soap. The mothers of today can well follow the example of the last six generations and have their memory revered by teaching their children to use

Pears' Soap

Mother's Day is to be observed all over the United States, the second Sunday in May, to honor and uplift motherhood, and to give comfort and happiness to the best mother who ever lived—*your mother*. In loving remembrance of your mother, do some distinct act of kindness—either by visit or letter. A white flower (perfectly white carnation) is the emblem to be worn by you. Send one to the sick or unfortunate in homes, hospitals or prisons.

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

"All rights secured."

When you write, please mention the *Cosmopolitan*

Inside Facts of Political Intrigue

By the late Senator Thomas C. Platt



COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

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EDWARD H. CLARK, President.

E. S. CANTALDO, Treasurer.

GEORGE VON UZARSKY, Secretary, 1789 Broadway.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00

SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS

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Published Monthly, International Magazine Company. Printed by The Charles Schweinler Press.

Address all Communications to Cosmopolitan Magazine
1789 Broadway, New York

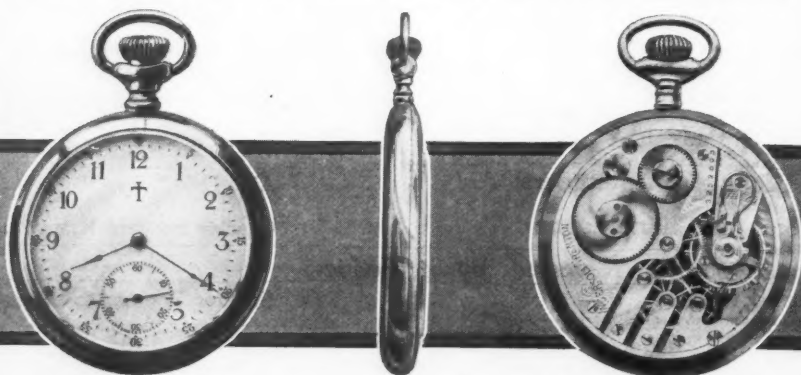
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class mail-matter. Foreign postage, \$1.00. Canadian postage, 50 cents

Ingersoll-Trenton

THE STANDARD WATCH
AS TIME GOES ON

*Jeweled—tested—guaranteed. In beautiful
2-year gold-filled cases—NINE DOLLARS.*

Take an Ingersoll-Trenton in your hand; look at it critically; feel it; wind it. Then put it in your pocket; consult it; depend on it. It will not fail you. It is our business to make fine watches for people to whom the exact time is im-



portant. We are successful watchmakers. More than one-half of all the watches made in the United States come from our factories. Our watches are right *mechanically*. They keep time, and wear. Artistically they delight the eye. Into each watch we put experience, skill, conscience and ideals. Back of each watch is our name and guarantee. The worth of that name and guarantee is known to seventeen millions of people who have bought our watches and tested their faithfulness.

The Ingersoll-Trenton is our masterpiece. Into it has gone all our watch-knowledge and watch-inspiration. It is a living, ticking, timekeeping realization of our ideas as to what a good watch ought to be. The *whole watch* is completed under one roof. We make the works, fit them to our special cases; we regulate the time in our own factory before shipment and guarantee it to the buyer. No other watchmakers do all of these things. We also fix the price, and advertise it so that you cannot be overcharged.

The Ingersoll-Trenton is sold by 6,000 enterprising and responsible jewelers throughout the United States. It is bought by people of intelligence and thrift who want a *jeweled watch for nine dollars*—one that will "stand up" and tell time for twenty years and more.

Ask your jeweler to show you an Ingersoll-Trenton. It is one of the sights of the world of watch-making. If he can't do it, ask him *why*. Then write and tell us his answer; and we will write both you and him and see if we cannot arrange to have the two of you get together in this most important watch transaction. But first ask to see the Ingersoll-Trenton; put it up to your jeweler. It is his special business to give you the best *watch* at the best price. See that he does. Here is the full schedule of Ingersoll-Trenton prices:

\$5 in solid
nickel
case

\$7 in 10-year
gold-filled
case

\$9 in 20-year
gold-filled
case

The famous Ingersoll Dollar Watch continues to be the world's best seller. It is the watch for the masses. It originally set the pattern and the pace for all low-priced watches that are worth while and is, *still ahead*. It is sold by 60,000 dealers.

We have published a little book, bound in an embossed cover. It contains *five facts worth five dollars* to any one who is ever going to buy another watch. The title of this book is "*How to Judge a Watch*." What is your address? We would like to send you a copy with our compliments.

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., 53 Frankel Bldg., New York City

Tell Us Your Story for This Page

We will pay \$2.00 each for all accepted and printed

We want your best, brief advertising stories for this column every month. They may be humorous or otherwise, but must be brief and to the point. We will pay \$2 each for all accepted and printed.

This is a good opportunity to turn a few moments pleasantly to profit. Read the index below, or, better still, go through the entire advertising section. The illustrations and catch phrases are sure to suggest something which will recall a clever, unique and desirable anecdote.

For instance, a story is told of a young Cleveland Bride who just began housekeeping. She went to her grocer and tried vainly to describe a new soap she wanted. She was certain it was new. She had just read about it in her magazine. It was good for washing anything from babies to autos, but wasn't especially for either. The grocer could not remember any new soap

then being exploited, so she produced the advertisement. *It was an Ivory Soap ad!*

This brand was new to her, just as it would be new to many others who were for the first time noticing things, under new needs and responsibilities.

The practice of looking through the advertising section is profitable in many ways. It will supply definite answers to all your needs, even though you don't know yourself *exactly* what you want.

For instance, a friend of the writer's was planning to build a house. He chanced to read and reply to a plumbing ad, and found that through the literature obtained from answering this and various other advertisers, he equipped himself with a thorough working knowledge on house-building, furnishing, etc. It enabled him to get a far more modern structure and equipment in every particular, than could possibly have been had by relying on his local architect.

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Perhaps YOU have known of some little incident which made the reading of magazine advertisements profitable? If you have not, ask your friends. Everybody has some experiences of the kind. Here is one which will start many people thinking, to their profit.

I lunched recently with a prominent railroad engineer who had just completed a difficult piece of railway construction. In discussing the difficulties overcome, I asked him this question.

"How much time did you lose through injury to employees?" In reply he took out a note book and answered the question with exact figures which showed a surprisingly small loss. He further stated that every foreman of a construction gang always carried with him a small case for just such emergencies.

This case contains bandages, lint, a bottle of Dioxigen, a bottle of Pond's Extract and a bottle of New-Skin.

He explained that whenever a man got cut or bruised, the wound was first washed with Dioxigen to kill the germs, then bandaged. Afterward it was wet down daily with Pond's Extract. As

soon as the cut or bruise showed signs of healing, the bandages were removed and it was painted with New-Skin.

He gave this as his reason why so little time was lost from disabled employees.

I asked him where he first heard of this plan and he said he became accustomed to using these three articles from finding them in his bathroom, and as they so perfectly met all his needs, it was only one step to give them broader use in his engineering work.

"I call this my emergency outfit," he said, "and I know from experience, that they ought to be in every bathroom in the country."

The three articles relied upon by this man of national reputation as a railroad builder, are all well advertised in the great national publications.

No doubt you have some such little incidents tucked away in your memory. Think a moment, write them out briefly and send them in at once.


Address
Advertising Manager, Cosmopolitan Magazine,
Index Dept.,
1789 Broadway, New York City.

"The Standard for 60 Years"

POND'S

EXTRACT

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I Can Increase Your Earnings

No matter where you live or what your occupation or income may be, I can make you prosperous. If you want to earn more money—if you want to establish yourself in an independent business requiring no capital—send me your name and address on coupon below. (or a postal will do)—and I will mail you, free, our **Big 62-Page Book**, fully explaining just how you can fit yourself to earn big money in the

Real Estate, Brokerage and Insurance Business

We have perfected a thoroughly practical, scientific method of teaching these big money making branches by mail. Our system is a positive success. It not only equips you fully on every point of Real Estate, Brokerage and Insurance, but also gives you, free, a valuable course in Commercial Law. Our Free Book is of great interest to anyone, but is of vital importance to Clerks, Book Keepers, Salesmen, Agents, Solicitors and others who are ambitious to be in a good paying business of their own. Send no money, but merely your name and address on a postal or on the coupon below.


The Cross Co., 3850 Reaper Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

NAME

ADDRESS

OCCUPATION

YOU CAN BE A NURSE



If you wish to become an up-to-date nurse and earn \$15 to \$20 a week, we offer you advantages not given by any other school; the **eldest school**; **lowest cost**; **home study**; **live courses** from which to choose; **you start any time**; **experienced instructors**; **diploma** recognized by best doctors. **NO MORE STUDENTS ENROLLED THAN CAN BE PROPERLY TRAINED.** Beginners, practical nurses and hospital graduates accepted. You are entitled to the best. Write today for booklet telling all about nursing, sent free. **Chicago School of Nursing, 1204-46 Van Buren St., Chicago**


SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

We absolutely guarantee to teach shorthand complete in only thirty days. You can learn in spare time in your own home, no matter where you live. No need to spend months as with old systems. **Boyd's Syllabic System** is easy to learn—easy to write—easy to read. Simple. Practical. Speedy. Sure. No ruled lines—no positions—no shading as in other systems. No long lists of word signs to confuse. Only nine characters to learn and you have the entire English language at your absolute command. The best system for stenographers, private secretaries, newspaper reporters and railroad men. Lawyers, ministers, teachers, physicians, literary folk and business men and women may now learn shorthand for their own use. Does not take continual daily practice as with other systems. Our graduates hold high grade positions everywhere. Send today for booklets, testimonials, etc.

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
939 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.


STUDY High-Grade Instruction by Correspondence LAW

Established 1892
Prepares for the bar of any State. Three Courses: College, Post-Graduate and Business Law. Improved method of instruction, combining theory and practice. One student writes: "I have learned more law in three months under your instruction than I learned in six months in a law office."
APPROVED BY BENCH AND BAR
Classes begin each month. Uniform rate of tuition. Send for our 48-page catalogue, in which we give a synopsis of the rules for admission to the bar of the several States.
CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW
504 Reaper Block, Chicago

If YOU Would Be Successful Stop Forgetting

MEMORY the BASIS of ALL KNOWLEDGE
You are no greater intellect than your memory. Send today for my free book "How to Remember." Develops Will, Concentration, Self-Confidence, Conversation, Public Speaking, Increases Income. Sent absolutely free—Address **DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 751 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago**



HOW TO SING FREE

Send today for free booklet **How to Sing** and prove that this Correspondence Course will fit you for Choir, Concert or Operatic singing, in your own home. Individual instruction for each student. Our Perfect Tone Developer makes Voice Culture a success.
Shackelford School of Music
4043 Olive Street ST. LOUIS, MO.

Do YOU WANT TO KNOW

your curious (mostly untold) facts about Human Nature? Read Dr. Foote's "Wonder" book on the delicate subject of Love, Marriage, Parentage, Health, Disease, and Freaks. It is the fruit of 50 years' experience of a successful author and practitioner. Full of advice necessary to every man and woman. Contains more vital facts than your doctor would give you for ten dollars. In 3 sections,—340 pages and 40 ill.—PRICE 10c.
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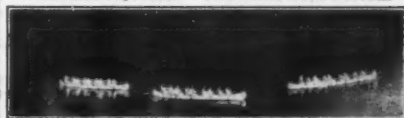
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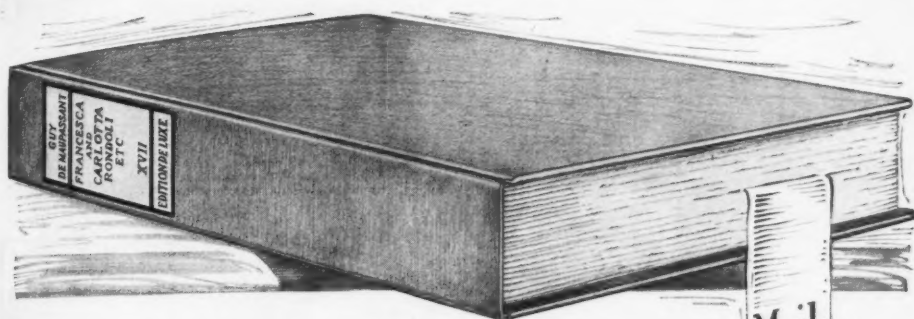
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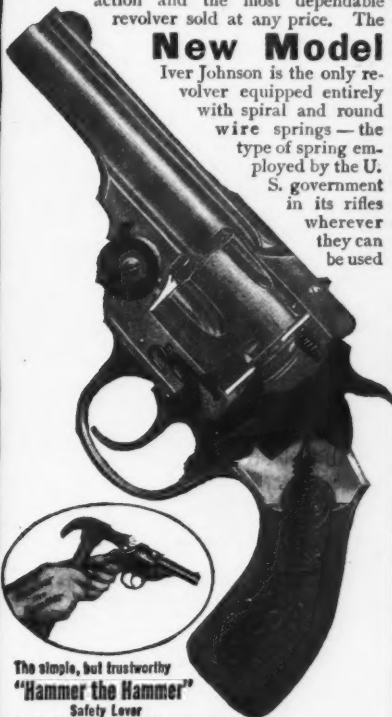
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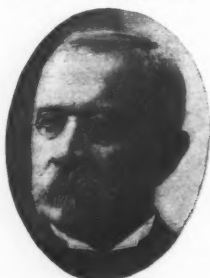
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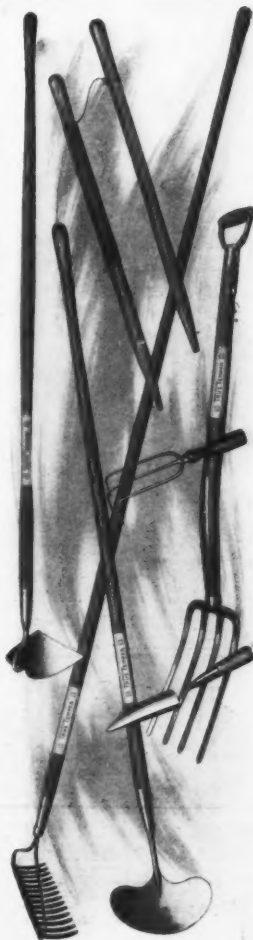
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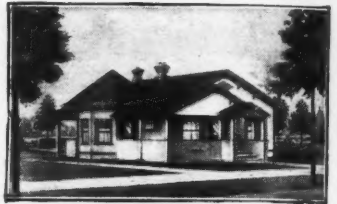
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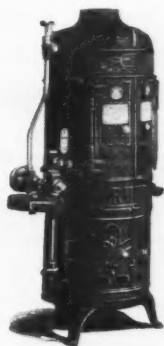
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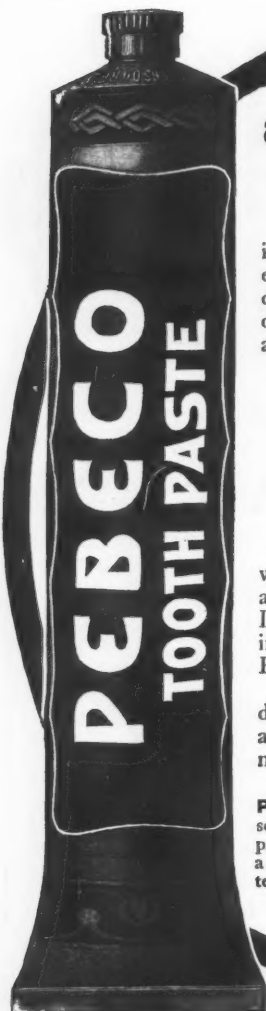
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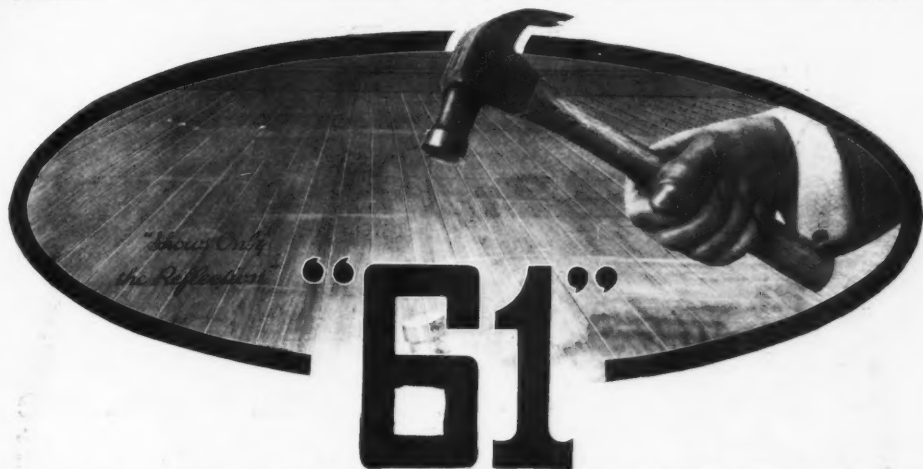
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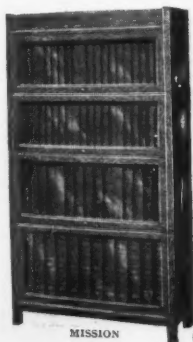
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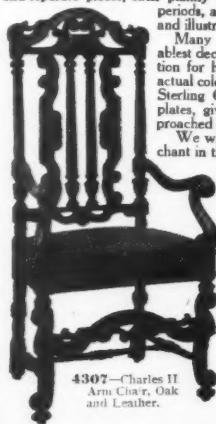
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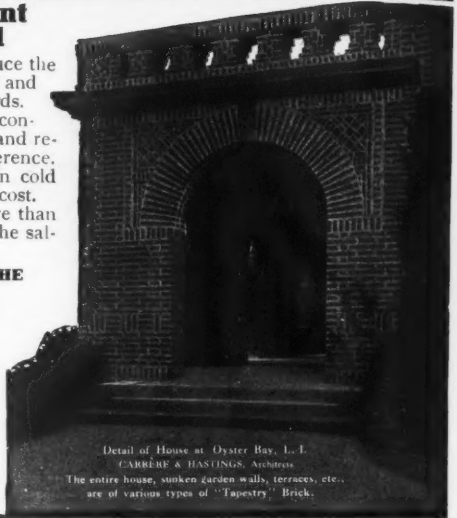
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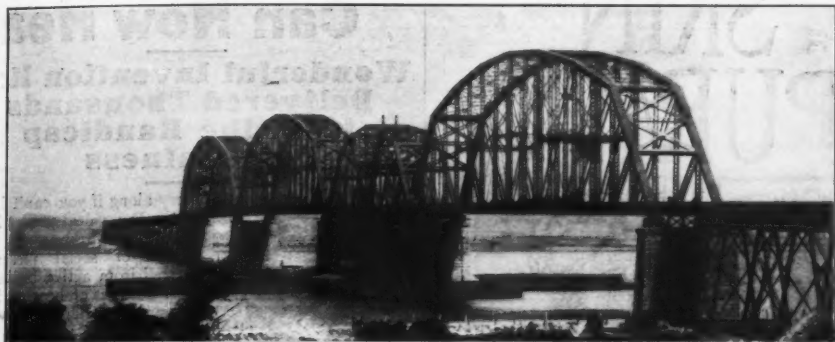
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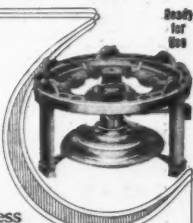
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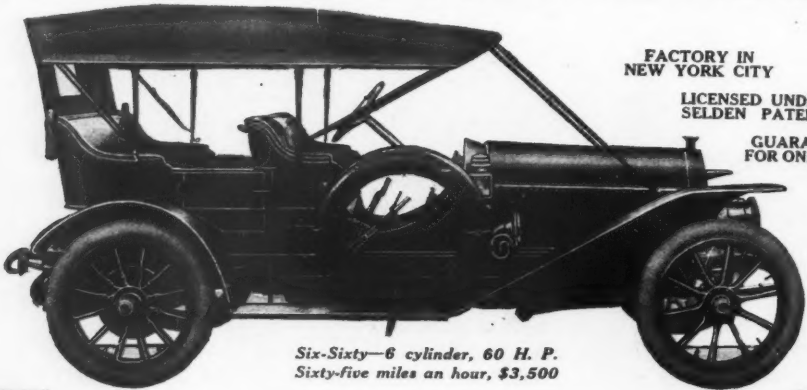
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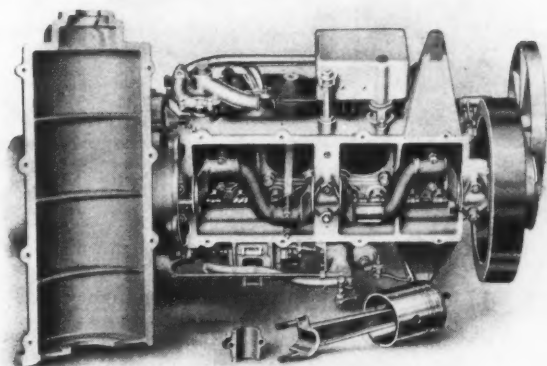
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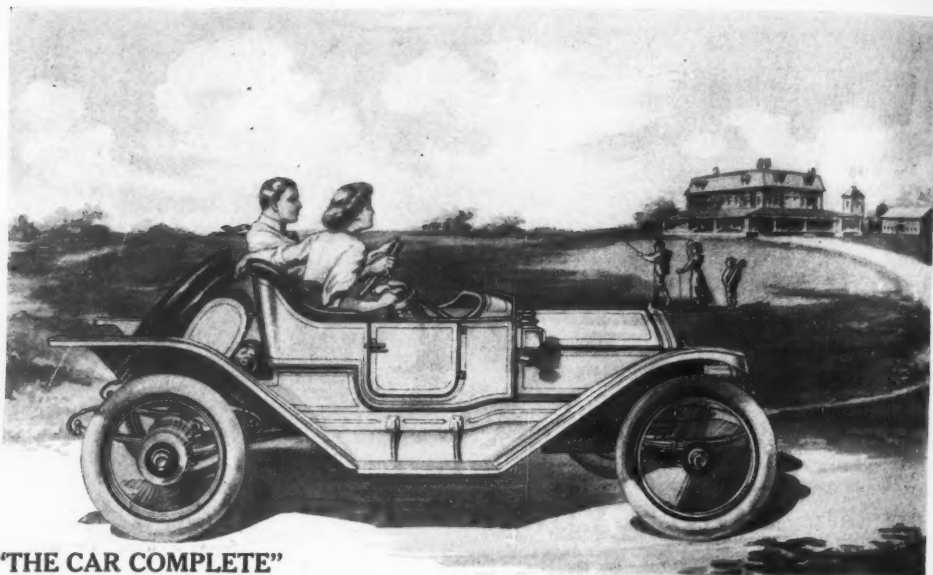


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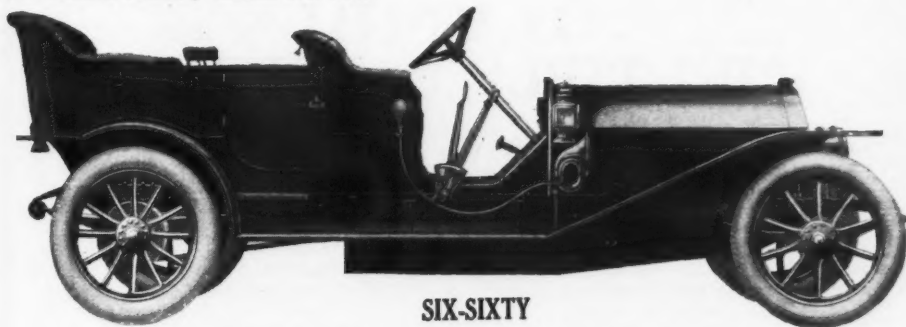
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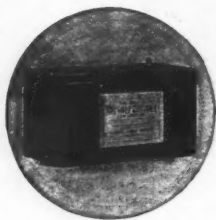
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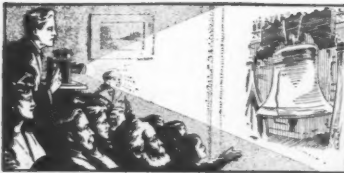
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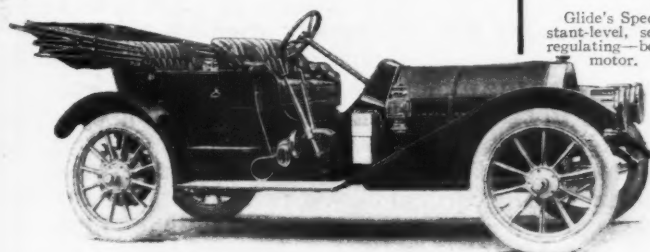
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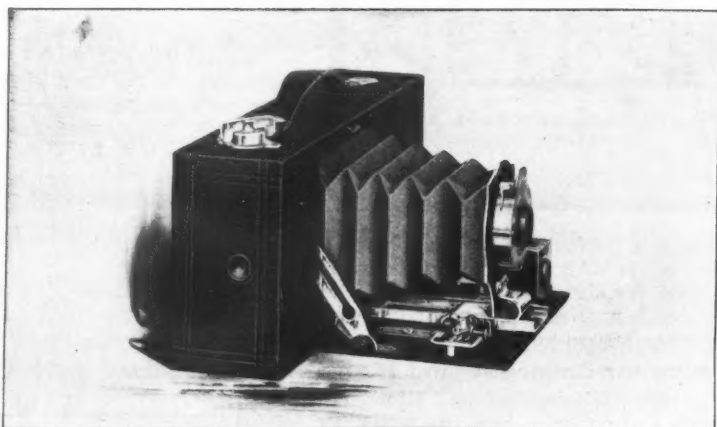
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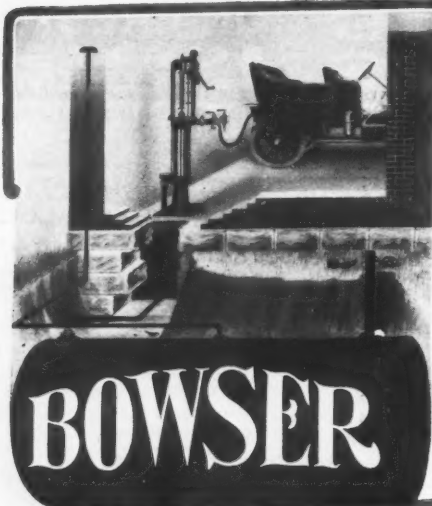
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16-FT. 3 H. P.
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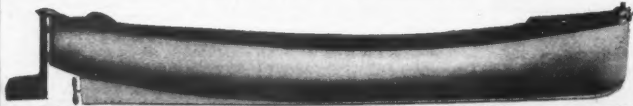
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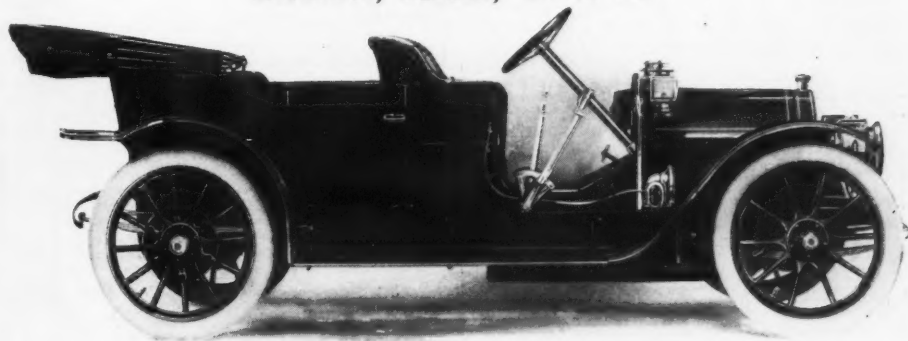


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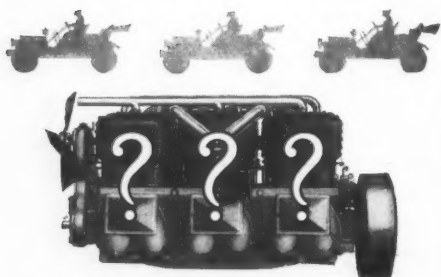
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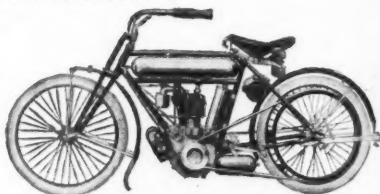


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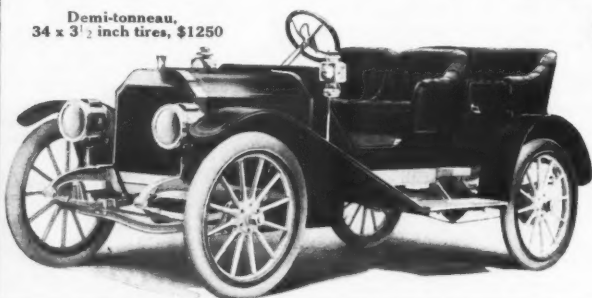
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Regal 30

Power, Speed, Comfort, Style, plus Low Cost of Operation

The qualities you most desire in a motor car, you find most highly developed in the Regal "30."

This powerful, speedy stylish machine unites great simplicity and strength of construction with moderate price.

Demand what you will—the Regal "30" is equal to any test. The Regal "30" has an established reputation for low cost of upkeep. It is not only the *original* five-passenger, four cylinder touring car, developing thirty horsepower to be sold for \$1250, but it is the one car of its class that has been consistently successful for *three years*.

During these three years of experience the Regal "30" has undergone the most gruelling tests in the service of users in every section of the

country and has shown conclusively that it is a car unique in its remarkable reliability—extraordinary in its quality of service.

No other car in the medium price class has been subjected to equally severe and exacting tests. The Regal "30" gives you *proven* ability and reliability, plus style, comfort and simplicity—at the ideal price—\$1250, including Remy High Tension Magneto and full equipment of gas and oil lamps, generator, tool kit, tire repair outfit, horn, etc.

For 1910 we are building 6,500 Regal "30's" and are making immediate deliveries. See your dealer at once and arrange for yours.

Catalogue and Story of the Regal Record-making trip from New York to San Francisco sent free on request.

Write for it.

Regal Motor Car Company
Detroit, Mich.

Licensed under the Selden Patent.

YOU
DON'T
GUESS WHEN YOU
BUY A REGAL 30
YOU KNOW IT'S A GOOD CAR

Sliding Gear Transmission—
three speeds forward and reverse.
Cone Clutch—
Direct Shaft drive.
107-inch wheel base.
Remy High Tension Magneto.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

THE LAW OF Financial SUCCESS

10 CENTS

TELLS YOU IN PLAIN ENGLISH

HOW to make money safely and judiciously.

HOW to judge investments properly and realize financial success.

HOW to acquire the faith necessary for success.

HOW to analyze, develop and utilize your dormant abilities essential to success.

HOW to guide your ambition, concentrate upon your aim and persist until you achieve it, etc., etc.

SPECIAL PAPER-BOUND EDITION
 104 Pages - 10 CENTS - 16 Chapters
100,000 COPIES SOLD

MAKING MONEY

is not difficult for the man or woman who follows the instructions contained in the sixteen chapters of this most successful book of the year. The tremendous editions enable the publishers to sell the book at 10c, a price at which no man can afford to be without a copy any more than he can afford to refuse payment for his work or services. **Fill out the Coupon now.**

READ THESE LETTERS

Thos. C. Land, General Manager Conway Telephone Co., Pawnee, Okla.: "I have read the book and consider it one of the best books published. It is worth more than its weight in gold. I would like to see every young man read this book. I can certainly recommend it."

O. A. Jackson, Mason City, Iowa: "It is a great and good book."

James T. Castle, Manager Buckeye Engine Co., Pittsburg, Pa.: "Have read the 'Law of Financial Success' and find it of so much interest I want you to send me one-half dozen copies, as I would like to distribute same among my friends."

Harry A. Fries, Newark, N. J.: "Book is O. K.; worth twice the money with \$10.00 added to it."

W. L. Wagner, of the Poos Gas Engine Co., Webb City, Mo.: "I cannot tell you in words just how well pleased I am with the book."

John G. Gretzinger, Fullerton, Cal.: "It is worth its weight in gold to me, far better than I expected."

Many Others on File. None Solicited.

JUST WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS RIGHT HERE:

Name.....

Address.....

Tear out this advertisement, wrap a dime or stamps in it, enclose in envelope and mail to

THE FIDUCIARY CO.,

530 Tacoma Bldg.
CHICAGO, ILL.

and **DO IT NOW**

The book will be promptly mailed, postpaid. Whenever you wish to part with it, return it and the 10 cents will be instantly refunded.



MoToR is for everybody interested in motor cars, either as a prospective buyer or as an owner of a motor car.

No matter what information you want about motor cars—their parts or accessories—MoToR is the most reliable source.

MoToR's editorial pages contain everything of interest to the motorist—descriptions of cars, parts, accessories, etc., touring articles, useful information—all attractively illustrated and splendidly printed.

You Need MoToR

Here is your chance—MoToR for six months for \$1 (regular price \$3 a year) and, free, a strongly bound copy of the masterful book "Motor Car Operation." This work is just off the press and contains the latest information of the motorist. Send in your name and address and a dollar—to-day, now—at our risk.

MoToR, 1789 Broadway, New York

Darken Your Gray Hair!

"Book of the Hair" Free

Write for the "Book of the Hair," a 32-page illustrated booklet, containing valuable hints on the care and dressing of the hair, and full information about the

IDEAL HAIR DYEING COMB

The most practical device for restoring gray, faded or streaked hair to its natural color or to any desired shade. Used like an ordinary comb. Absolutely harmless. Not sold in stores. R. D. CORB (Co., Dept. D, 115 E. 28th St., New York



WANTED

OLD MINING, OIL OR OTHER STOCKS will be taken in exchange for money-making New York suburban real estate. If you have \$10 to \$1000 in stocks you wish to dispose of, write at once giving name of Company, number of shares and price. Address L.A.N.D., Suite 334, 12 West 31st Street, New York City.

TAKE CARE

WHEN IRONING WRINKLES OUT OF THE CLOTHES NOT TO IRON WRINKLES INTO THE FACE



The Imperial Self-Heating Flatiron is always ready for an easy day's ironing, or for a few minutes' pressing. No heated room—no stove, gas, or electricity needed. No tubes or wires to get in the way. Just a simple iron that heats itself with a small amount of alcohol or gasoline.

25,000 now in use—that tells the story.

Write for free booklet—it gives all details about the iron, and the address of your nearest agency.

The Imperial Brass Manufacturing Co.
 445 Jefferson Street, Chicago

Note: Agents wanted everywhere. Easy sales—for women want the iron. 3,000 sold by one agent. Satisfaction guaranteed.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

H & R REVOLVERS

A Revolver
you can ALWAYS
say "THE BEST" about

H&R ARMS CO

REVOLVERS

are the embodiment of perfection—the result of thirty-six years' experience in making firearms exclusively. Up to the minute in finish and detail, and absolutely reliable.

Sold by all first class dealers. Rather than accept a substitute order from us direct. Look for our name on barrel and little target trade-mark on the handle. Send for Illustrated Catalog.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.
684 PARK AVENUE, WORCESTER, MASS.

H & R
"Premier"
Automatic
Double Action,
22 caliber, 7 shot,
or 32 caliber, 5 shot,
3 inch barrel, finest
nickel finish, Target
Grip, \$7.00; 4 inch
barrel, as illustrated,
50 cents extra.



STYLE
ECONOMY

FIT
COMFORT

Never
Wilts

Never
Frays



The Litholin Waterproofed Linen Collar

Same Style, Same Dull Finish You've Always Worn

THAT'S the great charm about Litholin goods—no one notices any difference, except that you look neat when other men's linen is "under the weather," or, "the worse for wear." And so soon as you adopt "Litholin" you save daily. Nothing "shrinks in the wash," but the bill. You cut that down and can bank the savings. Four collars and two pairs of cuffs, costing \$2.00, will carry you through the year. What you pay now is at least \$16.00. Figure it out—cost and washing.

Collars 25c.

Cuffs 50c.

Beware of Imitations and Substitutes

If not at your dealer's, send, giving size, number wanted, with remittance, and we will mail, postpaid.
Booklet of styles free on request.

The Fiberloid Company,

7 Waverly Place, New York

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

MOTOR BOATING

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE OF MOTOR BOATING

A Straight Talk to Motor-Boat Owners and Prospective Owners

In every issue of **MoToR BoatinG** there is one special feature which alone enables you to run and maintain your motor boat more economically this season than last.

The feature is the "Questions and Answers" department, for contributions to which prizes are offered. Perhaps you may have something to say that will win a prize.

From this department you can discover how others succeeded with their boats; you can read the "why" and "how" of their failures; you can make use of the practical results of their experiences.

Every boating enthusiast in the country has developed some inexpensive, usable practice that makes for more comfort or higher speed; that makes his boat more trustworthy or more thoroughly satisfactory in a number of ways.

The "Questions and Answers" department will put you in touch with practical plans and show you how to apply them to your boat.

MoToR BoatinG aims to be—IS—the *one* nautical magazine, indispensable to the alert, up-to-date motor boatman. A nateur, or professional, veteran or novice, all find in its pages some word of advice, some helpful suggestion that will make the boat more truly a source of unqualified enjoyment.

Furthermore, **MoToR BoatinG** is one of the most beautiful and entertaining magazines of any kind. Month after month it gives graphic descriptions of successful cruises, tersely-told accounts of all the important shows here and abroad, vivid descriptions of the great races—all told in a helpful, suggestive style.

Here in its pages experts discuss in full the cost, utility and application of the latest innovations and improvements; in fact, everything that can possibly interest a man who runs a boat, or would like to.

Printed on the finest quality of paper, with the most picturesque covers and illustrations procurable, **MoToR BoatinG** is, in fact, the highest class, *de luxe* magazine offered at a popular price—\$1 a year.

To introduce **MoToR BoatinG** to you we make you this special offer—

A copy of Goldie's famous book, "**From Novice to Pilot**," free with a year's subscription to **MoToR BoatinG**.

Do this now—fill out the coupon in the corner of this page—tear it off—mail it with a dollar bill sent at our risk—now—to **MoToR BoatinG**, 1789 Broadway, New York City.



MoToR BoatinG
1789 Broadway,
New York

Send me **MoToR BoatinG** for one year and a copy of Goldie's famous book, "**From Novice to Pilot**."

(Write name and address in the margin below.)

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

MOTOR BOATING

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE OF MOTOR BOATING

A Straight Talk to Motor-Boat and Boat-Sundries Manufacturers

When **MoToR BoatinG** came into the hands of its present publishers over six months ago, it had little or no circulation. You knew *that* and did not advertise in **MoToR BoatinG**.

Now, however, that reason has passed. **MoToR BoatinG** has a circulation—the only thing in which you are interested.

MoToR BoatinG's circulation is over 20,000 per issue—and is growing rapidly in answer to the strenuous work we are now doing in reaching for new readers.

We follow the same energetic circulation policy that we used so successfully in building up **MoToR**, the foremost automobile publication—we do all that every other motor-boat publication does — *and much more.*

We produce editorially the best motor-boating magazine—the most interesting and informative for the motor-boattist—the best printed and illustrated—in other words we have something to offer the motor-boat owner and prospective owner in information and entertainment.

Then we advertise—just as you do to sell your product.

MoToR BoatinG's advertising consists in circulating every motor-boattist in the country.

Then we advertise in daily newspapers and general magazines for those readers who are not yet motor-boat owners, but who are sufficiently interested in power boats to read **MoToR BoatinG**.

The result of this pioneering work opens new fields of business for you, which you can reach in no way as inexpensively as in the advertising pages of **MoToR BoatinG**.

No motor-boat publication so strongly advertises for readers as **MoToR BoatinG**—just as you advertise for buyers.

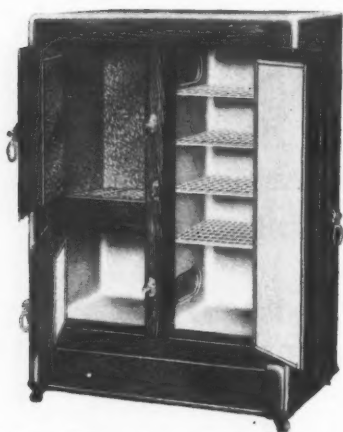
So far **MoToR BoatinG** has used space in daily newspapers throughout the country aggregating a circulation of over two million readers per issue, and in general magazines reaching at least another million readers.

MoToR BoatinG is gathering to itself, therefore, the cream of the readers of these newspapers and magazines—the readers that respond to advertising.

Since these people respond to **MoToR BoatinG's** advertising in newspapers and magazines, they will respond even more readily to *your* advertising in **MoToR BoatinG**, where you appeal to them along lines of their special interest.—**MoToR BoatinG**, 1789 Broadway, New York City.



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



The Perfect Product of 40 Years' Experience



I HAVE been in the refrigerator business since Lincoln was President. Here's the perfect result of nearly a half century's planning and manufacturing. So far as I know a better refrigerator could not be made—and I honestly believe when you use it you'll say I'm right.

Leonard Cleanable Refrigerators

are absolutely sanitary because lined with genuine, pure white, indestructible porcelain enamel. These linings are made in one piece as shown below with corners rounded, not in separate slabs with crevices at the corners to collect dirt and germs. They are as easy to clean as your china dishes. When placed in the refrigerator, they are spaced away from the inside of the box making an extra air space—increasing the insulation and giving a lower temperature with less consumption of ice. They will save half your ice bill.

I have fifty different styles for you to choose from. If your dealer does not sell Leonard Cleanables write to me. I'll ship you one direct.

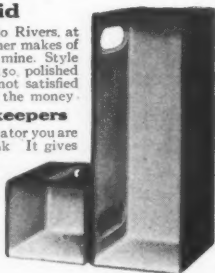
Freight Prepaid

as far as the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, at about half the price asked for other makes of refrigerators not nearly as good as mine. Style shown above, No. 64X, size 36x21x50, polished oak case, \$49.50. And if you are not satisfied with the bargain I'll gladly refund the money.

Free Book for Housekeepers

No matter what make of refrigerator you are using, you should get my free book. It gives many valuable hints on how to save ice bills, keep food sweet, etc. Write for it and free sample of porcelain lining. Address

C. H. Leonard, Pres.
GRAND RAPIDS REFRIGERATOR CO.
108 Clyde Park Ave.
Grand Rapids, Mich.



No More Foot Trouble



No More Tired or Aching Feet

Tired, aching feet and limbs, weak ankles, bunions, painful callouses and fallen instep or flat foot are instantly relieved by wearing

The Scholl "Foot-Eazer"

This wonderful foot arch cushion firmly supports the arch or instep, removing all strain and pressure on the muscles and ligaments that hold up the bone arch, and by equalizing the weight gives absolute rest to the entire body.

90% of the people of America today are suffering from ills and aches and pains caused by weakened arch or flat foot and don't know it.

The Scholl "Foot-Eazer" not only immediately relieves all foot troubles, but permanently corrects the cause. Made of two highly tempered German Silver spring plates covered with finest quality leather and is self-adjusting to all feet, giving just the right pressure at the right spot. The Scholl "Foot-Eazer" is worn in any regular shoe and is light, springy and comfortable to wear.

Persons who do much walking or standing should wear a pair of "FOOT-EAZERS." They ease the feet, the body, the nerves, prevent and cure flat-foot; give the foot a well arched even tread. Shoes hold their shape and wear longer. For Men and Women.

Scholl "Foot-Eazers" sold by all shoe dealers, \$2 per pair. **10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL**

If your dealer doesn't have them order direct enclosing \$2.00, mentioning size and width of shoe and if not perfectly satisfied after ten days' trial money promptly refunded without question. Illustrated Booklet FREE.

THE SCHOLL MFG. CO., 288 Madison St., Chicago, U.S.A.

Bad cases and flat-foot sufferers may have the free advice of Wm. M. Scholl, Orthopedic Foot Specialist, by writing a swifter in full.



for Whooping Cough
Croup, Sore Throat
Coughs, Bronchitis
Colds, Diphtheria

"Used while you sleep" Catarrh.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever dreaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is used.

It acts directly on the nose and throat making breathing easy in the case of colds; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough.

Cresolene is a powerful germicide acting both as a curative and preventive in contagious diseases.

It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

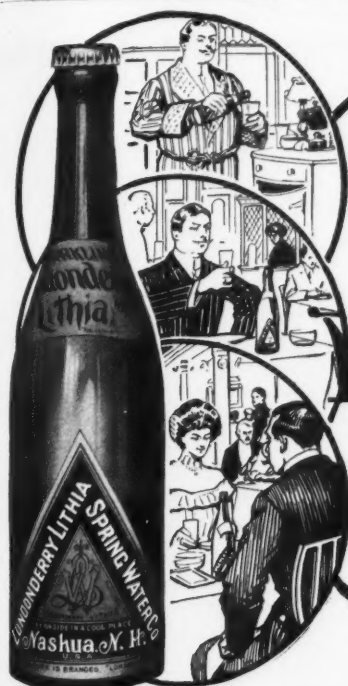
Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use.

For Sale By All Druggists.

Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet.

Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us, roc. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 180 Fulton St., New York
Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada.



Drink it
in the morning,
at midday and at night.
All day, all times,
always drink

Londonderry

*The Table Water preferred by all for
its refreshing and healthful qualities.*

The choice of all who select only the best.

The sparkling (effervescent) in the usual three sizes.
The still (plain) in half-gallon bottles.

LONDONDERRY
LITHIA SPRING WATER CO.,
Nashua, N. H.

Necco SWEETS



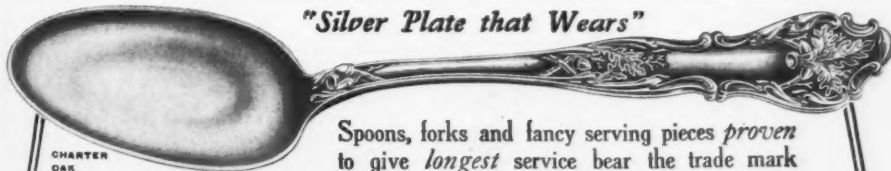
Wouldn't Be Complete Without the Good Old-Fashioned
NECCO LICORICE DROPS

"My! how good they taste." They certainly "hit the spot." Quite in keeping
with the other 500 varieties of NECCO SWEETS. All made in the most modern
confectionery factory in the country. Sold by all leading dealers. Manufactured by

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Makers of the famous LENOX CHOCOLATES.

"Silver Plate that Wears"



CHARTER
OAK
PATTERN

1847 ROGERS BROS.



**X S
TRIPLE**

—the stamp that guarantees the *heaviest* triple plate.

Send for Catalog "R-9" showing designs.

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

SAN FRANCISCO

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
(International Silver Co., Successor.)
MERIDEN, CONN.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

Rexall
"93" HAIR TONIC
Two Sizes, 50c. and \$1.00

Keeps scalp and hair clean - promotes hair health
Your Money Back if it Doesn't

Sold and guaranteed by Only One Druggist in a place. Look for The Rexall Stores
They are in nearly 3000 towns and cities in the United States and Canada

UNITED DRUG COMPANY, 43 to 93 LEON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

JUST BREATHE HYOMEI

THE SOOTHING, HEALING,
ANTISEPTIC INHALANT

FOR

CATARRH

☞ Breathe HYOMEI (pronounced High-o-me) over the membranes of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes, and relief from catarrhal distress comes promptly.

☞ HYOMEI is made from Australian eucalyptus combined with thymol and other modern antiseptics.

☞ HYOMEI is sold by druggists everywhere with the distinct understanding that if it does not prove satisfactory in the treatment of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup, Coughs, Colds, Asthma or Hay Fever the purchase price will be refunded.

**PRICE OF
OUTFIT \$1.00**

☞ This includes a bottle of Hyomei, a fine hard rubber pocket inhaler that will last a lifetime, and simple instructions for use.

*Extra bottles of Hyomei, if afterwards needed,
cost 50 cents.*

A SMALL TRIAL BOTTLE OF HYOMEI
WILL BE SENT FREE UPON REQUEST
TO ANYONE ANYWHERE IN THE
UNITED STATES.

Address

A. N. DRAKE
BOOTH'S HYOMEI CO.
BUFFALO, N. Y.





You Are An Automobile Owner Or Intend Becoming One!

Then you need **MoToR** for your entertainment and information.

MoToR is recognized the world over as the great authority on automobiles and automobiling.

It is for everybody interested in motor cars—either as a prospective buyer or as an owner of a motor car.

No matter what information you want about motor cars—their parts or accessories—it is the most reliable source.

MoToR's editorial pages contain everything of interest to the motorist—descriptions of cars, parts, accessories, etc., touring articles, useful information—all attractively illustrated with pictures that illustrate.

MoToR's advertising pages are just as important to the reader, particularly to the prospective buyer, as the text pages. And who—

veteran enthusiast or novice—is not a prospective buyer? These interesting

pages contain the very "cream" of the announcements of all the standard man-

ufacturers of cars, parts, accessories, tools, etc., in the world.

To introduce **MoToR** to you—in order to get a few issues of **MoToR** in your hands so that you may judge for yourself its value to you, here is a

Special Offer—A six-months' trial subscription for **MoToR** at the special price of only \$1, regular price \$3 a year.

And, *free*, a strongly bound copy of the masterful 104-page book, "*How to Drive an Automobile*."

This 104-page book contains readable instructions and suggestions for the handling of motor cars; road maxims and manners; how to turn corners and drive in crowded thoroughfares; the cause of skidding, and so on, a thousand and one useful hints—all set forth in such a manner that beginners and experts alike cannot fail to learn something.

To secure this exceptional offer—the authoritative book, "*Motor Car Operation*," and the six-months' introductory trial subscription for **MoToR** at a saving of 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ %—merely fill in the coupon on the corner of this page—tear it off—and mail it with a dollar bill sent at our risk to

MoToR, 1789 Broadway, New York.

MoToR
1789 Broadway
New York

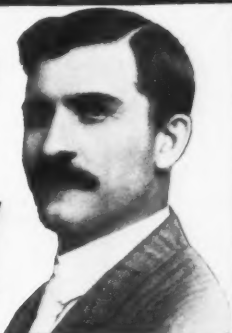
For the dollar enclosed send me **MoToR** for 6 months and a copy *free* of "*Motor Car Operation*."

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

I Want You to Thoroughly Investigate This Florida Land



proposition. I want you to send today for my big illustrated folder showing twenty-one views taken on and adjoining this exceptional tract of land. I also want to send you a sample of the **black sandy, loam soil** of which this land is composed. I will send you a bunch of other **strong evidence** which **proves** the great superiority of this piece of Florida Land.

Consider These Facts

Good Florida land represents one of the best and safest investments a man can make. But some parts of Florida are **dry** and **extremely sandy** and **good land** is scarce and hard to find.

I own (**absolutely free and clear**) 17,800 acres of the best land in the State, without any exception. This land is located in Washington County, on the famous Choctawhatchee Peninsula, 60 miles due east of Pensacola. It lies between Choctawhatchee Bay and the Gulf of Mexico, two of the finest bodies of water in America. Choctawhatchee Bay on the north, protects this land **against freezes**. That's why some of the **finest** and **highest-priced** oranges of Florida are raised here. Last winter was one of the worst in 18 years and it **never froze here**.

On each ten acres of this land you can raise **two and three crops the same year**. You can raise Oranges, Grape fruit, Peaches, Pears, Pecans, all kinds of berries, Irish and Sweet Potatoes, Cabbage, Beets, Beans, Celery, Melons, Tobacco, etc., etc. These Crops pay **enormous profits** on each acre cultivated. And everyone knows what a producing Orange or Pecan Grove is worth. **Your possibilities are almost unlimited.**

You will have plenty of rainfall every month in the year.

You never have to irrigate and crops have never been known to fail.

There are no swamps on or near this land, hence it is **extremely healthful**. You will find very few mosquitoes, flies, bugs or snakes.

The climate is superb. A summer resort in summer and a winter resort in winter. **Sun-strokes and Frostbites are unknown**. Oysters, Crabs and all kinds of fish and game in great abundance—a sportsman's paradise.

Read Our Iron-Clad, Money-Back Guarantee Which Protects You

I, Chas. E. Cessna, President of the Santa Rosa Plantation Co., promise and agree to return to any purchaser all moneys paid in to our company for land purchased by him, if the said purchaser finds that within ninety days after purchasing same, that said land is not exactly as represented by me or the Santa Rosa Plantation Co.

I now have on deposit with the Metropolitan Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago money to cover all refunds on this land.

Santa Rosa Plantation Co.

President

You can get lumber **right on the ground at shipload prices**—enough to build a good 3-room cottage for \$26.00.

This land is divided into 10-acre tracts. The price is low and I sell on easy monthly payments. A town lot 50 x 125 feet in the town of Santa Rosa **free** with each ten acre tract. **Ten acres will make you independent for life**. Better than life insurance. Summer time is the time to see Florida **at its worst**. We want you to see **this land** at its worst. You should send the coupon today and get **full particulars** on this "Garden spot of Florida." This land is selling rapidly and it **can't last long**.

Mail This Free Coupon Today

CHAS. E. CESSNA, Pres.

Santa Rosa Plantation Co., B80.

411 Northwestern Bldg., Chicago.

Gentlemen: Kindly mail me, free of all cost, your literature about your Florida Land, located in Washington County and a Liberal Sample of the Soil.

Name.....

Address.....

Los Angeles Examiner's ORIENTAL TOUR

Embracing
Japan **China**
Honolulu **Philippines**

Sailing on the magnificent P. M. S. S.
"Magnolia," 27,000 tons.

Leaving San Francisco Aug. 9th.

Returning Oct. 14th.

Rate for Complete Tour

\$525⁰⁰/₁₀₀

Including every necessary expense of a high-class tour. First-class steamship, railway and hotel accommodation; guides, interpreters, carriages, jinrickishas, sedan chairs, steam launches, and all expenses of side trips, under personal escort of an experienced traveler.

Itinerary upon application.

Make your reservations now and secure choice of cabins.

ADDRESS

**ORIENTAL TOUR EDITOR
LOS ANGELES EXAMINER
LOS ANGELES, - - CAL.**

N. B.—The Los Angeles Examiner, in response to requests from Japanese, Chinese and Philippine ports, and suggestions from prominent Californians, has devised this tour with the two-fold purpose of developing relations between the Orient and the United States and furnishing to desirable persons of this

country an unexampled opportunity of studying the people and the important ports of the Orient at close range.

Unusual opportunities for sight-seeing through official recognition of the importance of the party will be given its members.

FLORIDA'S Surest Crops

FLORIDA'S Surest Crop District

Both fully described in our big illustrated BOOK—

"A Home in Town and a Farm in the Country"

Send for the **BOOK**, IT IS FREE and tells all about the RICHEST and most productive SOIL in the great state of FLORIDA. It tells where these marvelous money-making crops are actually produced—tells how you can buy and own a farm in Florida's "Surest Crop District," at the low cost price of \$21 an acre—how you can make big money and be a neighbor of the man who is growing these money-making crops NOW. This **BOOK** tells you of the advantages of living near FLORIDA'S largest city, Jacksonville, where Northern people do not suffer from the semi-tropical heat of Central and Southern Florida, and it tells you of the development of a thousand farms, where one hundred houses were built in 100 days, and where telephones, telegraph, schools, churches, and social system of high-class Northern people are already established.

The North Florida Fruit and Truck Farms

at HILLIARD, on the double track main line of the Atlantic Coast Line Ry., 30 miles north-west of Jacksonville is "FLORIDA'S SUREST CROP DISTRICT," where you can buy land at \$1.00 an acre monthly payments, and make \$3,000 to \$5,000 a year on 10 acres.

Round trip railroad fare paid by us if you buy 40 acres at the profit-sharing, bed-rock price of \$21 an acre.

Surest Pecan Land

A Pecan Grove of 5 acres nets \$7,500 yearly. No work—no worry—no loss of crop and little cost of up-keep.

Large Paper-Shell Pecans

The paper-shell pecan is the hardest, longest lived, best and surest producer of all the nut and fruit trees.

The paper-shell pecan tree begins bearing at two years—produces 50 to 200 pounds of nuts at seven years and 200 to 250 pounds at ten years and increases yearly thereafter. Lives to the age of 100 years in North Florida.

The paper-shell pecan now sells at the tree, for 55c to 60c per pound.

The income from a 5-acre paper-shell pecan grove—

—Will be enough to pay your expenses in Europe 6 months

—Or educate your children

—Or keep the average family in comfort the year-around.

The large paper-shell pecan is the cultivated common wild pecan of the trade.

It is two to three times the size of and much more delicious than the wild nut.

The pecan is not perishable like fruit and is salable the year around.

We Sell Pecan Groves in 5 or 10 acre tracts planted to standard named varieties, height 5 to 7 feet, all trees guaranteed for 2 years, 2 years old, from the budded stock.

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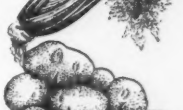
Lettuce \$400 Per Acre



Tomatoes \$700 Per Acre



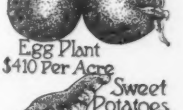
Celery \$400 Per Acre



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building daily the shortest line from Kansas City to the Pacific Ocean. 10 or 20 acres of this richest land, in alfalfa, in truck or best of all in fruits, will give you an *independent income*, and the big increase in land values, after the completion of the railroad, will make you comparatively rich. Beat the railroad to it; you know how fortunes are made by getting in just ahead of the locomotive's whistle! Buy land on long time, easy payments, at prices 1-10 of its real value.

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The Pecos Valley Irrigationist reports that Mr. Dan Bihl upon an even ½ acre is growing sweet potatoes, tomatoes, radishes, etc., and has sold \$200.00 worth of produce from this little garden, besides having an abundance all season for his own use.

Peaches pay \$1000.00 an acre; apple trees are worth \$40.00 apiece; celery and asparagus \$500.00 per acre; berries up to \$500.00 per acre; cantaloupes \$300.00 to \$500.00 per acre.

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Alfalfa is King in the Pecos Valley. *One crop will pay for your land.* It yields \$100.00 to \$125.00 per acre—5 to 7 crops a year. Put in alfalfa; pay out for your land; and then go into gardening or fruit growing. Pecos Valley products won 22 first prizes at El Paso fair, 1909, and its fruits *beat the world* at the St. Louis World's Fair.

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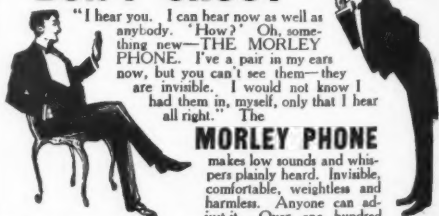
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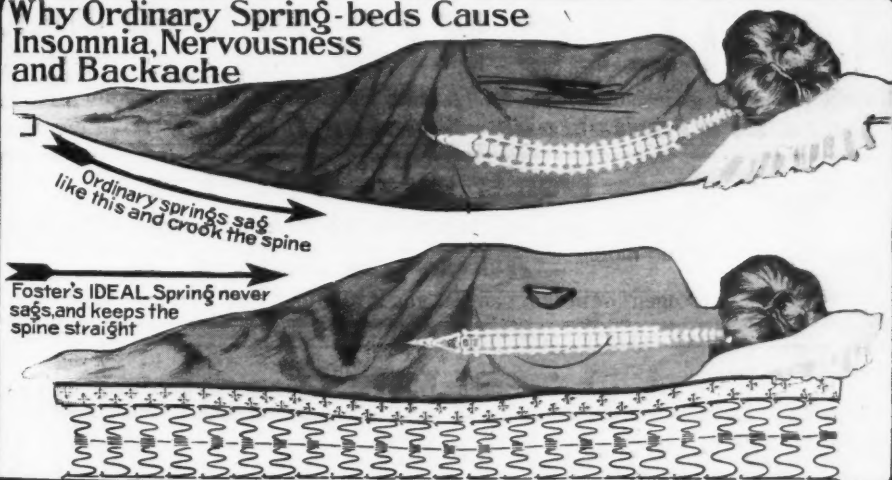
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Dr. SCOTT'S Electric HAIR BRUSH

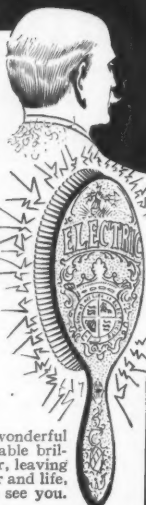
FALLING hair and dandruff are conditions of disease due to dying electricity in the hair. Just as blood is the life of tissue, so *electricity is the life of hair*. The use morning and evening of Dr. Scott's celebrated brush has the effect of a thorough electrical massage.

The electrified bristles bring back the crisp sparkle of life, revive the follicles, invigorate the scalp and vitalize the hair with abundant healthful life. **Are there any in your family BALD?** Does the hair become thin with age? If so write immediately for this brush and save your hair in time!

LADIES Brush your hair with this wonderful brush. It will add remarkable brilliance to the natural color of your hair, leaving it soft, silky, and abounding with vigor and life, the admiration and envy of all who see you. For sale by all reliable dealers.

Prices, \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50 and \$3, according to size and power, price refunded if not entirely satisfactory after fair trial. Sent by mail post paid.

Write immediately for our catalogue and full information.
DR. GEO. A. SCOTT, 870 Broadway, N. Y.
Canvassing Agents Wanted Everywhere



MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

Superior to all other powders in softness, smoothness and delicacy. Protects the skin from wind and sun. Prevents chafing and skin irritations. The most comforting and healing of all toilet powders.



Mennen's
Borated
Talcum Toilet
Powder is as necessary for Mother's baby as for Baby's mother.

It contains no starch, rice powder or other irritants found in ordinary toilet powders. Dealers make a larger profit by selling substitutes. Insist on Mennen's. Sample Box for 2c Stamp

Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.



ANTI-NICOTINE PIPE

"Get the Pleasure Without the Poison" Trade
The Pipe They Let You Smoke At Home Mark
Looks and colors like meerschaum. Absorbs the nicotine and keeps on tasting sweet. You never had such an enjoyable smoke.

Order 2 or More Today.
H. MENOES
The Smoking Friend
125 Bogen Building, St. Louis, Mo.



40¢

Three For
\$1.00
Sent Prepaid
Anywhere
Money Back If
Not Satisfactory

THIS NEW HAIR BRUSH COMBS AND BRUSHES THE HAIR AND MASSAGES THE SCALP.

The greatest modern invention for keeping the hair beautiful and fluffy and the scalp clean, healthful and free from dandruff or dirt. Keep the scalp clean and properly massaged and nature will grow the hair. Write for free circular.

AGENTS WANTED.
DR. GEORGE LYMAN,
212 Mill St., Peoria, Ill.



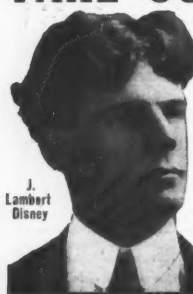
The Hartford Fire Insurance Co.

does the largest fire insurance business in America. Popularity comes from strength and fair treatment. For fire protection

Ask for a Hartford Policy

Any agent or broker

TAKE OUR TREATMENT—PAY WHEN CURED



J.
Lambert
Disney

And the decision as to whether we earn our money or not will rest with you alone. We cured ourselves without drugs. It is only the astounding results that our Drugless Methods accomplish that makes such an offer possible. We don't pretend to perform miracles. We won't, for instance, accept under this offer advanced stage cancer cases or consumptives who have been given a few days to live. But generally speaking the offer applies to any common or chronic ailment such as named in the numerous testimonials we publish, and which we offer to prove genuine or forfeit \$10,000. **INVESTIGATING THIS MAY MEAN THE TURNING POINT IN YOUR LIFE!** Let us send you Application Blank for this pay-when-cured offer, also

OUR BOOKLET

"DISEASE-FREEDOM WITHOUT DRUGS"

the testimonials and question blank—all free.
WE INSTRUCT BY MAIL AND
CONDUCT A HEALTH HOME



Mrs.
Disney

DISNEY DRUGLESS HEALTH INSTITUTE, - - - Dept. 22-E, - - - Jamesburg, N. J.

Collar Button Insurance



Means that if a

Krementz Collar Button

is broken or damaged from any cause, you can take it to the nearest dealer who is authorized to exchange it for a new one

Free of Cost

We insure all Krementz Buttons because they are so well made that not one in ten thousand ever breaks. Solid gold and rolled plate, at all dealers. When dealer fails to supply you, write us giving dealer's name. Booklet showing shapes and sizes free.

KREMENTZ & CO.

92 Chestnut St.

Newark, N. J.

Stage Beauty Poses

4 Entrancing, Full-Length "Stage Beauty" Poses in Colors, 12 inches High, Only 25c

Also 4 Catchy Athletic Girl Posters, 25c. All reproduced in rich colors, showing grace, life and beauty of originals exactly as they are. Latest craze.

Just the Thing for Your "Den"

FREE Send 50c. for the eight Posters at once and we will include, free, 98 "nifty" illustrations of other "den" pictures and an extra full length pose in rich colors, "The Scarf Dance," 17 inches high. Send at once.

Money Back If Not Satisfied.

GORDON ART CO.

Dept. A26, New York City

SPECIALS 4 Chorus Girls in colors, mounted, 9x14, 50c., 8 for \$1.; 4 Realistic

Remington Cow Girls, in colors, 9x12, 50c.; 2 Hand-Colored Art Studies, mounted, 11x18, 50c., 4 for \$1.; Richly-Colored Beauty Pose "My Champagne Girl" from "Follies of 1909," 18 inches high, free with each \$1 order, if you send at once.



Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

Boston Garters are made of best materials in a clean factory, by well-paid help.

Every pair warranted—penalty, a new pair or your money back.



BOSTON GARTERS

RECOGNIZED THE STANDARD, AND WORN THE WORLD OVER BY WELL DRESSED MEN.

Sample Pair, Cotton, 25c., Silk, 50c. Mailed on Receipt of Price.

GEORGE FROST CO. MAKERS
BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.

See that BOSTON GARTER is stamped on the clasp.



MOTH PROOF, RED CEDAR CHIFFOROB

15 DAYS' TRIAL—FREE!

Moths mice and insects shun red cedar, and it is proof against dampness. This old fashioned, genuine Southern Mountain Red Cedar Chifforobe, sent direct from manufacturers to any address in the United States ON 15 DAYS' APPROVAL. We pay the return charges if not entirely satisfactory. Freight prepaid to points east of the Mississippi. Highly polished, hand rubbed, mahogany finish, with air-tight doors, and Guaranteed Moth, Dust and Damp Proof. A protection for clothing and an ornament to any home. Write for catalog showing many other designs in Chests, High Boys and Chifforobes at very low prices.



Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co. Dept. 69, Statesville, N. C.

SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

Supreme in comfort and wearing qualities
Fit every man in every occupation

Three weights—two lengths
At dealers or order direct, 50c.

UNCONDITIONALLY
GUARANTEED BY

The C.A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.
SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

705 MAIN STREET,
SHIRLEY, MASS.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



Take only This
Red Woven Label



(TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

On Loose Fitting
**Coat Cut Undershirts,
Knee Length Drawers,
(50 Cents and upward a garment)
and Union Suits**

Pat. April 30, '07
(\$1.00 and upward a suit)

It insures to you positive satisfaction in quality and durability of material's, accuracy of size, correctness of fit and honesty of workmanship.

There are many different kinds and makes of Loose Fitting Underwear. The Original—The Value-Giving Quality Kind is identified by

The B.V.D. Red Woven Label.

Unscrupulous retailers may tell you: "This is a B.V.D. (or a B.V.D. Style Garment), but that it does not bear the B.V.D. Label" or "this is a B.V.D., but it is made with our own label." In such instances you are being offered a substitute for

Genuine B.V.D. The Quality Underwear.

We do not make a single garment without the B.V.D. Red Woven Label. Don't accept a substitute, if you want Loose Fitting Underwear satisfaction.

The B.V.D. Company, 65-67 Worth St., New York.

LeMar Cravat

A CRAVAT of high caste need not be a cravat of high cost. "LeMar CRAVATS" are sold for Half-A-Dollar but they are "dollarish" in fineness of silk and fullness of cut.

Just rub your thumb over the surface of a "LeMar CRAVAT." You'll find it has a "nap" of velvety softness. Spread out the folds of a "LeMar CRAVAT." It's cut generously full, always the mark of the upper-class scarf.

Don't take any cravat from the many your haberdasher shows you. Pick out the best from the rest by this label:

LeMar Cravat

Every Shape—
Every Shade—
Half-A-Dollar.

Our fascinating all-about-scarfs booklet E.

"THE WELL-CRAVATTED MAN," (Spring Edition) will come to you for a postcard.

Levy & Marcus

729-731 Broadway, New York



Delightful
That's what every smoker says of Spilman Mixture Tobacco. Its delicious natural flavor makes it a universal favorite. Absolutely pure—"Without a bite or a regret."

Spilman Mixture

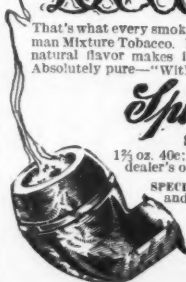
SMOKING TOBACCO

1½ oz. 40c; 3½ oz. 75c; ½ lb. \$1.65; 1 lb. \$3.30 at dealer's or prepaid by us.

SPECIAL OFFER—75c can of Spilman Mixture and 50c French Briar Pipe mailed for \$1.00.

Write for Free Booklet "How to Smoke a Pipe" & name of your dealer nearest you.

E. HOFFMAN COMPANY, Mfrs.,
172 Madison Street, Chicago





"Korrek Shape"



REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. KOOL AND KOMFORTABLE OXFORDS

Made in the finest leathers, calf, Gun Metal, Vici and our famous Guaranteed Patent and 'Dull Burrojaps stock. Made in the newest styles, including button, lace, blucher and two eyelet ties, made in the popular shades, gray, tan, black and patent.

KORREKT SHAPE Oxfords do not gap at the sides or slip at the heel. They are made to fit the foot instead of the foot to fit the shoe.

Most important to you is the guarantee on our "Burrojaps" Patent and Dull Leathers. Read it: If the

Burrojaps upper breaks through before the first sole is worn through, we will replace with a new pair free.

"KORREKT SHAPE" Shoes are for sale by 5000 dealers. If there is no dealer near you, send for our free illustrated catalog in colors, and order direct.

BURT & PACKARD COMPANY

MAKERS

52 Field Street, Brockton, Mass.

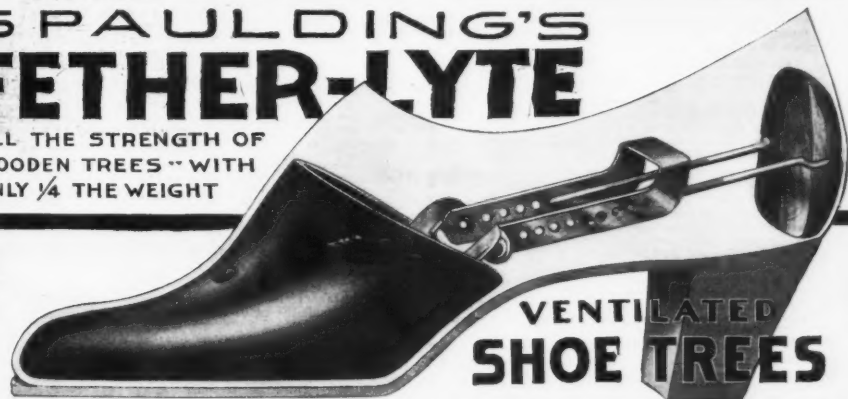


\$4.00
BENCH \$5.00
MADE IN



SPAULDING'S FETHER-LYTE

ALL THE STRENGTH OF
WOODEN TREES WITH
ONLY 1/4 THE WEIGHT



VENTILATED SHOE TREES

KEEP YOUR SHOES IN PERFECT SHAPE

What is more unfortunate in woman's attire than ill-fitting, wrinkled, shapeless shoes?

Your best safeguard against such a condition is to keep Fether-Lyte, Ventilated Shoe Trees in your shoes when they are not in use. Just try a pair of Fether-Lytes as an experiment. The lengthened life and the continued new look of your shoes will then be the most convincing arguments that we could possibly offer you. We make the trees to fit all the standard sizes and shapes of men's and women's shoes.

Fether-Lytes are made of a tough, durable fibre, are hollow and easily adjusted—a simple pressure of the thumb being all that is required.

Ask your dealer for Fether-Lytes. If he cannot supply you, write for our booklet which gives you instructions how to order direct from us.

\$1.00 per pair, prepaid

J. SPAULDING & SONS CO.,

...

...

F STREET, ROCHESTER, N. H.

Canadian Agents: L. H. Packard & Co., Limited, Montreal

TRAVEL WITHOUT EXTRA WEIGHT

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

An Offer of \$50.⁰⁰ To COSMOPOLITAN READERS



Beginning with this issue (May) we inaugurate a monthly opportunity for our readers to earn \$50 by the exercise of a little ingenuity, and through a straight-forward, plain common-sense argument.

Do not put this aside with the thought "I don't know enough about business," or "I don't stand any chance." Remember that in nearly all such awards, it is people unknown in a business way, or from obscure locations who carry off first honors. *This is your opportunity!*

In the first place we want to have you realize that COSMOPOLITAN is far more than an entertaining magazine for readers. It is *useful more than that!* It is virtually a monthly catalogue fresh from the best manufacturers in the United States, whose output supplies everything your needs or luxuries demand; everything you want to eat, wear or use, in any way.

We want our readers to inaugurate a new movement; the new age of *protective magazine-catalogue buying*. The word "protective" is necessitated through the same conditions which made it necessary for the government to pass pure-food and other commercial laws. It is necessary because of the wide-spread adulteration, substitution and cheap imitations with which the people who buy in good faith are often defrauded.

To overcome this with entire protection to our readers, we want you to inaugurate and follow exclusively, this new plan of *trade-mark purchasing*.

At present, nearly every manufacturer in the country has his registered trade-mark, or a call-mark, or sale-mark, as the case may be; by which his article is distinguished, and established and standardized for its quality and merit; and through which it is immediately recognizable. These trade-marks are registered at Washington, but what is more important, they are registered at large with the public through advertising, and the advisability of buying through trade-marks so registered is immediately apparent to all who think.

For instance, the word "Winchester" means "Rifle" just as clearly as the letters R-I-F-L-E, and it also means a great deal more. It means a certain *kind* of rifle, manufactured in such high *quality* for so many years that it has become standardized as a rifle of the highest class, upon whose efficiency you can trust your life in emergencies.

From our point of view, this illustration clinches the value of trade-mark buying as a policy; the buying of trade-marked articles which have been standardized through advertising as worthy of your fullest trust. It would be the greatest possible protection to the purchasing public, if they confined all their buying to trade-

marked articles, and we want your views on that subject. We want your side of the question; the best argument you can possibly put up in favor of such a method of supplying all your needs and luxuries.

To this end, make it a monthly custom to turn carefully through the advertising pages of the COSMOPOLITAN, study the advertisements and trade-marks until you become thoroughly familiar with the different propositions and while doing so, think how many things you need or would like to have for which these articles seem to have been especially manufactured. You will find that everything, absolutely everything you want, can be found at an advantageous price, and of trustworthy quality in the "catalogue" section of the COSMOPOLITAN.

This is our offer, made to help our readers to become familiar with these trade-marks, and to help them profit through trade-mark buying. We will give \$50 monthly under the following plan.

We reproduce in part, several of the leading trademarks, all of which are published in this issue. Write out in order, as numbered, a complete list of these trade-marks and fill out the remainder of the name, specifying what they represent.

For instance: "No. 8 stands for Monroe Refrigerators," and so through the entire list. Then follow this list with a two-hundred word argument, giving the best reasons you can in favor of buying trademarked articles through the advertising section of a standard magazine. Give what you consider the greatest advantage in so doing, according to your experience in buying the various articles you purchase from time to time.

For the best argument, accompanied by a completed correct list of the trade-marked fragments we will pay \$50. The article must not exceed two hundred words and must reach the COSMOPOLITAN office by May 10th, 1910.

Herbert Everett }
J. S. Flynn } Award Committee.
G. P. Haynes }

Address Trade-Mark Purchase Dept.,

COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

1789 Broadway, New York City



Salary Increases

Voluntarily Reported Every Month

If one thing more than another proves the ability of the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton to raise the salaries of poorly-paid but ambitious men and women—to raise **YOUR** salary—it is the monthly average of 300 letters **VOLUNTARILY** written by students telling of salaries raised and positions bettered through I. C. S. help.

YOU don't live so far away that the I. C. S. cannot reach you. Provided you can read and write your schooling has not been so restricted that the I. C. S. cannot help you. Your occupation isn't such that the I. C. S. cannot improve it. Your spare time isn't so limited that it cannot be used in acquiring an I. C. S. training. Your means are not so slender that you cannot afford it. The occupation of your choice is not so high that the I. C. S. cannot train you to fill it. Your salary is not so great that the I. C. S. cannot raise it. To learn how easily it can be done, mark the attached coupon.

A Salary Increase For You

Add to the three hundred students heard from every month, the other successful students not heard from, and you have some idea of the tremendous salary-raising power of the I. C. S. During January the number of students who reported success was 426. Mark the coupon.

Marking the coupon costs you nothing, and does not bind you in any way. An I. C. S. training can be acquired in your spare time.

**Mark It
N-O-W!**

SALARY-RAISING COUPON

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 541 Scranton, Pa.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked X.

Bookkeeper	Mechan'l Draftsman
Stenographer	Telephone Engineer
Advertisement Writer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Show Card Writer	Mechan. Engineer
Window Trimmer	Plumber & Steam Fitter
Commercial Law	Stationary Engineer
Illustrator	Civil Engineer
Designer & Craftsman	Build'g Contractor
Civil Service	Architect
Chemist	Architectural Engineer
Textile Mill Supt.	Banking
Electrician	Mining Engineer
Elec. Engineer	

Name

Street and No.

City State



ARROW COLLARS

The new Arrow Collar for summer—high enough in the back for good appearance, low enough in the front for comfort, and there's room for the cravat to slide and tie in. It's the Concord with the Ara-Notch [Patented Aug. 3, '06] and the Evanston with the usual buttonholes.

15 cents; 2 for 25 cents.

In Canada, 20 cents; 3 for 50 cents.

Send for the Ara-Notch Folder. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Troy, N. Y.

ARROW CUFFS, 25 cents; in Canada, 35 cents



Cluett SHIRTS

are made to meet the wants of men who have heretofore been unable to secure satisfaction in ready-made shirts.

They are shirts that you can wear without a coat, and yet know and feel that you do not appear at a disadvantage.

\$1.50 and more.

In Canada, \$2.25 up.

Send for booklet, "Proper Dress."

Cluett, Peabody & Company, Troy, N. Y.



A Safety-Razor?
Yes Sir!

A Hoe-Safety?
No Sir!

Satisfactory?
Ask the man
who uses one.

A real razor with
all the advantages of a Safety-
Guard and Interchangeable Blades.

It doesn't cut you—nor does it scrape or
“pull.” It *shaves* with the Correct Diagonal
Stroke—that is the

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR

Complete Silver-plated sets consisting of Razor, stropping attachment and 6 double-edge hollow-ground blades of finest tempered steel, in handsome Leather-covered case, \$5.00. In Pig-skin case, \$6.00. Gold-plated sets in Pig-skin cases, \$7.50. Outfits (Silver-plated) as above in Kits of Pigskin, shown at left, and in Red, Blue, Green, Purple or Black Morocco, \$5.00. The “Hold-All,” the most compact shaving outfit ever devised, consisting of Razor outfit, shaving stick, and collapsible rubber-set brush of finest badger, in Pigskin, and Red or Green Morocco cases, \$8.00. Extra blades, 6 for 50 cents. Highly ornamental for the dressing table—most convenient for the traveling bag.

Illustrated Booklet on request
DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO.
111 Fifth Avenue
New York

Free Trial Offer

We will send complete-outfit (except the Hold-All) to any address, upon receipt of price. If not entirely satisfactory return within 30 days and we will refund your money.



O'Sullivan's

Heels of Live Rubber

Reduce the nervous strain and lessen the fatigue at night. There is not an intelligent person anywhere who does not admit that.

For people who do things, who keep the wheels of the city moving, they are a buffer against the daily grind. They do more, they encourage walking—graceful walking—which is so essential to health and happiness.

Have a pair fitted to your street shoes and you will want to walk. All sensible people wear them. Whether you work with your hands or brain, or both, whether you stand or walk, Heels of Live Rubber will aid you.

O'Sullivan's are the only heels made of Live Rubber, and Live Rubber is the only material that will fill the mission for which the rubber heel was intended by O'Sullivan when he founded the industry.

Substitutes there are which leave the dealer 8c. more profit, and for that 8c. he will tell you that they are "just as good as O'Sullivan's" and charge you the same—50c.

A valuable book on "Walking, Shoes and Foot-Fitting" with the Brooklyn Bridge Graphic Illustrated can be had upon receipt of postal addressed to the manufacturers.

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO., - - Lowell, Mass.

50c. Attached

Where dealer can't supply, send 35c. and diagram of heel to the makers and get pair by return mail.

PARIS GARTERS

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Patented 1906
other Patents Pending.

Copyrighted 1908
By A. Stein & Co.

Be sure
you get
this Box



Tailored
to Fit
the Leg



Prices 25¢ 50¢ and \$1.00

At your dealers or sample direct upon receipt of price.

A. STEIN & CO., 518 Center Ave., CHICAGO

NO METAL
can touch you



How Many Trips to the Laundry?

A Mark for each trip to the Laundry will tell
you which Brand of Collars you ought to wear
—from the standpoint of economy.

Corliss - Coon

"Herald Square"

—Illustrated here—exem-
plifies the desirability of
Corliss-Coon Collars from
the standpoint of style.

Made in

3 Heights

TRADE

10
25c

Write for our Style
Book. The Best Furnisher
in your city probably sells
Corliss-Coon Collars. If
not, send us his name with
style and size desired, and we
will see that you are supplied

CORLISS, COON & CO., Dept. K, Troy, N. Y.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

GAGE MILLINERY



Send for our "Spring Booklet"

a portfolio of practical styles in millinery, which contains over forty drawings of the latest models, including Tailored, Trimmed and Dress Hats.

We mail this to you for twelve cents in stamps.

Address "Dept. E."

Gage Brothers & Co., Chicago

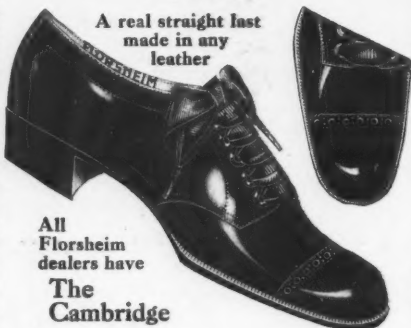
Ask your dealer for GAGE HATS

The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN SHOE

Style F 1611

A real straight last
made in any
leather



All
Florsheim
dealers have
The
Cambridge

There is a Florsheim shoe to please men of every age and calling. The "Hugite" heels and insteps of Florsheim low shoes insure a properly fitted foot, and "Natural Shape" lasts are a source of constant satisfaction.

The Cambridge shows a conservative style—can be had in any leather.

Our booklet, "The Shoeman," describes and illustrates some of the more extreme shapes. Write for it.

Ask your dealer about the Florsheim Shoe or send \$5.25 to cover cost of shoes and express charges, and we will have our nearest dealer fill your order.

Most Styles \$5.00 and \$6.00

The Florsheim Shoe Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.



Cedar
Fragrance
Instead
of
Moth
Ball
Odor

How would you like to keep your clothes in an air-tight, germ-proof, moth-proof, dust-proof, moisture-proof receptacle, fragrant with the wholesome odor of cedar instead of smelling of moth balls? To be relieved of the labor of folding clothes away in drawers and pinning them up in sheets? To keep your clothes always new, unwrinkled and in press in the easiest possible way.

Wayne Cedared Paper Wardrobes

are simply flexible cedar chests, without bulk or weight, the ideal storing protection for garments the year 'round. But they are even more valuable for the clothes you are wearing daily—for light silk and broadcloth gowns, evening clothes and extra wraps.

Made of the toughest rope paper, a stout steel hanger outside and a row of steel hooks inside bear all weight—none comes on the paper. An extra wide opening and accordion-pleated sides give ample room. Notice the reinforced square bottom and the metal clasps for closing.

Most Dealers Keep Wayne Wardrobes

You will find them at department stores, dry good stores, or clothiers. Should you not find them, select sizes and styles from the list given here and write direct to us, enclosing price. We will send you the Wardrobes at once, transportation prepaid.

No.		Each
3.	Women's Coats, Skirts, Dress Suits, Frock Coats, 30x6x50	75c
5.	Gowns, Opera Cloaks, Overcoats, Motor Coats, Society and Military Uniforms, 30x6x55	1.00
7.	Ball and Evening Gowns, Fur Coats, Motor Coats 30x6x60, with specially designed garment hanger	1.50
9.	Furs, Muffs, Collarettes, etc., with special muff and fur hanger, 24x6x36	75c

Valuable Book Free for a Postal. Our little book "How to Care for Clothes," gives you valuable hints that prolong the life of clothes. Just write a postal.

WAYNE PAPER GOODS CO., Dept. 27, Fort Wayne, Ind.

THIS mark on the back of suit-ings is the custom-tailored man's safeguard against inferior cloths—his guarantee of long wear and distinctiveness.

It means constant satisfaction to the wearer. For your own protection you should select your patterns from our exclusive, correct lines of worsteds, serges and chevots for business and formal wear.

Our little booklet, "Standish Worsteds, Plymouth," tells how to shun inferior cloth. You should write for it, giving your tailor's name and address.

THE STANDISH WORSTED CO., Plymouth, Mass.

STANDISH WORSTEDS PLYMOUTH

The
Trade Mark
on
the Cloth



Popular
Styles in
SILVER
Brand
Collars—

The Newest
is the

Hallex

2 HEIGHTS
Halley, 2 1/4 in.
Comet, 2 3/4 in.

The Linocord Endless Eyelet Buttonholes
only in

Silver
BRAND

Collars Two for 25c.
Quarter Sizes.

The Style can be copied, but not the Buttonholes.



These buttonholes are
easy-to-button and unbutton
and—they don't tear out.

They make permanent the original fit, style,
set and size of your collars. They save
temper, and finger nails. They are exclu-
sive in Silver Brand Collars.

SEND FOR "WHAT'S WHAT."

A booklet that embodies the dicta of the foremost
fashion authorities with reference to every item of
men's apparel. Tells what to wear and what not
to. Fully illustrated. Yours for the asking.

**GEO. P. IDE & CO., 490 River Street,
TROY, NEW YORK.**



CARTER'S
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
**QUALITY KNIT
UNDERWEAR**

Chic, dainty and durable. Unequalled in design,
fit and finish. Pure sterilized white garments, made
in a sun-flooded plant, by clean operators, on the
latest and best machines.

Elegant fabrics with fine invisible ribs—fabrics
made by no other manufacturer. Garments of finest
Sea Island Cotton, finished in pure silk costing \$6.50
per pound. Cheaper grades, too, equally desirable
and as painstakingly made and finished. New garments
for men, too. Most complete line for men, women,
misses and children made by anyone, anywhere.

"Quality-Knit and Quality Fit"

Made in Union Suits and two-piece suits
for women and children. Union Suits
for men. Also infants' shirts and bands;
silk, wool and cotton.

Would you like to see how we finish garments for
women, misses and children? If so, fill out the coupon
below and we will send samples of crochet finish and
some interesting facts about laundering underwear.

The William Carter Co.

Sole Manufacturers

66 Main St.

Needham Heights,

Mass.



Cut or tear off this coupon and mail it to us
Wm. CARTER Co., Needham Heights, Mass.
Please send me the samples of crochet finish
which you mention.

I Will Help You to Health—Good Figure— Rested Nerves

By Assisting Nature in a Scientific Manner

IN the privacy of your own room, surprise your husband and friends. After my university course, I concluded I could be of greater help to my sex by assisting Nature to *regain and retain* the strength of every vital organ, by bringing to it a good circulation of pure blood, by strengthening the nerves, and by teaching deep breathing, than I could by correcting bodily ailments with medicines.

I have helped over 44,000 women. I can help you to **Arise to Your Best** giving to you that *satisfaction with self* which comes through knowledge that you are developing the sweet, personal loveliness which health and a wholesome, graceful body gives—a cultured, self-reliant woman with a definite purpose, which makes you the greatest help to family and friends. You will be a **Better Wife, a Rested Mother, a Sweeter Sweetheart.**

I can help you to make every vital organ and nerve do efficient work, thus clearing the complexion and correcting such ailments as
 Constipation Irritability Indigestion Weak Nerves
 Colds Dullness Rheumatism Nervousness
 Weaknesses Sleeplessness Torpid Liver Catarrh

This work is done by following simple directions a few minutes each day in the privacy of your own room. In delicate cases I co-operate with the physician.

A Good Figure is Economy and means more than a pretty face

I have corrected thousands of figures as illustrated. Style is in the figure and poise and not in the gown. The gown in Fig. 1 cost \$250; the one in Fig. 2 cost \$6. Fig. 2 is the same woman as in Fig. 1, developed and in correct poise. Figs. 3, 4, 5 and 6 show actual photographs of pupils *before* taking up my work. (They have given me permission to use them). They all stand, now, as correctly and appear as well as Fig. 2. When every organ of the body is doing efficient work, there will be no superfluous flesh and no bony, angular bodies. I have reduced thousands of women 80 lbs., and have built up thousands of others 25 lbs. What I have done for others I can do for you. Here are a few extracts from daily reports of my pupils:
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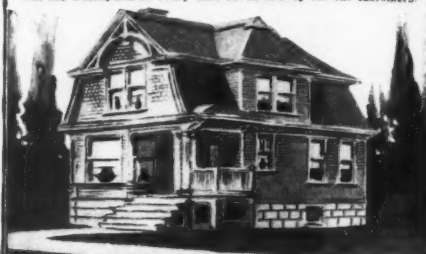
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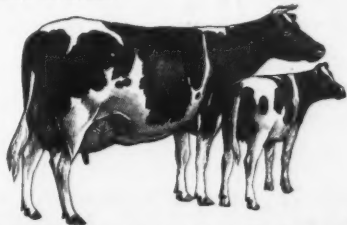
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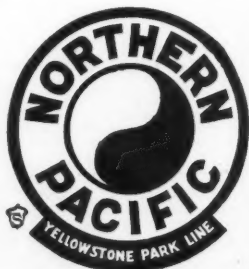
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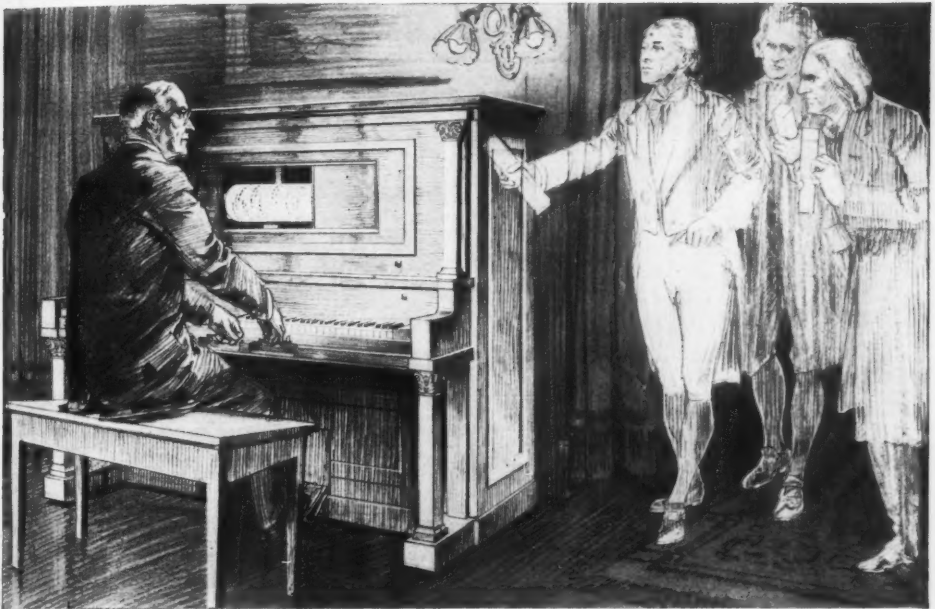
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¶ Its metal mechanism, scientifically constructed, so simple and easy to operate, yields to your every mood and enables you to produce music just as you would enjoy it. Won't you allow us to demonstrate its many superior qualities to you?

¶ We will mail you free, a little book which fully illustrates and describes the **Cecilian** Piano. Won't you send for this book?

The Farrand Company, - Dept. G, - Detroit, Michigan

Big Opportunities from Little "Ads"

CLOSING DATE: Advertisements for June Cosmopolitan, published May 10th, should be in our office on or before April 16th, the final closing date.

RATES: \$2 a line, cash with order. Minimum space accepted four lines (about 32 words).

On a definite six time contract the rate is only 50c. a line on the sixth insertion. Example: a four-line advertisement costs \$8 for each five consecutive insertions and \$2 for the last issue.

NOTE: We ask the assistance of our readers in excluding any objectionable advertisement from these columns as it is oftentimes impossible to know personally the reliability of each advertiser.

Cosmopolitan Classified Directory, 1789 Broadway, New York

REAL ESTATE

British Columbia

Self-Supporting Homes in the Glorious Fruit District, Southern British Columbia, for \$10 cash and \$10 per month, without interest. Annual profits \$500 to \$1000 per acre. Orchard, garden, poultry, grand scenery, hunting, boating, fishing, purest water, delightful climate, warm winters, cool summers, church, school, postoffice, store, daily trains, big sawmill, lumber at bottom prices, no freight to pay; fine neighbors, comforts of civilization combined with delightful rural community. Write to-day. Dept. W, West-Kootenay Orchard Association, Box 1, Nelson, B. C.

British Columbia—Fort George lands—50,000 acres fertile wheat and mixed farming lands. Send for photographs and surveyors' reports. The Wright Investment Co., Dominion Trust Building, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

British Columbia Farm Lands—80,000 acres on Grand Truck Pacific Railway. Fort George district—retail or en bloc. Rich soil, ideal climate, easy terms. The Mercantile Trust Co., Ltd., Vancouver, B. C.

California

\$10 Monthly buys a 5-acre "Sun-kist" Muscatel vineyard in Southern California, which will net \$150 to \$500 an acre annually. A thoroughly reliable company plants the vines and cares for them 3 years. Secure a part of the famous McCoy Ranch, adjoining the city of Escondido. Illustrated booklet free. W. E. Alexander, President, Escondido, Cal.

Orange Land \$3 Per Acre Monthly in Southern California's sunniest climate. Your first opportunity to buy small piece of choice frostless fruit land in beautiful El Cajon Valley, on long-time terms. Special introductory prices. Near schools. Good living in live acres. Write for illustrated booklet and full particulars. Address J. Frank Cullen, San Diego, California.

Own an Orange Grove in California. Buy Units of Ownership, on easy payments. Each unit represents an acre. After you have paid up, you may convert units into deeds to land. Ideal plan for non-residents who may buy orange land on easy terms; have grove planted and grown while paying for it; make 100% profit in 5 years on improvement of land; provide income for life and beautiful home for old age. Now opening Kern Orange Tract No. 2. Can you spare \$10 or more monthly?

Calif. Co-Operative Fruit Growing Ass'n, 575 Central Bldg., Los Angeles.

"Sunny" Stanislaus. Why sweeter in summer and freeze in winter when you can live in California? Write Dpmt. "C" Stanislaus Board of Trade, Modesto, Cal., for free booklet telling how to obtain an ideal home in the heart of California.

Texas

Millions of Acres of Free School Land in Texas now coming on the market. Our new book gives full particulars, 75 cents. Write us. German American Land Company, Austin, Texas.

Riveria Beach Hotel (South of Corpus Christi), elegantly furnished, now open. Choice beach lots for sale. Free Booklet.

Theodore Koch, Box 12, Riviera, Tex.

\$300.00 Per Acre Profit from Texas Truck Land—Be your own boss, live in an ideal climate where snow and cold weather are unknown, where oranges blossom, flowers bloom and vegetables grow all winter. Raise vegetables when prices are sky high. Others are becoming rich. Five acres will only cost you \$200.00. Pay for it \$12.50 per month. Fine illustrated literature FREE.

Burton & Danforth, 576 Gibbs Bldg., San Antonio, Texas.

A Ten Acre Irrigated Sugar Cane Farm will pay for itself quickly. Our lower Rio Grande Valley Irrigated Lands excel the world in the production of Sugar Cane. Best climate, soil and water; schools and churches; easy terms. When desired we arrange for planting, cultivating, harvesting and marketing the cane for non-resident owners on a part crop basis. Booklet free. Write to Fletcher & Rossiter, 256 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Tulla, Texas. Best town in the fastest Developing Country of the Great South West. An unusual opportunity to invest in lots. Free Booklet.

The Tulla Development Company, Tulla.

REAL ESTATE

Oregon

Government Land Now Open for Entry. Irrigated. Under the Carey Act. In Central Oregon. Water Rights \$40.00 per acre. Write for Booklet C. Land Commissioner. Deschutes Irrigation & Power Co., Bend, Oregon. No blizzards, floods nor cyclones.

Arkansas

Fruit Farm. 21,000 Elberta and Salway trees, 5 & 6 yrs. old, highly cultivated and thrifty. 10 acres strawberries. Near gas and coal fields. 1 mi. from town. Steam spraying plant. Price attractive. Norris Fruit Farm Co., Ft. Smith, Ark.

Florida

We are developing the largest grapefruit grove in Florida near Ft. Myers, Lee County. You can secure an interest in this grove on an easy monthly payment plan (42 cents per day buys an acre interest of 100 bearing trees) which promises quick returns, \$500 to \$600 profit per acre, per annum, on your investment and will establish an income for life. This is no experiment with us. Four years ago we planted 400 acres of 40,000 Grape fruit trees, which we expect to yield \$100,000 worth of fruit next season, which will represent 50% profit on the investment. Illustrated booklet free. Write us to-day for full information. Grapefruit Syndicate, Home Life Bldg., Washington, D.C.

Make a fortune raising vegetables in Florida. Write for our book of facts. We don't ask you to invest; merely read the facts—that's all. Address Florida Land Co., Chipley, Fla.

Florida Lands—Ten acres on Choctawhatchee Peninsula, Washington Co., Fla., will insure a competence for life. Soil is a deep, black, sandy loam. Can raise two and three crops each year. All semi-tropical fruits and vegetables thrive exceedingly well. Finest and highest priced oranges of Florida grow here. Plenty of rainfall. No irrigation. Cool in summer, warm in winter. No sunstrokes or frosts. Lumber on the ground at wholesale prices. One of the healthiest spots in the U. S. Prices low. Small cash payment down; balance in easy monthly installments. Write today for sample of soil, literature, maps, etc. Santa Rosa Plantation Co., 414 Northwestern Bldg., Chicago.

New Jersey

Fruit and Poultry Farms in Southern New Jersey are making money for their owners. We sell 5 acres for \$125 (35 monthly). Only 19 miles from Atlantic City. Best markets in country within easy reach. Twelve million people within 150 miles. Successes can be made raising berries, fruits, vegetables, squabs, poultry and eggs. 2 main line railroads. Title insured. Booklet free. Frazier Company, 743 Bailey Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

New York

For Sale—Gentleman's place adjoining Harriman estate. 130 acres, 20-room house and cottage. Excellent buildings. Superb location. Near New York. Price low, terms easy. T. R. Hart, 60 Wall St., New York City.

Miscellaneous

8000 Money-Making Farms throughout 16 states. Stock and tools included with many to settle estates quickly. Mammoth illustrated catalogue No. 30 free. E. A. Strout, Station 2720, 47 West 34th St., New York.

BUNGALOWS

Bungalows. Send stamp for sample pages of "California Bungalow Homes." Latest and best book of the Bungalow, inside and out. The Bungalowcraft Co., 405 Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles, Cal.

Investments—Bonds—Mortgages

Investors—We would like to send you circular B. 1 explaining the advantages of investing in small lots of listed securities. Hermann Kaiser, Member of Consolidated Stock Ex. of N. Y., 62 New St., N. Y. City.

Wanted—Old Mining, Oil or Other Stocks will be taken in exchange for money-making New York suburban real estate. If you have \$10 to \$1,000 in stocks you wish to dispose of, write at once giving name of Company, number of shares and price. Address Land, Suite 334 A—12 West 31st Street, New York City.

Opportunity Adlets

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Fascinating, money-making—Mail Order Agency Business at home. Anyone can conduct it—Everything furnished. Large line. Free Booklet tells how.
Miller & Co., Dept. C, Box 254, Muskegon, Mich.

County and State rights for sale on an excellent novelty; price right; chance for small manufacturers and investors; big profits.
Sanders, 115 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Invest in Champion Gum and Chocolate machines for outdoors and indoors. The most durable and best working slot machines made. Send for Special Offers.
Boston Coin Machines Co., Dept. F, Boston, Mass.

Crew Manager wanted.—To appoint and handle corps of house-to-house canvassers working small cities—Big profits for manager and crew men. Best season now opening. Write to-day and reserve territory. E. M. Davis, 1413 Carroll Ave., Chicago.

Slot Machines pay, \$5 will start you in a profitable cash business, can be carried on while otherwise engaged, for particulars address.
C. Walter, 61 Beekman St., N. Y.

Start Legitimate Mail Order Mercantile Business of your own; possibilities unlimited; cash orders good profits; conducted by any one. We print your catalogs, supply everything; sell you merchandise at wholesale; show you how, on small investment. Write for free booklet and sample catalog. Central Supply Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Build a Business of Your Own, and escape salaried drudgery for life. We teach the Collection Business; a limitless field with little competition. Few opportunities so profitable. Send for "Pointers" to-day.
American Collection Service, 7 State St., Detroit, Mich.

I made \$50,000 in Five Years in the Mail Order Business, began with \$5; anyone can start a mail order business at home. Send for free booklet. Tells how.
Heacock, 885 Lockport, N. Y.

Start a Permanent Business of Your Own. We, as manufacturers, start you and furnish everything. No Canvassing. Three simple, successful Mail Order Plans to keep our factories busy. We coach you and show you how to get business. You pay us in three months and make big profits. Spare time to start. Write to-day for positive proof.
Pease Mfg. Company,
813 Pease Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

Wanted—An Idea. Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your idea and it may bring you wealth. I loan money to inventors to take out patents.
John Wedderburn, Capitalist, Brookland, D. C.

Be a Real Estate Broker. We will train you to become a prosperous independent business man in your home town. You don't need capital. We are experts in the real estate business. You can reap all the benefits of our long and varied experience in a few short months, without interfering with your present work. Write to-day for illustrated descriptive book 8—we send it free. The U. S. Real Estate Institute, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Incorporate your business under South Dakota laws; no franchise taxes; save expense; do business anywhere; safest; best; Drexel Investment Co., Corporation Department Drexel Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.

INSTRUCTION

Be a Doctor of Mechano-Therapy. The wonderful new system of health, \$3000-\$5000 a year. We teach you by mail. Greatly superior and more simple than Osteopathy. Authorized diplomas to graduates. Special terms now. Write to-day for prospectus free. American College of Mechano-Therapy, Dept. 638, 120-122 Randolph St., Chicago.

We Teach Men the Barber Trade in Short Time by our method of free clinic and expert instructions. Write nearest Branch for catalogue. Moler System of Colleges, New York City, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Atlanta, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Omaha, Dallas, or Houston, Tex.

Take up the Linotype.—Easiest, steadiest, best-paying branch of printing trade; over 13,000 machines in U. S.; short hours, big salaries; school perfectly equipped; send for prospectus at once. N. E. Linotype School, 6 Dix Pl., Boston, Mass.

Sell Your Short Stories. Write for Testimonials from pupils whom we have helped to get into print. Practical Short Story course by mail. Newspaper & Literary Training School, Dept. A, Toledo, Ohio.

GAMES—AMUSEMENTS

Plays, Vaudeville Sketches, Monologues, Dialogues, Speakers' Minstrel Material, Jokes, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills, Musical Pieces, Entertainments. Make Up Goods. Large Catalog Free. T. S. Denison, Pub., Dept. 24, Chicago.

Motion Picture Machines, Film Views, Magic Lanterns, Slides and similar Wonders for Sale. Catalogue Free. We also Buy Magic Machines, Films, Slides, etc.
Harbach & Co., 809 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

YACHTS—MOTOR BOATS

Send for 80 Page List of Yacht and Boat Building Books. Yacht Pictures, etc.
The Rudder Co.,
9 Murray Street, New York, U. S. A.

It pays to read these pages in Cosmopolitan for profit as well as instruction and enjoyment

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Capitalize Your Brains, and select your attorney with care. We do the best work at reasonable rates. Patents, trade-marks, designs, copyrights, etc. Send for booklet D. Richard B. Owen, Warder Building, Washington, D. C.

Patent Your Ideas. \$100,000 offered for one invention; \$8,500 for another. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent," sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patent Obtained or Fee Returned. We advertise your patent for sale at our expense. Established 15 years. Chandlee & Chandlee, Patent Attys., 915 F Street, Washington, D. C.

Patents that Protect and Pay. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best results. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 612 F St., Washington, D. C.

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John S. Duffie & Co., Dept. 6, Washington, D. C.

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Established 1869.

Patents that Pay! 2 Books Free: "What and How to Invent—Fortunes in Patents" and 61 p. Guide. Advice. Best references. Special offers.
E. E. Vrooman, Patent Lawyer, 804 F. Washington, D. C.

Patent What You Invent! Your Ideas May Bring you a fortune. \$250,000 offered for one invention. Our free books tell what to Invent and how to obtain a patent. Write for them. Send sketch of invention for free opinion as to patentability. Patent Obtained or Fee returned. Patents advertised for sale free. Woodward & Chandlee, Reg'd Atty's, 1293 F St., Washington, D. C.

TYPEWRITERS

Visible Typewriters, including Oliver, Underwood and L. C. Smith, at especially attractive prices for immediate acceptance. All Standard makes at low figures. Machines rented at \$3.00 per month. Write at once.
Rockwell-Barnes Company,
1005 Baldwin Bldg., Chicago.

Never Before Offered: Rebuilt Underwoods, Oliver Remingtons, others \$15 to \$38; worth double; sent anywhere allowing trial; Supply limited, write quick; Old Reliable Established 1881; Consolidated Typewriter Exchange, 245 Broadway, N. Y.

Typewriters. All makes. Caligraphs \$6.00; Hammond-Denmore \$10.00; Remington \$12.00; Oliver \$24.00; Underwood \$30.00; 15 days' free trial and year's guarantee. Harlem Typewriter Exchange, Dept. X5—217 W. 125th St., N. Y. C.

Genuine typewriter bargains. No matter what make, will quote you lower prices and easiest terms. Write for big bargain list and illustrated catalogue.
L. J. Peabody, 64 Minot Bldg., Boston, Mass.

ADVERTISING SPECIALTIES

Farmers have big money. Reach over 750,000 of them by advertising in Farm Life—30 cents per agate line classified. Minimum ad. \$1.20. Sample copy free. No medical advertising. Dept. 4, Farm Life, Chicago.

BOOKS—MAGAZINES

You Must Soon Take Sides for or against Socialism. Naturally you wish to read about it. We will mail you one book free. Then you will want more.
Charles H. Kerr & Co., 140 Kinzie St., Chicago.

FORTUNE for the Author with the right story. We are the only publishing house in the country combining both the publishing and dramatization of books. A story with all the essentials of a good play means a rich harvest for both author and publisher. The returns in royalties earned by leasing plays made from "Quincy Adams Sawyer," "Miss Petticoats," "Blennerhassett," and others of our books are so large that we are now diligently seeking another strong story with like dramatic qualities. We are also interested in school text books. Send us your manuscripts. The C. M. Clark Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

California owes its prosperity to the oil industry. Sample copy of our monthly paper "California Oil Fields," free for the asking.
Sagar & Loomis, 750 Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Free! An Investment Library consisting of four books entitled "Investment Primer," "Art of Wall Street Investing," "Pitfalls of Speculation," "Mining Investments and How to Judge Them," sent without cost upon receipt of one year subscription to Copper Curb & Mining Outlook, published weekly; Subscription \$2.50 yearly. Expressage on books 50c. Special illustrated Lake Superior number, March 23d, two-color cover. Sample copy free. Copper Curb & Mining Outlook Pub. Co., Room 204, 72 Trinity Pl., N. Y. C.

Opportunity Adlets

AGENTS WANTED

Salesmen.—I need several high-grade Salesmen to sell a line of office specialties that have a place in every store, office, factory and educational institution in the land. The economy effected by these devices will range from 25% to 75% of saving and the compensation ranges from \$25.00 to \$110.00 on each sale. An exclusive sale contract for each territory is made in writing and the contract is backed by a Five-Million-Dollar Corporation. Only men of real merit, who can give bond will be considered. Full explanation and plan will be sent by mail on request to those who give full details concerning themselves. Edgar A. Russell, Sales Engineer, 314 Caxton Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

Side-Line Salesmen.—Agents.—New, simple, practical pencil-sharpener; sells on sight; big profits; day's supply in side pocket. Sample (with terms) 10c.
Arne Co., Desk D, Racine, Wis.

Men Wanted.—For Railway Mail, Customs and post-office. Examinations. \$600 to \$1,500. Preparation free. Write for schedule of Spring examinations.
Franklin Institute, Dep't R., 25, Rochester, N. Y.

Manager wanted every city and county, handle best paying business known, legitimate, new, exclusive control; no insurance or book canvassing. Address
Halstead, 66 West 35th St., New York.

Agents Wanted for our new 25c. Darning Machine; just out; weaves new heel or toe in sock in five minutes; no sewing machine required; works by hand. Send 15c. for sample or \$1.25 for doz. Hutton Co., Walnut St., Desk 5, Phila., Pa.

Agents make big money selling our new gold letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Any one can put them on. Write to-day for free sample and full particulars.
Metallic Sign Letter Co., 420 N. Clark St., Chicago.

Agents wanted in every country to sell the transparent handle pocket-knife. Big commission paid. From \$75.00 to \$300 a month can be made. Write for terms.
Novelty Cutlery Co., No. 7 Barr St., Canton, Ohio.

You can make excellent pay as our general or local agent. Household necessity that saves 80%. Permanent business in your home town. Write
J. M. Pitkin & Co., 2 Pitkin Block, Newark, N. Y.

Men wanted quickly by big Chicago mail order house to distribute catalogues, advertise. \$21 weekly; liberal expense allowance.
Manager, 1220 State Street, Chicago.

Portrait Agents Wanted.—Guaranteed Crayons size 16 x 20, 40c. Frames at your own price. 30 days' credit, samples free. We are not in the picture and frame trust. We own a large frame factory and sell at one-half the price portrait companies can. Our business established 25 years. We can give you steady employment. Our big wholesale art catalog with confidential prices and instructions mailed free to agents.
Williams Picture & Frame Co., 2550 Taylor St., Chicago.

POULTRY—DOGS—PETS

FINE BABY CHICKS, 8 Cents Each—Shipped safely anywhere. Eggs for hatching, \$4.00 per 100. Mammoth Turkeys, Imported Pigeons. Illustrated catalog Free.
Culver Poultry Farm, 132 Broadway, Benson, Neb.

INTERESTING TO MEN

2c. Each Safety Razor Blades, thin, single and double edge blades sharpened better than new; your own blades returned with a tested hair-clipping edge. Try it.
Razoredge Co.,
14 S. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ELOCUTION—DRAMATIC ART

Acting—Oratory—Playwriting.—We teach these profitable and fascinating professions by correspondence, and prepare you for the stage or speaker's platform. Our method leads to originality and success. Explanatory book "Dramatic Art" free! Write to-day! Chicago Sch. of Elocution, 326 Grand Opera House, Chicago, Ill.

TELEGRAPHY

Telegraphy taught at home in the shortest time. The Omnigraph Automatic Transmitter combined with Standard Key and Sounder. Sends you telegraph messages at any speed just as an expert operator would, 5 styles \$2 up. Circular free. Omnigraph Co., 39 F. Cortland St., N. Y.

COINS—STAMPS

\$7.75 Paid For Rare Date 1853 Quarters, \$20 for a \$4 cent. Keep all money dated before 1880, and send 10 cents at once for our New Illustrated Coin Value Book size 4x7. It may mean your fortune. C. F. Clarke & Co., Desk 6, Le Roy, N. Y.

CAMERAS—SUPPLIES

Every Lover of Pictures Should Use Art Corners. Wonderful for mounting photo prints, post cards, etc., beautifully. Engel's Quick Way—no paste required. 100 in a package, 10c. Dealer or direct.
Engel Mfg. Co., Sales Dept. H3, Engel Bldg., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

Lake Metal Polisher. A chemically treated cloth. Quickly restores lustre on all polished metal ware. No liquids, etc., needed. Mailed, 10c. Agents Wanted. Standard Ventilating Co., Distributors, Tribune Building, New York.

\$1500.00 a Year for local representatives. Last year 577 Agents made over \$1500.00 each, selling our wonderful everlasting cooking utensils. An excellent proposition for high-class agents. Write to-night.
American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Dept. 80, Lemont, Ill.

Representative of character, man or woman, to sell line of Health Hosiery to consumers; good opportunity to establish permanent business without capital—we help you sell—write at once for plan to
Wilkesbarre Knitting Mills Co.,
Dept. C., Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Oh Splash! Stop it! With our nickel-plated Filter and Splash preventer. Fits any faucet. Makes water run smooth. Samples free to agents. Send 2c. cost of mailing.
Seed's, 164 C. Duane St., New York.

Automatic Potato Peeler. Peels 24 potatoes perfectly in one minute. Milwaukee Fruit Jar Holder and Cover Wrench. The great fruit canning tools. 500 other red hot sellers. Beautiful sample case with 40 samples of best sellers sent free. Big profits. Robt. Edgren Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Wonderful Invention: Canchester Kerosene Incandescent Lamp. Burns with or without mantle. 6 times brighter than electricity, gas, acetylene or gasoline at 1-10 cost. Burner fits any lamp; saves 75% oil. No trimming wicks, \$10 daily. Beware of imitations. Handsome outfit furnished. Canchester Light Co., 26 State, Dept. C, Chicago.

\$5000.00 in prizes to Davis agents; not only unusually large profits for selling our High Grade Soaps & Toilet Specialties, but continued service rewarded by a share of our profits in premiums. That makes Davis agents "go some." \$15.00 to \$25.00 weekly easily made—\$100.00 by hustlers. Illustrated catalogue and profit-sharing plan free.
Davis Soap Co., 26 Union Park Court, Chicago.

Agents—Make big money handling our patent Household Necessities. Every housewife a buyer. Exclusive territory. No experience necessary. Write now.
Sterling Mfg. Co., Box 3, Racine, Wis.

Agents Wanted—Mabbey Button Fasteners—Simple, neat device to fasten any button securely. Only practical fastener invented. Send 10c. for sample doz.
H. A. Mabbey, Lima, O.

Wanted.—Wide-Awake Sales Agents and General Agents everywhere to sell New Bath Invention. Combines shower, shampoo and massage in ONE. Slips on any faucet and has special fittings for use in country homes without bath-rooms. Sales unlimited; orders coming fast. We must have representatives at once to open new territory to meet increasing demand. Drop your dead line and start spring with live seller.
The Progress Company,
214 Rand McNally Bldg.,
Chicago, Ill.

PIANOS—MUSIC

Genuine Bargains in high-grade upright Pianos. Slightly used instruments. 7 Steinways from \$350 up; 5 Lyon & Healy's from \$250 up; 7 Washburns from \$200 up; 4 Knabes from \$250 up; 5 Chickering's from \$250 up; also good second-hand Uprights \$125 up; also 6 very fine Baby Grand Pianos at about half. Write for full particulars. Cash or two years' time. Lyon & Healy, 50 Adams St., Chicago. We ship everywhere on approval. Fullest guarantee with every piano.

A Used Piano with the manufacturer's guarantee gives the biggest value; we have many of the different standard makes from \$125.00 up, original cost three times that; delivery free anywhere and very easy terms. The Pease name guarantees fair dealing. Write for bargain list.
Pease & Co., 128 West 42d St., New York.

Song Poems.—Send me yours. I will compose the music. Satisfaction guaranteed! Completed manuscript and melodies also acceptable. Send for free pamphlet. Write now! Successful publishing plan. Robert H. Beiden, 25 E. 14th St., N.Y.

Write the Words for a Song. Successful Song Writers have made fortunes. Free criticism and advice on all poems submitted. First class music; my personal work on each. 15 years' reputation. Endorsed by leading publishers.
Arthur A. Penn, 3A Childs Bldg., 34th St., N. Y.

Song Writers—Composers—Send us your song lyrics, melodies or complete songs. Immediate publication guaranteed if possessing merit. We publish "Blue Bell" and other big successes. The F.B. Haviland Pub. Co., 126 West 37th Street, New York.

Ivers & Pond Pianos give supreme satisfaction throughout a lifetime. Intending buyers should send for our new catalogue, containing half-tone pictures and full descriptions of our latest models. Finer pianos musical or more artistic case designs have never been made. Leading piano houses sell them, but where none represents us we sell direct from Boston, quoting Easy Payment terms and guaranteeing satisfaction, or piano returns at our expense for railway freight both ways. Write us to-day for prices, terms of payment and full information. Ivers & Pond Piano Co., 111 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Opportunity Adlets

HIGH GRADE HELP WANTED

Men Wanted.—To prepare for Railway Mail, Internal Revenue, Customs and Post Office Examinations. \$50.00 to \$125.00 monthly. Short hours; common education sufficient. Political influence unnecessary. Preparation free. Write immediately for schedule of Spring Examinations. Franklin Institute, Dept. R., 10, Rochester, N. Y.

To the Eighty Million Men of America who are engaged in the many different branches of selling—or to any man who wants to increase his business capacity—we say: "Let the burden of proving that the Sheldon Correspondence course can help you to be a Big Man rest entirely upon us." To bring you The Sheldon Book—and evidence of what this course has done for 40,000 others—you need only send a postal card request to

The Sheldon School
934 Republic Bldg., Chicago.

Wanted—1000 Chauffeurs and Repair Men. Our demand for automobile engineers exceeds the supply; calls for men of intelligence and mechanical bent, capable of commanding \$100 to \$150 monthly upon graduation. Resident courses \$15-\$50. Home correspondence courses completed by practical road and shop work at any of our branches or affiliated schools, highly successful. Look This Up.

Auto Schools of America,
1611 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Salesmen—Best accident, health policy. Old line, \$1,000 death; \$5 weekly; \$100 emergency. Costs \$2 yearly. Seal wallet free. Liberal commission.

Local Representative wanted. Splendid income assured right man to act as our representative after learning our business thoroughly by mail. Former experience unnecessary. All we require is honesty, ability, ambition and willingness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or traveling. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big paying business without capital and become independent for life. Write at once for full particulars. Address

E. R. Marden, Pres., The Nat'l Co-Op. Real Estate Co.,
Suite 29, Marden Bldg.,
Washington, D. C.

Learn salesmanship; earn \$1,000 to \$5,000 per year; we furnish students positions where they can earn \$100 per month while studying.

Practical School of Salesmanship, D8, New Haven, Conn.

Side Line Salesmen to handle high grade advertising novelty, used by Banks and Merchants as novelties or premiums. Liberal Commission. Open territory. Particulars and sample free. C. Ropp & Sons, 582 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago.

Salesmen, Honest, Sober, to represent us; excellent opportunity; weekly remittance; experience unnecessary; ability recognized; references. Write

North Jersey Nurseries, Newark, N. J.

Civil Service Employees are paid well for easy work; examinations every month, expert advice, sample questions and Booklet 5 describing positions and telling easiest and quickest way to secure them free. Write now.

Washington Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

The deaf can hear **FRANKLIN EAR PHONE** instantly with the—the most wonderful hearing device in the world. Sent on trial, leaving you to be the judge. Send for booklet and trial blanks. **FRANKLIN ACOUSTIC COMPANY,** Dept. A, 1530 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR THE CHILDREN

The Real Health merry go round develops sturdy arms and bodies; keeps children well, happy, off the street, every muscle in play; saves doctor bills, inexpensive, absolutely safe; can't tear clothing; operated by children themselves. Can be operated at big profit. Illustrated book free. Health Merry-Go-Round Co., Dept. 11, Quincy, Ill., U. S. A.

WEDDING INVITATIONS

Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Etc. 100 in script lettering, including inside and outside envelopes, \$2.50. 100 Visiting Cards, 50 cents. Write for samples. C. Ott Engraving Co., 1003 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WOMEN'S CORNER

Lady Sewers to make up shields at home; \$10 per 100; can make two an hour; work sent prepaid to reliable women; send reply envelope for full information to Universal Remedy Co., Desk D, Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR THE HAIR

Hair Grows when our Vacuum Cap is used a few minutes daily. Sent on 60 days' free trial at our expense. No drugs or electricity. Stops falling hair. Cures dandruff. Postal brings illustrated booklet.

Modern Vacuum Cap Co., 595 Barclay Bk., Denver, Colo.

FOR THE TEETH

Your Loose Teeth can be made solid again, the recession of the gum checked. "Usmerja Forhan's" is a Specialist's Cure for soft, bleeding, suppurating or pus discharging gums. Mailed for \$2.00. Can be purchased only through my laboratory. This is what I use in my practice for the cure of this disease, for which my minimum fee is \$100.00.

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326 Hart Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOR THE DEAF

Deaf? Invisible Ear Pelliclets, lately patented, quickly relieve Deafness and Head Noises. Make you hear well. Superior to anything on the market. Cost but little. Write for booklet. The Pelliclet Co., 497 Washington St., Atlanta, Ga.

The Acousticon makes the deaf hear instantly. No trumpet, unsightly or cumbersome apparatus. Special instruments for Theaters and Churches. In successful use throughout the country. Booklet, with endorsement of those you know free. K. L. Turner, Pres't.

General Acoustic Co., 1267 Broadway, New York City.

HOW TO CATCH FISH

Use that sure and certain attraction **MAGNETIC FISH BAIT**. It never fails. 25c per box post paid. Big premium offer free. **MAGNETIC FISH BAIT CO.,** 85 Main St., Republic, Mo.

Water Ballast Gives ANY Weight With One Roller

if it is a Wilder. Isn't it ridiculous to pay for two or three hundred pounds of useless metal in a lawn roller, AND to pay freight on it as well, when this simple, easy running Water Witch does better work and costs one-third less?

Isn't it a pity to have a roller too heavy for a soft lawn—too light for a hard lawn, when this new invention fits every condition?

Wilder's Water Witch Roller

is quickly filled with water or sand, as much or as little as you like. The one shown here weighs only 115 pounds empty, but weighs up to 470 pounds with water ballast and up to 737 pounds with sand ballast. The other size weighs 132 pounds empty, and from that, any weight you wish, up to nearly half a ton. Either size gives you a dozen rollers in one. After the season the

Water Witch can be hung up or stored in the loft. Simplest, handiest tool of the kind you ever used, and will wear as long as any all metal roller. Don't spoil your lawn, but get a Water Witch and save half the usual cost when you buy this time.

A Crackerjack for the Tennis Court—Splendid as a Garden Roller.

This book Sent Free—We will mail you, postpaid, our valuable and interesting book on "The Care of the Lawn" together with folder about the Water Witch. Write us today and you will save money and save your lawn.

THE WILDER STRONG IMPLEMENT Co., Box 5, Monroe, Mich.



These little "adlets" in Cosmopolitan will oftentimes lead to your becoming a national advertiser

**If your garters
mark your leg**

you need a pair of **Brighton Garters**. Made of that soft, stretchy silk web that yields and clings as you move, yet never binds or chafes. Absolutely flat. Brighton Garters have grown more and more popular for 20 years. 3,000,000 pairs sold in 1909 **Not a stitch to rip. 25c** everywhere or we mail them

Pioneer Suspenders for perfect shoulder balance, comfort in every motion. 50c everywhere or we mail them

Pioneer Suspender Company
PHILADELPHIA





A Blessing for Growing Boys and Girls

BRACE UP and You'll Cheer Up!

Of course you can't feel and look your best if you are stooped shouldered and using only half your lungs. Here's something that will surprise you—**STAND UP** and try it right now. Throw your shoulders **BACK** and your chest **OUT**. Then take a big d-e-e-p breath. The instant you do this, a smile will creep to your lips, life will seem more worth while and your personal appearance will be improved a hundredfold. That's just what the **BREATHE-RITE** Shoulder Brace will do for you every hour of the day. If you knew the benefits of **BREATHE-RITE** you would be wearing one **NOW**.

\$1.00 **BREATHE-RITE** **\$1.00**

is made of the finest white elastic fabric. It holds the body gently, but firmly erect whether walking, standing or sitting. It conforms to every movement of the body and is always comfortable. **BREATHE-RITE** is the most inexpensive shoulder brace on the market, and is also the most satisfactory from **EVERY** standpoint—we guarantee it. Your dealer can supply you; if he will not, send us One Dollar (\$1) and Breathe-Rite will reach you by return mail. No measurements required. If dissatisfied for any reason your money will be promptly refunded. Write for our illustrated descriptive booklet. **BREATHE-RITE MANUFACTURING CO., Room 1042, 45 West 34th St., New York**

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Best Brushes Made

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Made from one solid piece, thoroughly seasoned Turtle Ebony, Karib-rose or Aureola, with finest quality Butt Bristles that penetrate through each layer of hair, right down to the scalp. **Ask to see them. All Reliable Merchants have them in stock.** The name "**Howard**" is on the handle of every Howard Brush.

The Howard Brush Co., 15 West 24th St., New York

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Delicious — Appetizing — Satisfying

The kind with the natural flavor of the tomato—keeps after it is opened.

Contains only those ingredients

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Insist on products bearing our name, not only ketchup, but soups, canned fruits, vegetables and meats, jams, jellies, preserves, etc.

Write today for our free booklet "Original Menus," telling what to have for breakfast, luncheon, dinner.

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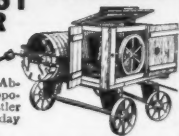


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409 one and two-story Cottages of \$300 to \$1500; 340 Residences of \$1200 to \$1500; 379 Residences of \$1500 to \$2500; 225 Residences of \$2500 to \$3000; 100 California Bungalows. I have designed churches, schools, libraries, theatres, stores, hotels, banks, etc., all over the U. S., and have a special department for the planning of residences. Book of 32 Churches, 25c. Bungalow Book, 50c.

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ARCHITECT

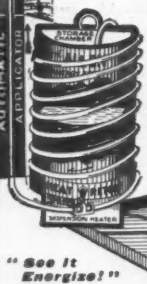
10 PENNIES LEAD 10 MEN TO GET \$32,034.81.

See the fortunes made with *Strange Invention*. Of this sum Korstad (Farmer) sold \$2,512.18 in 3 weeks Zimmerman (Farmer) orders \$3,550 in 39 days Stoneman (Artist) sold \$2,401.68 in 60 days. No wonder, Cashman says:—"A man who can't sell your goods couldn't sell bread in a famine." But, listen! Rasp (Agent) sold \$1,085 in 78 days Juell (Clerk) \$6,800; Oviatt (Minister) \$4,000; Cook (Collector) \$4,000; Rogers (Surveyor) \$2,500; Hoard (Doctor) \$2,200; Hart \$5,000, and "took 16 orders in 3 hours." This wonderful opportunity heretofore enjoyed by only a limited number now open to all. Hurrah! Hundreds already getting rich. You should too; why not? Experience don't matter. How easy—just show; money yours—75% profit. Allen's Bath Apparatus gives every home a bathroom for \$6.50; all others \$150; yet do less. Think of it! So energizes water, 1 gallon ample; cleanses almost automatically. No plumbing. Could anything be more popular? It's irresistible. Reese (Carpenter) saw 60 people—sold 55; result \$300. "Sell 8 out of 10 houses," writes Maroney (Clerk).

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"See It Energize!"

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"Lucky I answered your ad"—A. P. Lodewick, Me.

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When you send a postal for this absolutely free book

set your expectation up to the very limit—you'll not be disappointed. The fact that an edition of several thousand was completely exhausted last year, and that many fishermen were disappointed in not getting it is pretty good evidence that the book made a great big hit. This year we are going to print enough to go around but—we warn you who never before have gone fishing that you'll want to go after you have read these "Six Little Fishing Classics." No strings to this offer—simply write your name and address on a postal and we'll send the book to you as quick as the mail will let us. Drop us a line—we'll bite.

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The Ideal Trunk for every use.

Smooth sliding drawers just like a Dresser. Convenient to get things without rummaging. No heavy trays to lift. Hold as much as the ordinary Box Trunk and a place for everything. Easy to pack and unpack.

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Automatic Photo Button Machine and Complete Outfit \$25

including 400 plates, frames, etc. Finished photo buttons sell readily at 10c and 15c each—cost only 2c. Start a rapid fire, outdoor, money-making business. Camera takes, develops and finishes picture, ready to wear in 30 seconds. A big money-maker at parks, carnivals, fairs and outdoor celebrations. Can be set up in 20 seconds ready to operate. No experience necessary; complete instructions with each outfit. Easy to move with the crowd. Weighs 4 pounds. Will ship upon deposit of \$5.00 balance C.O.D. SCHNADIG SALES AGENCY, 201 Crilly Bldg., Chicago

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MAKES HAPPY HEALTHY CHILDREN



who prefer to stay at home and enjoy themselves rather than play on the streets. Operated by children themselves; the movement not unlike that of rowing, brings every muscle into play. Most healthful form of outdoor exercise; keeps lungs inflated, develops sturdy bodies, strong arms, straight backs, broad shoulders. Makes children studious. You owe the children this delightful pleasure—you'll save it in doctor bills. Inexpensive, simple, absolutely safe; no cogs or complicated gears to catch and tear clothing. Not a toy, but a real Merry-go-round. Will last for years. Full particulars and handsomely illustrated booklet free.

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It softens and breaks up the hard, tough curd of milk. It adds just the right food elements that cow's milk lacks and makes a food easily digested and on which your baby will thrive.

It is easily prepared.

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Try the Mellin's Food method of modifying the milk for your baby. The experience of thousands upon thousands of mothers in every part of the world has proven it the best method yet devised.

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Our helpful, fully illustrated book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," gladly sent, Free, together with a liberal Trial Size Bottle of Mellin's Food.

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CUT OUT

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Please send me your book and a Trial Size Bottle of Mellin's Food.

My baby is _____ months old.

Your Druggist's Name _____



A stomach builder.

Of course, Pape's Diapepsin *really does* relieve your indigestion quickly. Misery making gas, heart-burn, and all stomach distress go at once. And, in addition, it builds up your weakened stomach. Large case at druggists 50c.



Upset? Pape's Diapepsin will put you on your feet



GRAPE JUICE WITH LEMON ICE

Shown in the illustration. Serve the Grape Juice very cold with a spoonful of lemon ice on top. To make the lemon ice put two cupfuls of water and one cupful of sugar into a saucepan and boil for eight minutes, remove saucepan from fire and beat until cold. Add the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs, the strained juice of three lemons and the grated rind of one lemon. Freeze.

A book of surprisingly good grape juice recipes sent free, if you will send us the names of your grocer and druggist.

Serve Walker's Grape Juice!

It is appropriate to every occasion—dinner, luncheon, tea, or a casual afternoon call. Its very appearance is tempting—clear and brilliant.

You may serve it plain with lumps of ice, or in many delightful and easy-to-prepare combinations. Its rich color, with mint leaves, or whipped cream, or dainty wafers, pleases the eye and promises a treat which its delicious flavor well fulfils.

All grape juice is good, but Walker's grape juice is clear and pure—without the usual pulp and tannin-bearing sediment. It is free from that unpleasant after-taste found in other brands. You can easily see and taste the difference.

Try Walker's. Keep a case in the house and serve it generously. It is always in good form, always appreciated. It is the one beverage that needs no apology or explanation.

Walker's GRAPE JUICE

Order from your grocer or druggist. Full Quarts 50c, Full Pints 25c. Served also at Soda fountains everywhere—in the "ten-pin" bottle.



The "Ten-Pin" Bottle

Write for the Recipe Book.

THE GRAPE PRODUCTS COMPANY, North East, Pa.



Mr. W. L. Austin, Vice-President and Chief Engineer

of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia.

This Noted Engineer,

Mr. Austin, Vice-President and Chief Engineer of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, a mechanical engineer of national reputation, says:

"Having been a designer of machinery for over thirty-seven years, I can appreciate the AutoStrop Safety Razor as being the perfection of simplicity. When I first saw one I immediately fell in love with it, as I recognized the unmistakable evidence of careful original thought.

"It is so handy, reliable and delightful to use that I do not see how anyone can enjoy shaving without it."

Try It Free

(Dealers Read This, Too)

No dealer can lose anything by selling AutoStrop Safety Razors on 30 days' free trial, for if he should have any razor returned, we exchange it or refund him his cost.

Therefore, don't be timid about asking a dealer to

sell you an AutoStrop Safety Razor on trial. He's glad to do it. It's profit in his cash register. Men who "do things" act—act quick. No delay. No procrastination. No "to-morrow" for theirs.

Don't wait to call on your dealer. 'Phone



or write him to send an AutoStrop Safety Razor on trial. And 'phone or write now.

The AutoStrop Safety Razor consists of one self-stropping razor, heavily silver plated, 12 fine blades and horsehide strop in small handsome case. Price \$5.00, which is your

total shaving expense for years, as one blade often lasts six months to one year.

"The Slaughter of the Innocents"

is a book. Whoever wants to know what he doesn't know about shaving, wants it.

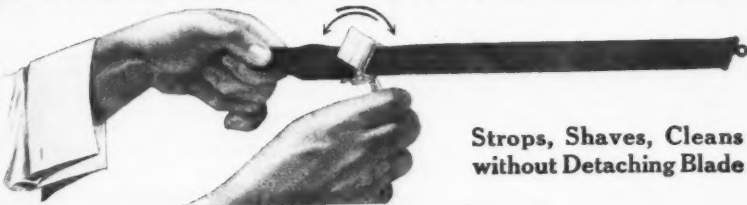
And whoever wants to shave himself as well as the head barber can, wants it, too. Make no mistake. It does teach you this trick.

And whoever wants to laugh much, wants it in large lots. For "The Slaughter of the Innocents" is no freight train schedule.

It's free, though it should not be. Will you put it off and forget it, or will you send for it now while you have it in mind?

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, 355 Fifth Ave., New York; 233 Coristine Bldg., Montreal; 61 New Oxford Street, London.

FAR QUICKER, HANDIER THAN A NO-STROPPING RAZOR



**Strops, Shaves, Cleans
without Detaching Blade**

INVEST YOUR SAVINGS Remarkable Profit-Sharing Offer

Never before has the small investor had a better opportunity to place his savings where they will be amply protected and at the same time produce for him a **guaranteed income**.

If you have \$50, \$100 or \$1,000, or if you can save a few dollars each month which you would invest where it will provide you with a large immediate income, with the opportunity for still greater profits, you will be interested in reading a book we have just issued and which we will send to you free on request.

In this book we have outlined the story of the **foremost business of its kind in America**, of the splendid success of the business, of its unusually large profits, and of the stability of its earnings.

In this book we have also outlined, as a part of its plan for handling its large and increasing business, an offer made by this Company by which you may share, on an unusual basis, in the greater profits which this Company will make.

Please Note These Facts:

1. Your investment is guaranteed by ample assets of great value.
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5. It has very great prospects for the future.

In addition to the **guaranteed income paid at once**, the opportunity offered is extraordinary because of the **profit-sharing feature**, by which you may share permanently in all the future profits of the Company, in its large and rapidly increasing business.

This most interesting book, fully explaining our "Profit-Sharing Offer," will be mailed to you promptly on request.

Cut out the Coupon and Mail It To-day.

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Please send me book explaining your "Profit-Sharing Offer" without obligation on my part.

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May

\$2700 PROFIT IN ONE YEAR

YOU can make a **net profit** of \$2700 a year from one of our ten acre tracts. You can buy this land for \$10 down and \$5 a month for 28 months, or you can pay cash \$150. Tropical fruits sell by the pound; they pay enormous profits. We will arrange to plant, cultivate, and market the product for you, **if you do not** wish to live on the land.

Please send today for our book which describes the splendid developed opportunity on the 117,000 acres which we own in the state of Tabasco, Mexico. This land is said to be the richest in the world. It has every advantage of climate, soil, surroundings, transportation to the United States. It is on the Gulf of Mexico and our fruit growers have water transportation to all the big markets. It is 1200 miles nearer New York than the California fruit districts. Our own boat is in regular operation. Freight rates are about 150 per cent. less by water than by rail. At the same time, tropical oranges and other fruits are ready for market 6 weeks ahead of California.

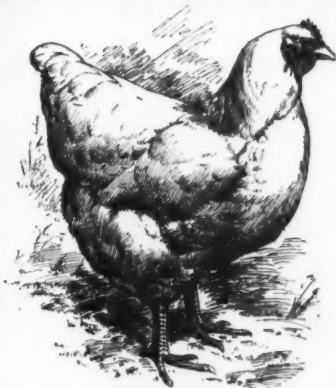


Hitherto we have been selling in large tracts only to practical farmers. These men went in on a big scale. We are now ready to sell to the small farmer—the renter, investor or wage earner, and we are ready to cultivate his land and turn over his profits if he does not wish to leave his own home. Any person therefore who can put aside a few dollars each month can own a very profitable producing tropical fruit farm. This is an amazing opportunity to make a small sum grow into a fortune; an opportunity possible only in tropical Mexico.

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Just figure this out:

**Last year, on a small egg-farm, 1953 hens
made for the owners a clear profit of**

\$6.41 each

\$6.41 multiplied by 1953 makes—what? over

\$12,000 a year

Read the story below.

IN 1905 two men named Corning, father and son, were trying to find a paying business for men in poor health and with small capital. Although they had no experience in that line, they decided to raise eggs. They took a few acres at Bound Brook, N. J., and began with only thirty hens. Last year these men had 1953 hens, and made a clear profit of over **twelve thousand dollars**. Next year they expect to have 4000 hens. Will they make **twice \$12,000**?

THE CORNING EGG-BOOK

(entitled "**\$6.41 PER HEN PER YEAR**") tells the whole story of that little egg-farm, and just **HOW** the Cornings made their splendid success. It is deeply interesting to every one who wants a safe, paying business, that can be built up with little capital and without years of training. There is a strong demand in all cities for "near-by, selected fancy eggs," and those who can furnish an unfailing supply, winter and summer, get very high prices. This the Cornings learned to do, and the **Corning Egg-Book** describes their methods, as tested and proved by experience.

The book tells where they find their market, how to keep hens laying regularly in winter, when to hatch chicks that are to do their best work in December and January; how to mix the feed that produces the most eggs; how to prevent losses, etc. It tells why they fixed on a certain breed as the best for producing eggs, and how their whole system works to that end. It gives photographic pictures of their plant, and plans of their buildings, which can be built in sections, large or small, as needed. The Corning Egg-Book is sold in combination with the Farm Journal, Philadelphia, Pa.

FARM JOURNAL has for thirty-three years conducted a poultry department known the country over for the ability of its editors and the value of its contents. All its other departments are ably conducted and widely quoted. It is the standard monthly farm and home paper of the country, with already more than 600,000 subscribers. It is clean, bright, intensely practical; boiled down; cream, not skim milk. It is illustrated and well printed on good paper. It has not a medical or trashy advertisement in it.

AMERICAN POULTRY ADVOCATE, the great New York State paper published at Syracuse, and full of good reading matter, is always welcomed by the subscriber. Now in its 18th year. It is conceded to be one of the best poultry papers published in the United States. Well edited by recognized authorities on the subject of practical poultry raising. Has a circulation of 45,000 copies per month.

Special Offer For \$1.00 (cash, money order or check) we will send postpaid the **Corning Egg-Book** and the **Farm Journal** for two years, and **American Poultry Advocate** two years, all for \$1.00 if order is sent at once to

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That New York City real estate makes great fortunes; but **DO YOU KNOW** how **YOU** can secure **YOUR SHARE**?

YOU KNOW

That New York City is growing rapidly; but **DO YOU KNOW** that it adds yearly a great city of 250,000 new population, for whom land must be subdivided, city improvements installed and buildings erected?

YOU KNOW

That when the Pennsylvania R.R. opens its hundred-million-dollar tunnel system in May, real estate values are certain to jump instantly; but **DO YOU KNOW** of any opportunity to share in property bought right, well developed and lying at **THE VERY FIRST STATION**, less than ten minutes from the business center of New York?

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How you can share equally with expert realty managers, by investing as little as \$5.00 monthly or \$14.85 quarterly, thus securing your share of the earliest and largest profits made.

OUR FREE 44-PAGE BOOK

Explains Profit Sharing Realty Bonds; how easily you can buy them and what splendid profits they are certain to earn.

Send for it to-day.

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Never mind scissors or penknife, just tear roughly along this line **NOW**.

MUTUAL PROFIT REALTY CO., New York City Without obligation to me, send me free your 44-page book with map, sample bond and explanation of bondholders' safeguards, right of supervision, surrender privileges and method of profit-sharing.

If I should decide to invest, I could pay about \$..... monthly, quarterly, semi-annually, annually, or about \$..... in a lump sum.

(Strike out undesirable methods of payment.)

Name.....

Address.....

No letter is necessary; coupon preferred; send it **TO-DAY**

BEAUTIFUL FACE SUPERB FIGURE

Let this woman send you free her newest Beauty Book and let her send free full particulars of her wonderful new beauty methods; follow her instructions and when you have beautified your face and figure recommend her wonderful methods to your friends



SHE LOOKS LIKE A GIRL OF 18.

It is every woman's duty to rise to her best and be a better wife, a sweeter sweetheart or a more attractive woman.

A good figure means more than a pretty face and is every woman's birthright. A woman does not have to be born beautiful to be beautiful but by cultivating and developing a beautiful figure and a clear, lovely complexion, free from blemishes and wrinkles, you make yourself so attractive that you are admired even when your face is not beautiful.

Mme. Cuninghame, Chicago's beauty specialist, is fast becoming recognized as the most expert beauty culturist the world has ever known and she practices only simple, natural methods of beautifying the face and form. She made herself the beautiful woman she is to-day and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance by simple, harmless methods of her own. No drugs, but harmless, private home methods are responsible for her beautiful face and figure.

She has just completed a beauty book, intensely interesting to women who are in search of beauty of face or form. This book tells all about her wonderful private home methods and she sends it with sworn affidavits to back up her claims. It costs a woman nothing to find out about this wonderful new method and all our readers are invited to write to Mme. Cuninghame at once and learn how they may beautify their face and figure in a secret and pleasant manner. You can imagine this woman's joy when by her simple treatment she beautified her face and figure after beauty specialists and all other methods had failed.

Many of those who have used her process report astonishing results. Mary Merritt writes that the new, harmless treatment is simply wonderful. Miss Hanson writes she is immensely pleased with the splendid, new process and it is simply astonishing the hundreds of women who are writing in praising the splendid merits of this new treatment.

All our readers should write her at once. She will send you absolutely free particulars regarding these harmless new methods and will send her beauty booklet and all she agrees to send free.

Simply address your letter to Evelyn Cuninghame, Suite 259, 7 Randolph St., Chicago, and do not send any money because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of secret information which will aid their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

Just send her your name and address. It is not necessary to write a long letter.

Now is the time to write and learn her beauty secrets lest your beauty passes, even as the petals of a rose withers into the drift of yesterday's flower.

The world would be better off if there were a few more kind women like this in it.



To Keep Your Floors Beautiful

Every woman knows how annoying it is to have unsightly spots, water stains, dirt stains and foot-tracks spoil the beauty of her floors, stairs and woodwork. They ruin the beauty of her entire home.

Will you test, at our expense,

Johnson's Kleen Floor

the only preparation for immediately removing all these discolorations? With Johnson's Kleen Floor any woman can keep her floors bright and clean—like new.

Simply dampen a cloth with Kleen Floor and rub it over the floor. Instantly, all spots, stains and discolorations disappear—without the slightest injury to the finish.

Johnson's Kleen Floor rejuvenates the finish—brings back its original beauty—greatly improves the appearance of all floors, whether finished with Shellac, Varnish or other preparations.

Johnson's Kleen Floor is quickly applied—two hours is ample time in which to thoroughly clean the floor, wax it and replace the rugs.

We want to send you, free, sample bottle of Johnson's Kleen Floor and a package of Johnson's Wax to be used after Kleen Floor is applied

Johnson's Prepared Wax gives the floors that soft, lustrous, artistic polish which does not show heel-marks or scratches and to which dust and dirt do not adhere.

It is ideal for polishing woodwork, furniture, pianos, etc. All that is necessary is to occasionally apply it with a cloth, and then bring to a polish with a dry cloth.

Your floors receive harder wear than any other part of your woodwork, hence require special treatment. Kleen Floor will keep them always in perfect condition.

We want to send you, free, prepaid, samples of our Kleen Floor and Prepared Wax, together with the latest edition KSS of our handsomely illustrated book on the "Proper Treatment of Floors, Woodwork and Furniture." We attach a coupon for your convenience.

**S. C. Johnson & Son
Racine, Wis.**

"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

**S. C.
Johnson
& Son**

Racine, Wisconsin

I accept your FREE offer of samples of Johnson's Kleen Floor and Prepared Wax, also booklet, edition KSS, on Home Beautifying. I agree to test the samples; and, if I find them satisfactory, will ask my dealer to supply me.

Name.....

Address.....





Special Enamel for Porch Furniture

The beauty of this enamel is that it dries quickly and *stays* dry. Neither rain nor sun, neither dew nor seashore fog can soften it. The flimsiest white frock can't carry away a trace of it. It dries in cracks and crevices as well as on the surface.

Ask your dealer for *Acme Quality Porch Furniture Enamel*. Easy to apply. Long wearing. Choice of colors.

Best also for lawn swings, tables and seats.

ACME QUALITY

Paints and Finishes

include a kind for every purpose. indoors and out, city or country.

Tell your dealer what painting and finishing you have in view and he will tell you the Acme Quality kind that will give you perfect results.

If it's a surface to be painted, enameled, stained or varnished in any way, there's an Acme Quality kind to fit the purpose.

The Acme Quality Guide Book

tells which paint or finish to use, how much is needed and how it should be applied in every case. Handsomely illustrated in color. The most elaborate painting guide book ever published. As useful to professionals as to amateurs. *Write for free copy.*

Your dealer can probably give you color cards for choosing and sell you Acme Quality. If not, write to

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS,

Dept. A Detroit, Michigan



The Helps that Every Cook
has longed for are in

Crawford Ranges

And *no other* Range has them

The Single Damper (patented). Perfect fire and oven control by one motion—push the knob to “Kindle,” “Bake” or “Check”—*the range does the rest.* Worth the price of the range.

The Ash Hod in the base is a patented feature. If a prize were offered for the *worst* plan for disposing of ashes, the ordinary stove would get it. By our plan the ashes fall through a chute into a Hod, *all* of them, making their removal safe, easy, cleanly. The Coal Hod is alongside the Ash Hod, out of the way.



The Oven is the most wonderful of bakers. Scientific curved heat flues with non-leaking cup-joints carry the heat around the oven in a way to heat *every part alike.*

The Fire Box and the **Patented Grates** enable a small fire to give great cooking efficiency, affording great economy of fuel.

Write for Illustrated Booklet. If Crawford's are not sold in your town we will tell you how to get one.

Walker & Pratt Mfg. Co.
31-35 Union St., Boston

"Mary, I Forgot To Tell You About Dinner!"

Remember the many, many times you happened to think of something you had forgotten to do upstairs or downstairs, or in some other part of the house? Then, of course, you either had to call for someone or do it yourself. If your home had been equipped with



Western Electric Inter-phones

you could have telephoned your instructions without leaving the room.

It is in hundreds of instances like this that Inter-phones prove they are just what we claim—the greatest household convenience ever placed within the reach of the average family.



Just think for a moment what it would mean to have in your home a telephone system so simple that by pressing a button you could talk from any room to anyone in any other room—and so perfect in quality that they work just as well as the telephones on the city line.

Inter-phones can be installed complete, including labor and all material, at a cost ranging from \$5.00 per station up, depending on the type of equipment selected. The cost of maintenance is no more than for an electric door bell.

EVERY BELL TELEPHONE IS



Write our nearest house for Booklet No. 7766 giving complete information about the different Inter-phone systems.

The Western Electric Company Furnishes Equipment for Every Electrical Need.

"SAVE TIME AND FREIGHT"



WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

New York, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati,
Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Indianapolis, Minneapolis,
Atlanta

Montreal

Winnipeg

Vancouver

Antwerp

London

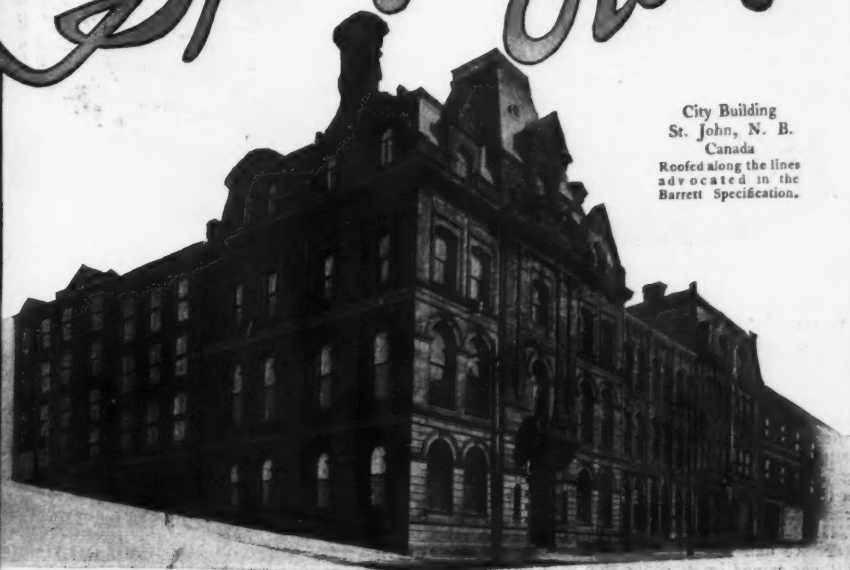
Berlin

Paris

Write Our
Nearest House

St. Louis, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle,
Kansas City, Dallas, Los Angeles, Salt Lake City,
Omaha

Barrett Specification Roofs



City Building
St. John, N. B.
Canada

Roofed along the lines
advocated in the
Barrett Specification.

After Twenty-Seven Years of Service

THE roof of this structure was laid in 1882. A letter recently received from the contractors states that it is still in good order *after 27 years of service.*

As compared with other kinds of roofing, and considering the wide variation of temperature in New Brunswick, this is an astonishing record. It emphasizes the satisfactory results which Barrett Specification Roofs invariably give.

The architect or owner of a building who will order his roofing laid "according to The

Barrett Specification" and *insist that the Specification be followed to the letter*, is absolutely assured of *satisfactory service.*

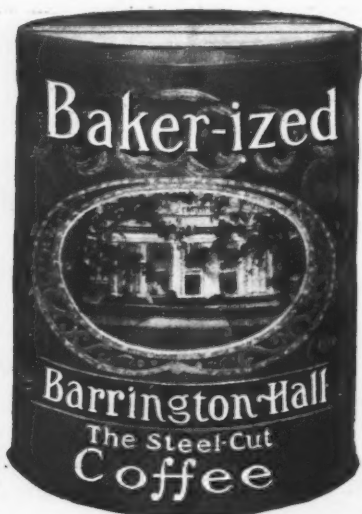
It is well to remember that with Barrett Specification Roofs there is no maintenance expense whatever. Metal and Ready Roofings *require paint and attention every few years* to insure freedom from leaks and trouble.

Every architect, engineer and owner should have The Barrett Specification on file. We will send same promptly to anyone interested on request to our nearest office.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING CO.

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Pittsburg Cincinnati
Kansas City Minneapolis New Orleans London, Eng.





THE process and machinery by which Barrington Hall is prepared represent a life study of this one subject.

As owners of this valuable process by patent right, we have always taken a natural pride in maintaining the highest possible standard of quality.

To-day, Barrington Hall, the Baker-ized Steel-Cut Coffee, is used not only by people who can drink no other coffee, but by thousands who drink it merely for its splendid quality.

Imitation is a consequence and an evidence of our success. It is, however, confined to a part of our trade-mark, "Steel-Cut," which by a legal technicality cannot be protected.

Already a host of hungry imitators, in an effort to deceive and so trade on the reputation "Steel-Cut" has gained by its connection with Barrington Hall, are using these words for coffee without reference to quality or method of preparation.

If you are persuaded to try a so-called "cut" coffee, please do not judge our coffee by it. Note free trial offer and let Barrington Hall, the only genuine steel-cut coffee, speak for itself on your own table.

Barrington Hall The Baker-ized Steel-Cut Coffee

For sale in all cities and most towns at 35 to 40c per pound, according to locality. Write for grocer handling it.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Send us your grocer's name and we will send you enough Barrington Hall to make six cups of delicious coffee and our booklet that explains why ours is different from other coffees.

BAKED IMPORTING CO.
106 Hudson St.
New York, N.Y., or
252 North 2nd St.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Send free trial can of Barrington Hall Coffee and booklet, as advertised (postpaid). In consideration I give my grocer's name (on the margin).

My own is.....

Join the National Association of Penny-Savers!

*Thousands Securing Oliver
Typewriters Without Effort*



You are hereby invited to join the National Association of Penny-Savers.

This unique organization sprang into existence *spontaneously* under the stimulus of our great "Seventeen Cents a Day" Plan of selling Oliver Typewriters.

Thousands have purchased Oliver Typewriters by becoming *Penny-Savers*.

The success of the plan is *phenomenal*.

It has *rained* pennies, *hailed* pennies—bushels and barrels of them.

They are hard to *count*, but *easy to save*—and they *do the work of DOLLARS!*

Each member is a Committee of One, whose duty is to *remember to save "Seventeen Cents a Day."*

Each Penny-Saver gets a brand new Oliver Typewriter—the regular \$100 machine—for a small first payment.

The balance is forwarded monthly at the rate of seventeen cents a day.

The Penny-Savers not only secure the world's best typewriter without ever missing the money,

—They *get the habit* of saving, and *saving* becomes a *delight*.

—They *re-discover* the vital fact that 100 cents make a *dollar*.

—They learn that pennies are *copper keys* that unlock the *Doors of Opportunity*.

Don't wait until you have \$100 in cash before realizing your ambition to own the Oliver Typewriter. *Use the copper keys!* Join the National Association of Penny-Savers at once.

The initiation fee is *one cent*, which you are to invest in a *postal card*. Your request on the postal will bring full details of the "Seventeen Cents a Day" plan. Anybody who wants to own the best typewriter in existence is eligible to membership.

Send that penny postal card today.

(29)

The Oliver Typewriter Company
56 Oliver Typewriter Building CHICAGO

Brain Fag and Carking Care

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



ERVOUS Prosperity is the result of tangled grey matter. It's not the plain work, but the hundred and one petty, worrying details that put a man under. And most of these details hang around the effort to save—to provide for *that* day, and having provided, to be sure that the purpose in view will actually be achieved. The thought, "Suppose—what would they do?" is calculated to make most men rather quiet and white for a while. Life insurance, by doing away with these worries, makes for peace, sound sleep and good digestion. By eliminating most of the worries, you live longer, and that in itself is worth insuring for. Then if the surface car, benzine buggy, or aeroplane, gently jogs you into the sweet eternal, why the missus and the boys can capture and kill the sniffing wolf and send his pelt to market. You'd better make sure of yourself and secure assurance by being insured. The man with fifty thousand or so on his life carries his chin in, the crown of his head high; and his plans pan because he believes in them and in himself. And remember this, that the world takes you at the estimate you place upon yourself. The man whose life is well insured for the benefit of his family and business, never sneaks his way through life. He asks for what he wants and gets it by divine right.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES

"Strongest in the World"

The Company which pays its death claims on the day it receives them.

PAUL MORTON, PRESIDENT

120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend some good man—or woman—to us, to represent us there—Great opportunities to-day in Life Insurance work for the Equitable.



The EDISON PHONOGRAPH would still be the greatest sound- reproducing instrument without the Amberola.

The Amberola would still be the final and greatest expression of the Edison Phonograph without Amberol Records.

Amberol Records would still be the greatest triumph in Record-making without Slezak and the other Grand Opera stars.

But when you can get Mr. Edison's own Phonograph invented and perfected by him,

and when you get in addition to that the Amberola, the finest form of the Edison Phonograph,

and when you can have to play upon the Amberola, or any type of the Edison Phonograph, the Amberol Records, the longest playing, clearest and best playing Records,

and when you can get upon Amberol Records such singers as Slezak, the giant tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and other stars

can you think of buying any



sound-reproducing instrument until you have thoroughly investigated the Edison, the Amberola, Amberol Records and Edison Grand Opera Records?

We do not ask anyone to buy the Edison Phonograph and Edison Records on our mere statement. We merely ask you not to buy until you have compared the Edison with other instruments of the same type, Edison Records with similar reproductions on other records, the Amberola with other de luxe sound-reproducing machines, and our Grand Opera with other Grand Opera. We have no fear for the ultimate decision of anyone who will make these comparisons.

Thomas A. Edison invented the Phonograph, he has invented every tangible improvement in the Phonograph, and he is responsible for the excellence of the Edison Phonograph, the Amberola and the Amberol Records to-day.

There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph play both Edison Standard and Amberol Records. Get complete catalogs from your dealer or from us.

Edison Phonographs.....	\$12.50 to \$200
Edison Standard Records.....	35c
Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long).....	50c
Edison Grand Opera Records.....	75c and \$1.00

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY,

57 LAKESIDE AVENUE, ORANGE, N. J.

With the Edison Business Phonograph you dictate at your convenience,
and the typewriting department does the rest



THE EFFICIENT MINUTE

We have speeded up our ships and railways; we have made rapid transit more and more rapid; we have developed a mile a minute in the air and much faster in an automobile.

But the Bell Telephone is quickest of all. It is *instantaneous*. No weeks or days or minutes wasted in waiting for somebody to go and come; no waiting for an answer.

It is the most effective agency for making minutes more useful, more efficient.

In almost every field of work men are accomplishing more in less time with the Bell Telephone than they could without it. They can talk with more people, near and far; they can keep the run of more details; they can buy or sell more goods, and to better advantage; they can be active in more affairs.

The Bell Telephone has placed a new and higher value upon the minute—for everybody. It has done this by means of One Policy, One System, and Universal Service.

Bell Long Distance Telephone service not only gives an added value to a man's minutes—it accomplishes business results which would be absolutely impossible without it. Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**



NABISCO

Sugar Wafers

Dainty serving is intimately associated with dainty edibles. Time, place and occasion may determine the elaborateness of the successive courses, but desserts of all descriptions, ices, creams and sherbets, mark the climax of the art of cookery and refined service, when accompanied by NABISCO Sugar Wafers—the consummation of the ideal dessert confection.

In ten cent tins
Also in twenty-five cent tins

TRY CHOCOLATE TOKENS—A dessert sweet with an outer covering of chocolate and a center suggestive of dainty Nabisco.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

TRAVELERS' CHEQUES



For the Tourist Abroad—a necessity; for
the Traveler at Home—a convenience.

The cheques that are *always* and *everywhere* good.

THOSE who cater to travelers—hotels, steamship and railroad companies, etc., all over the world—know that the cheques are as good as gold and gladly accept them.

This undoubted value and their self-identifying features make the

TRAVELERS' CHEQUES of the AMERICAN BANKERS' ASSOCIATION

the easiest to negotiate—the ideal cheques to travel with.

Thousands of Banks issue them; tens of thousands of Banks will cash them without charge.

Hotels prefer them to drafts, certified checks and personal checks. Take a book of assorted denominations (\$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100) on your next trip.

A booklet fully describing the system sent free on request.

BUY THEM FROM YOUR OWN BANKER
OR IF MORE CONVENIENT APPLY TO
BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, 7 WALL ST. NEW YORK CITY

The book
that tells
you how to
plan your
bathroom



“Standard” “MODERN BATHROOMS”

THERE is no room in the house that brings so much lasting comfort as the modern bathroom, no room quite like it in its relation to the health and well-being of the household. Its planning is a delight and its installation as interesting as the building of the house itself.

That you who are planning your new home or remodeling your present one may also plan a bathroom to your taste, convenience and pocket-book, we have just issued a new and beautiful edition of our 100-page book, “Modern Bathrooms.” It is elaborately illustrated with many pictures of modern bathrooms, which are described in detail and which range in price from \$78.00 to \$600.00. The cost of each fixture and floor space required for each bathroom are also given.

“Modern Bathrooms” shows model kitchens and laundries, their approximate costs and how to arrange them. It illustrates all the many supplementary equipments and gives valuable advice on tiling and decoration and the treatment of walls and floors. It is published in the interest of the householder and describes “Standard”

Guaranteed ware, the sanitary plumbing fixtures of the Standard Sanitary Mfg. Company, the largest makers of sanitary bathroom equipment in the world.

A “Standard” bathroom is always a modern and beautiful one. No other equipment than “Standard” Guaranteed ware should be selected. Its use is an assurance to you of perfect sanitation and the guarantee protects the life of each fixture bearing it.

No matter how much or how little your bathroom investment is to be, obtain a copy of “Modern Bathrooms” and study it carefully. You cannot fail to profit by the unusual and valuable information it contains. Enclose 6c. postage and give the names of your architect and plumber (if selected). Address

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Dept. F,

Pittsburgh, U. S. A.

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Showrooms { New York: 35-37 West 31st St.
Chicago: 415 Ashland Block
Philadelphia: 1128 Walnut St.
Toronto, Can.: 59 Richmond St. E.

Pittsburgh: 949 Penn. Ave.
St. Louis: 100-102 N. Fourth St.
New Orleans: Cor. Baronne & St. Joseph Sts.
Montreal, Can.: 215 Coristine Bldg.

Boston: Hancock Building
Louisville: 319-323 W. Main St.
Cleveland: 648-652 Huron Road, S.E.
London, E. C.: 59 Holborn Viaduct.

"Every Man His Own Barber"

*Good Bishop Gray, who shaves each day
Without a fear distressful,
Shaves with delight—as well he might—
And always is successful.
No money he on barbers spends,
But on GEM JUNIOR he depends.*



THE GEM JUNIOR ministers to your shaving needs safely, quickly, cleanly, efficiently, comfortably. It is the "Dean of all Safety Razors," and sermons upon its many virtues are preached wherever it is in use.

Its blades are of finest tempered steel, with Bar in front to draw the skin taut and raise the hair for the cutting edge. Blade always at correct shaving angle its good temper keeps yours good. The GEM JUNIOR beats the best barber in speed and efficiency. Made Self-Shaving Popular.



Blade Ready
For Stropping

\$1.00 Outfit
Complete

Razor Ready
For Shaving

GEM JUNIOR SET Includes nickel-silver-plated frame with Bar, combination stropping and shaving handles and seven selected blades in hand-some case.

\$1.00

EXTRA BLADES, SET OF SEVEN, No. G7,—35 Cts.

SPECIAL

For Extra Heavy Beards

Gem de Luxe Outfit with 12 wide bevel-edge blades, of heavy damascus steel, especially constructed for men with heavy beards or tender skin who have difficulty in shaving,—prevent all irritation.

\$3.50

Extra Set, 6 Blades, No. A1,—50 Cents

For any kind of a dull razor use **Gem Razor Strop Dressing**. Best edge producer—a keen blade in a minute. 25 cents postpaid.

GEM CUTLERY CO.

34 READE STREET, NEW YORK

The Original Modern Safety Razor Maker.

The Prudential

Total Payments to Policyholders since Organization, plus Amount Held at Interest to their Credit over

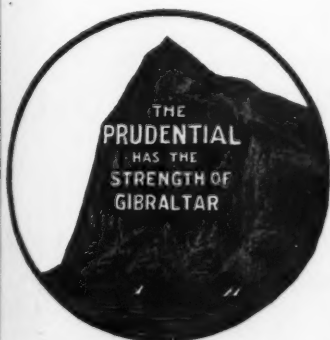
360 Million Dollars

Additional Payments to Policyholders and other Concessions not stipulated in Original Contracts, made Voluntarily to Holders of Old Policies, in the past 20 Years, have cost over

13 Million Dollars

Extra Life Insurance Voluntarily added to Industrial Policies in Force over

24 Million Dollars



The Prudential New Monthly Income Policy is one of the Most Popular Forms of Life Insurance Ever Issued.

It Provides a Guaranteed Monthly Income to yourself and family.

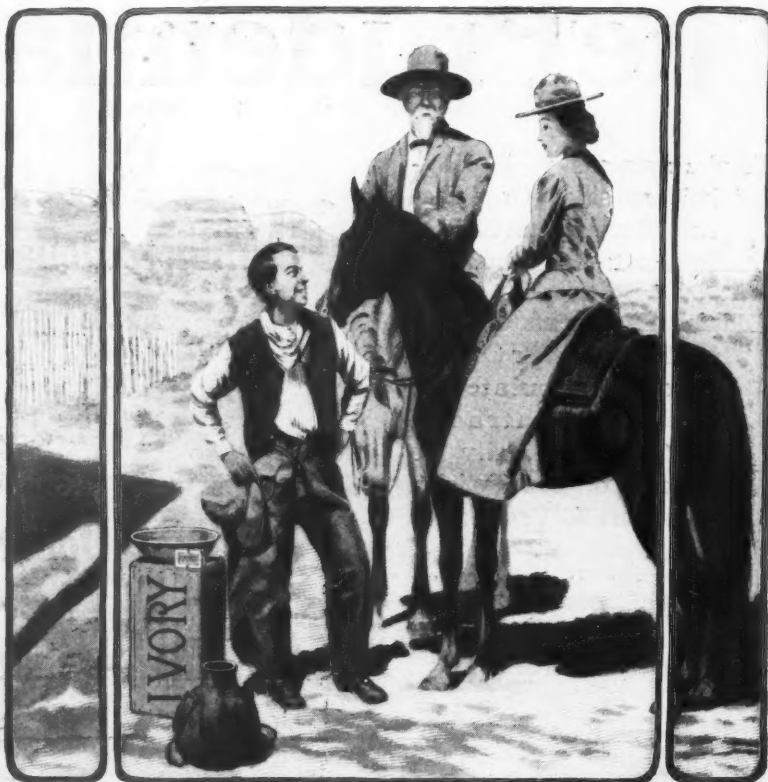
Send for Information, Dept. 47

The Prudential Insurance Company of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President

Home Office, Newark, N. J.



The Colonel's Daughter: "Dear me, it does seem home-like to see you using Ivory Soap. I'm never without it. Even in hard water, it will not harm the tenderest complexion."

The Foreman: "We all aren't much on complexions, Miss, but we shore find that Ivory 'll get away with the dirt, slick and pronto."

The popularity of Ivory Soap is due to two things—its purity and its availability for so many different purposes.

You will find Ivory Soap in the lady's toilet, the baby's bath, and the tub of the exacting laundress; in the crowded cities of the East and on the limitless plains of the West. It is always at the top, for—it floats.

Ivory Soap It Floats.

Spring Breakfasts

Browned, Crisp, Sweet

Swift's Premium Bacon

Highest and Best Quality.

Buy Swift's Premium Bacon in sealed glass jars; there are at least five more slices to the pound and every slice is of uniform thinness with no shreds or torn pieces.

At all dealers.

Swift & Company,
U. S. A.



Williams' Talcum Powder



Two odors
Violet and
Carnation



Ask your dealer for Williams' Toilet Soaps, Jersey Cream, Violet, Lilac, Heliotrope, Carnation, etc.

BECAUSE of its great purity, almost impalpable fineness, velvety smoothness, and its dainty and distinctive perfumes, Williams' Talc Powder perfectly fulfills the requirements of a toilet and face powder, while for the nursery nothing can be safer or more delightful to use.

Send 4 cents in stamps for a handsome miniature sample can. Mention odor preferred.

Address The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

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